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THE NEW YORKER

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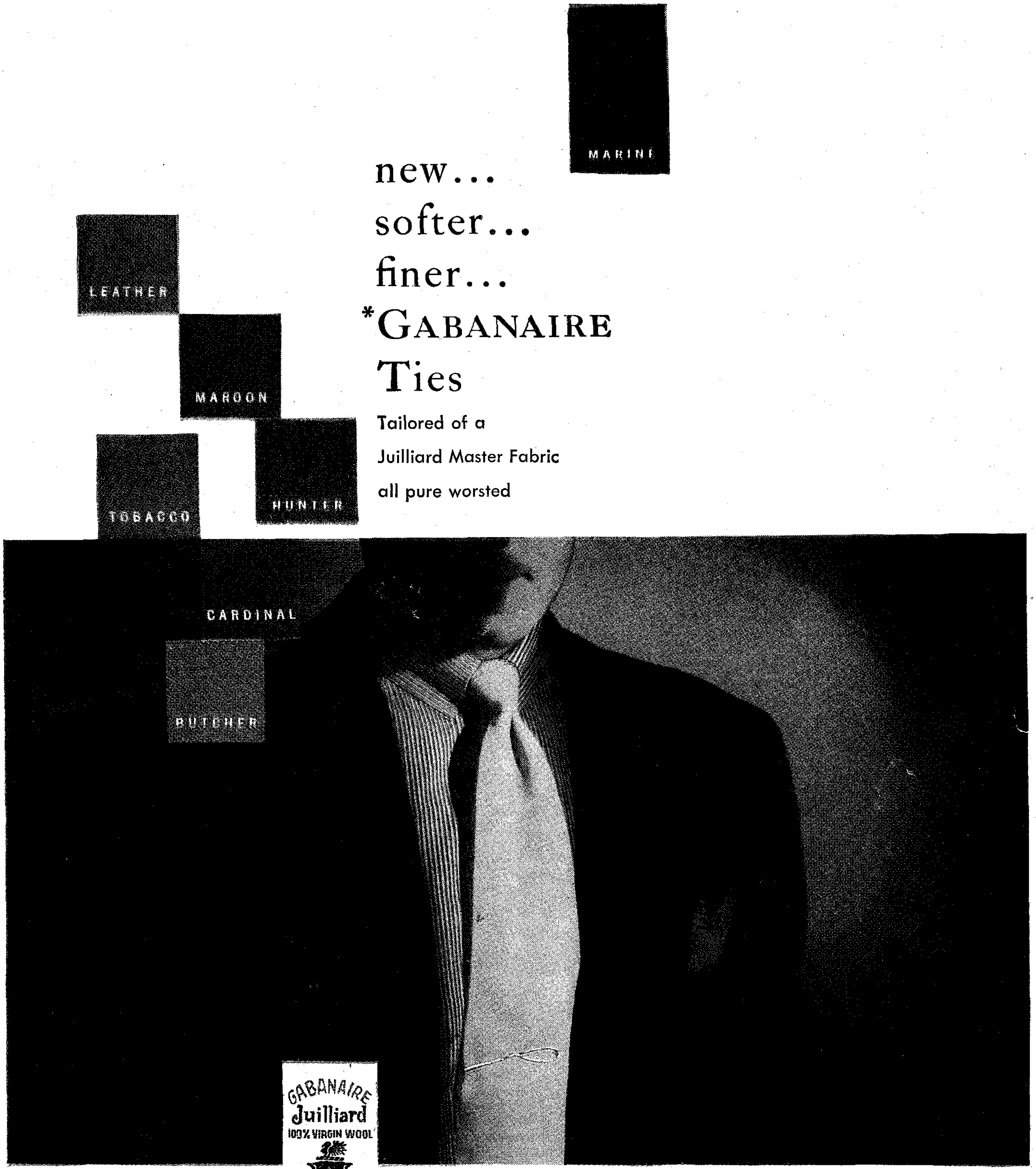
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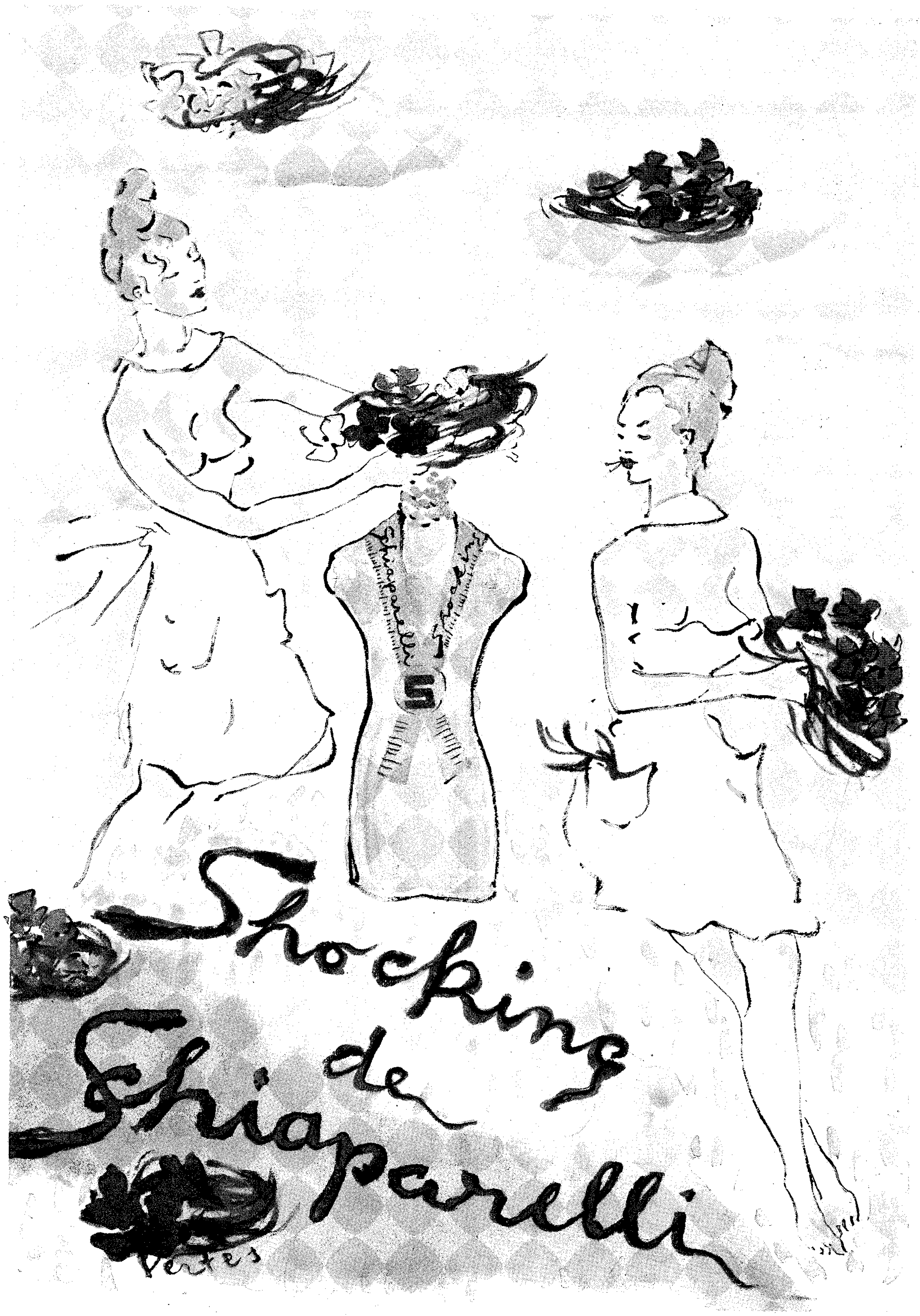
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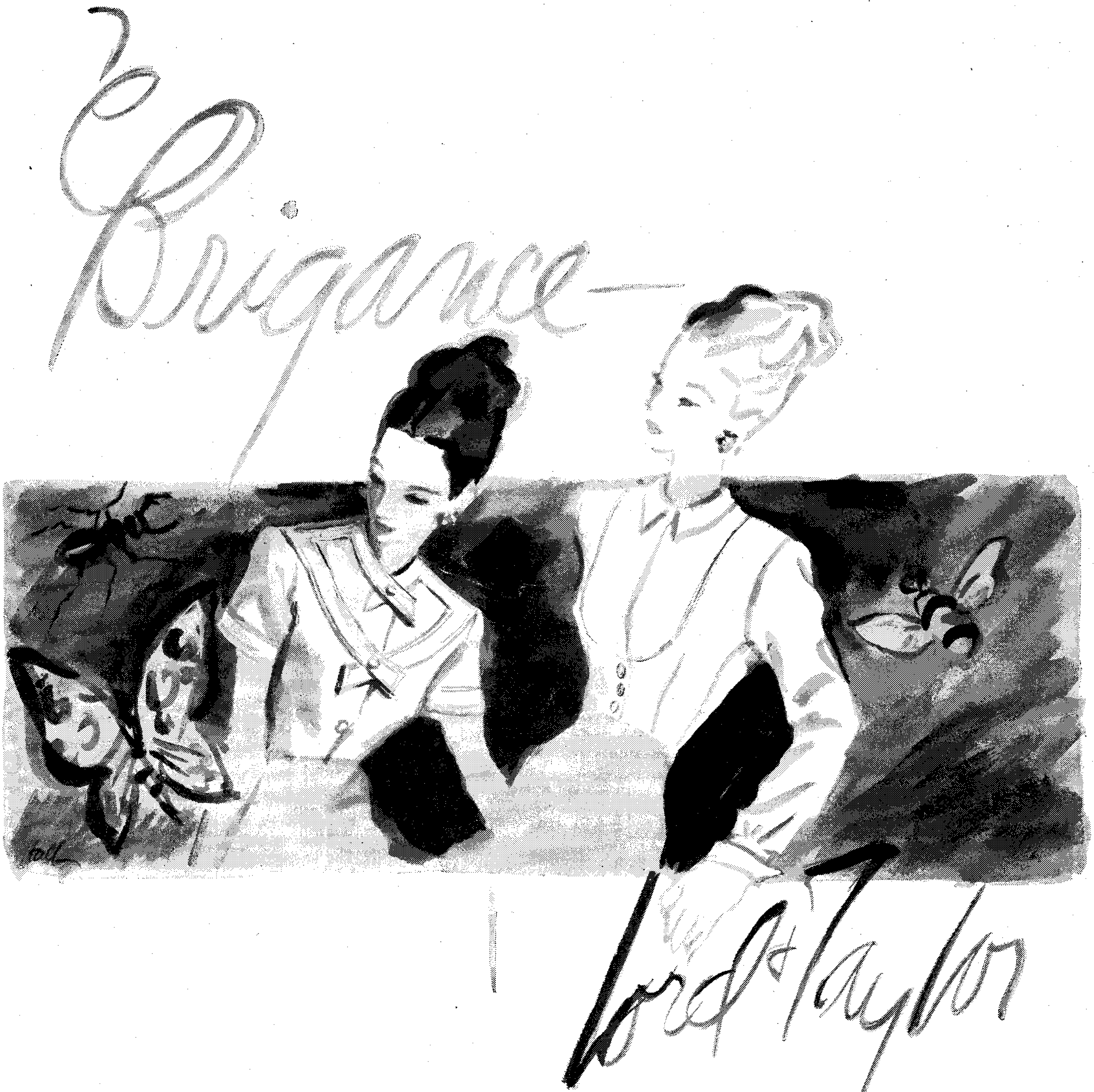
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play about war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. With Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Another Part of the Forest—The venomous characters of "The Little Foxes" taken back to 1880 to show how they got that way. One of Lillian Hellman's slighter efforts. With Patricia Neal and Margaret Phillips. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This play about a drunken comedian doesn't seem as dramatic as it did in 1927, but it is just as funny, thanks largely to Bert Lahr's first-rate performance. Jean Parker is very fetching as his principal assistant. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Craig's Wife—An almost too faithful reproduction of the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1925, which turns out to be more stilted of speech than you may have remembered it. The fine cast is headed by Judith Evelyn. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer in his own revival of the Rostand play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

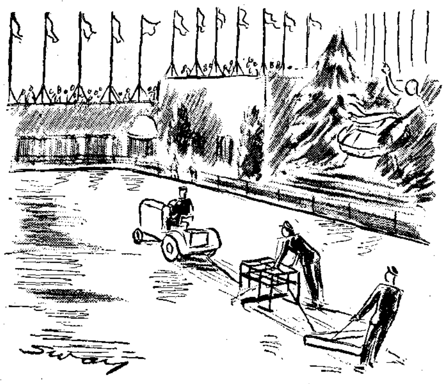
The Importance of Being Earnest—John Gielgud and his British company do extraordinarily well by the Oscar Wilde classic of the nineties. As directed and produced by Mr. Gielgud, this is one of the most successful comedies of the season. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Joan of Lorraine—Ingrid Bergman is altogether magnificent in Maxwell Anderson's piece about an actress who plays the Maid of Orleans and also seems to share a good many of her opinions. The rest of the cast is admirable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—The uptown branch of the current Wilde festival. This comedy, too, is in probably the most stylish revival it has ever had. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood help deliver the famous old epigrams. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Ruth Gordon's loving and witty reminiscences of her days in Boston when she dreamed of being an actress. Fredric March is almost perfect as her eccentric father, and Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very nice as the ladies in the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Paul Douglas, as a scheming junk dealer, gets crossed up by Judy Holliday, who plays a lady tramp. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** It goes on forever. With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **o mistress mine:** Well, it has the Lunts, and that should be enough for anybody. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy almost becomes the Republican candidate for President. With Minor Watson and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** A sergeant on a week-end pass. Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 69
BOOKS 99
THE CURRENT CINEMA 78
LETTER FROM BUDAPEST 80
MUSICAL EVENTS 90
  CONCERT RECORDS 92
OF ALL THINGS 55
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  FEMININE FASHIONS 72
THE RACE TRACK 97
THE THEATRE 48
THE WAYWARD PRESS 56

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Eagle Has Two Heads—Tallulah Bankhead, with Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent, in a play by Jean Cocteau. John C. Wilson is the producer and director, and Donald Oenslager designed the settings. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Beggar's Holiday—Duke Ellington has written an interesting, if uneven, score for this variation of "The Beggar's Opera," and John Latouche has contributed the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a lively cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome musical fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. With David Brooks, Marion Bell, and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chocolate Soldier—A conventional revival of the Straus operetta, which was always a pretty good thing of its kind. With Billy Gilbert, Frances McCann, and Keith Andes. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—An inordinately whimsical fantasy about the capers of a leprechaun in the Southern poll-tax country, pulled together by the excellent dancing and tuneful singing of a gay and gifted cast. With Ella Logan and David Wayne. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—An operatic version of Elmer Rice's old war horse. Some of Kurt Weill's music is lovely and the singers range from good to wonderful, but the whole thing may be a little pretentious. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sweethearts—This was never the best of Victor Herbert's shows, but that makes no difference, since it is now just a framework for Bobby Clark to romp over, with loyal assistance from June Knight, Marjorie Gateson, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman impersonating Little Sureshot to an Irving Berlin score. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carousel:** "Liliom," taken in hand by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Mr. R. and Mr. H. again. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

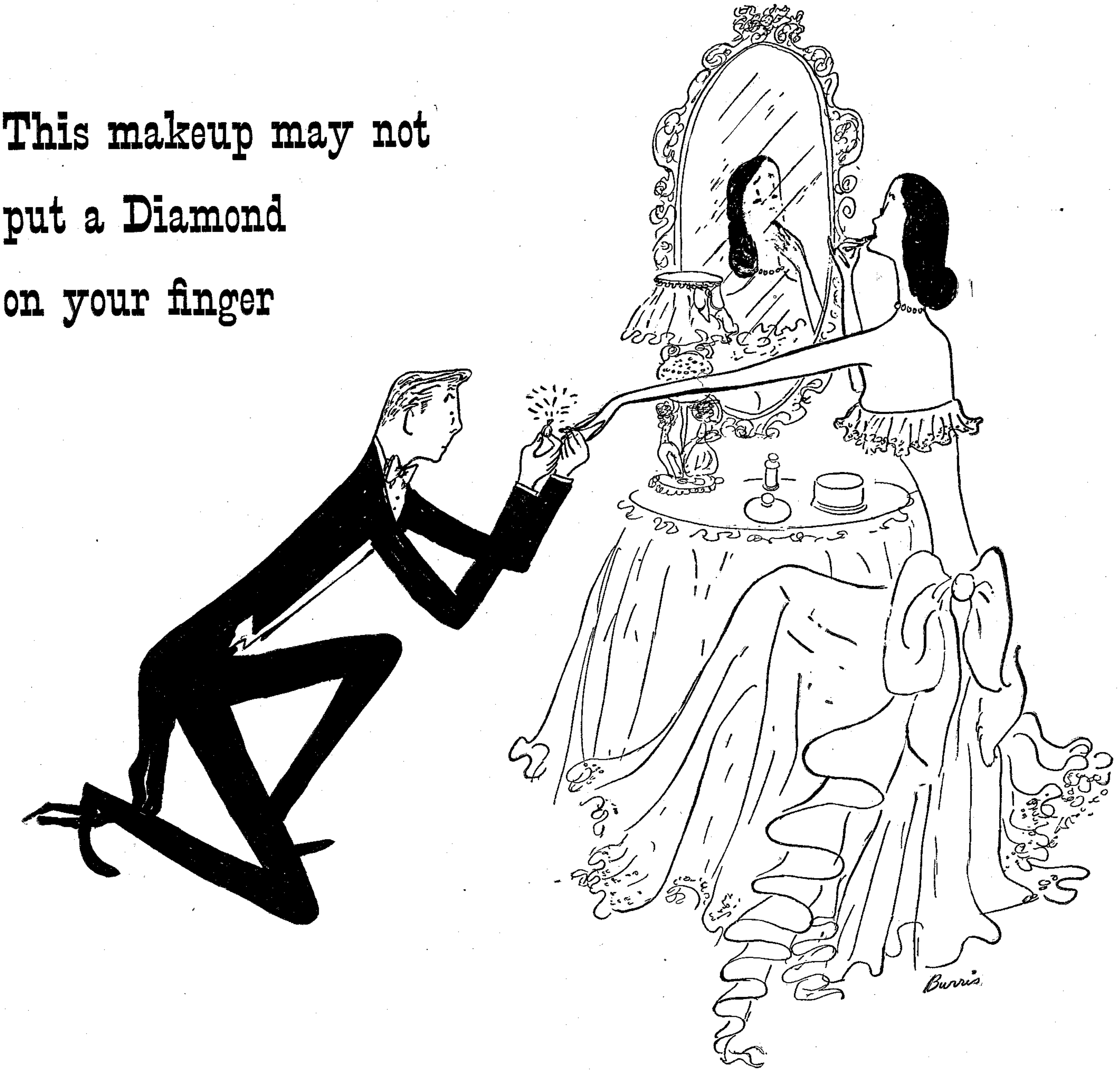
(Before hailing a taxi to go to the theatre, you should be sure that there have been no last-minute changes in the dates and curtain times.)

Bathsheba—James Mason, with Pamela Kellino, in a play by Jacques Deval. Directed by Coby Ruskin and produced by Maximilian Becker and Lee K. Holland. Opens Wednesday, March 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 5, March 22, 1947. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1947, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions. 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $9.00.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE at Rockefeller Center

This makeup may not put a Diamond on your finger



But Gourielli's new Jewel Makeup is intensely becoming to lots and lots of women. Even when you see names like Rose Topaz, Star Ruby, Garnet for lipsticks, Lapis and Jade and Sapphire for eyeshadows, pearl powders—you don't need to worry about winding up with a face like a Cartier clip. In this case the names are justified as they do have a curious depth and quality which may be truthfully called jewel-like. Also, if you're one of our rapidly increasing public who would just as soon keep your marriage prospects off your dressing table, you'll be happy with cosmetics whose sole purpose is to make you look just wonderful. And such is **JEWEL MAKEUP BY GOURIELLI**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Maurice Chevalier—In a one-man show. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Lucienne Boyer—With Oscar Karlweis and Molly Picon, in a sort of old-time variety bill. (Town Hall Saturday evening, March 29, at 8:45.)

Magic Show—An evening of abracadabra, engineered by such practitioners of the black arts as Cardini, Beckman, and Carlton King. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Friday evening, March 21, at 8:30.)

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 20: "Les Sylphides," "Madroños" (première), "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Danses Concertantes," "Night Shadow," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "The Snow Maiden," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Ballet Imperial," "Madroños," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 23: "Mozartiana," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 23: "Baiser de la Fée," "Schéhérazade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 25: "Coppélia," "Madroños," and "Virginia Sampler." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 26: "Ballet Imperial," "Madroños," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 27: "Concerto Barocco," "Virginia Sampler," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Comedia Balletica," "Frankie and Johnny," "Virginia Sampler," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Mozartiana," "Virginia Sampler," and "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," and "Schéhérazade." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Original Ballet Russe—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 20: "Giselle," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 21: "Constantia," "Sebastian," "Pas de Deux," and "Paganini." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 22: "Les Sylphides," "Prince Igor," "Pas de Deux," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 22: "Swan Lake," "Camille," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 23: "Les Sylphides," "Firebird," "Pas de Quatre," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 23: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," "Sebastian," and "Aurora's Wedding." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 25: "Swan Lake," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Pas de Trois," and "Paganini." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 26: "Les Sylphides," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Pas de Trois," and "Aurora's Wedding." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 27: "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "Camille," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Trois," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Les Sylphides," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Constantia," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois," and "Schéhérazade." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 29.)

Ballet Society—Presenting three new ballets, "The Minotaur," "Highland Fling," and "Zodiac." (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Wednesday evening, March 26, at 9. For information about tickets, call CI 6-7831.)

Trudi Schoop—With her company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, March 25, at 8:30.)

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CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Puppet Shows—Saturday morning, March 22, at 11: "The Princess Who Would Not Weep." . . . ¶ Saturday morning, March 29, at 11: "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Hansel and Gretel." (Junior League, 221 E. 71st St. BU 8-6220.)

American Youth Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting a concert for young people. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, March 22, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Children's Drama Guild—Saturday afternoon, March 29, at 2:30: "The Silver Thread," "Princesse Rosette and the Peacock King," and "The Angel of Exile Castle." (Children's Center Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

Children's Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) and at the Beacon (Broadway at 74th, TR 4-9132), both starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—For those who prefer crystal-and-brocade elegance to Lucite and chromium, the Trianon Room is just the place. William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The calm and spacious Bowman Room is livened up by Carmen Cavallaro's dance orchestra and a rumba band.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, bringing a breath of the ould Continental sod to the local scene and causing even customers who have never been farther east than Atlantic City to sigh wistfully for *La Ville Lumière*. Edmund Hall's orchestra, if you care to dance.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—Charles Trenet, overdue but still mellifluous. Ralph Font's rumba band and José Melis's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—On Saturday nights, it's indistinguishable from the Princeton campus; the rest of the time there are plenty of waiters and mannerly, well-dressed people. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras play for dancing.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's dream of Hollywood. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The sumptuous Cotillion Room has an unpretentious show, and dancing to the music of Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, arranging her hair, trotting around and around, and hallooing graciously to people in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's dance orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Dinner in the huge and princely Oval Room is enhanced by a court-musician kind of music by Larry Siry's string ensemble; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Iridium Room, the dance floor is frozen over twice an evening for an ice show that is not long enough to chill or bore you. The rest of the time, there's music by Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. . . . ¶ The Maisonette has two small dance orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The Bernard Brothers, a pair of merry impersonators, will give way on Wednesday, March 26, to Carl Brisson, one of the few singers who still turn up in front of the microphone wearing opera hats. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens and Russell Swann, who appear in the Wedgwood Room around midnight, will be replaced on Monday, March 24, by Fred and Elaine Barry, the dancers, and Tito Guizar. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays at dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's band helping out after the theatre. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): A fashionable spa, with skillful piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and supper by Paul Berlin; no dancing. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this brisk little corner. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Through the insistent hum of conversation, you can detect the agreeable piano of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Musical-comedy Russians, stamping on the floor and dancing with flaming daggers, in an enthusiastic, if often unintelligible, show. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, offering the Dardanelle Trio for dancing until nine. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Mild and restful, with Ford Harrison's orchestra, in case you feel like a few gentle turns. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this familiar crevice; no dancing. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): During dinner, there's nothing to distract you but the clatter of the busboys; after ten a small orchestra appears, allowing you to amble about the dance floor. There's also a beguiling singer, called Doris Day. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White, helping out a fair-to-middling show; Gene Sedric's orchestra. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A stylish East Side anchorage, where a couple of piano players provide music and the customers keep up a worldly clamor; no dancing.

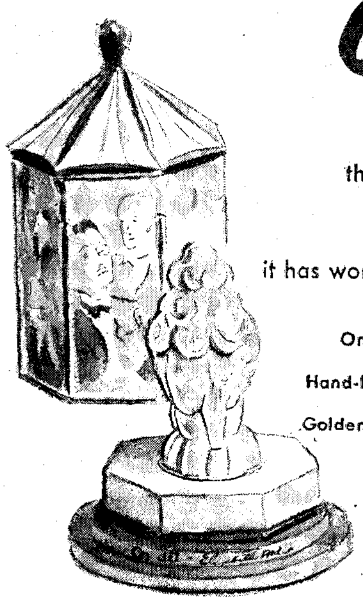
BIG AND BRASSY

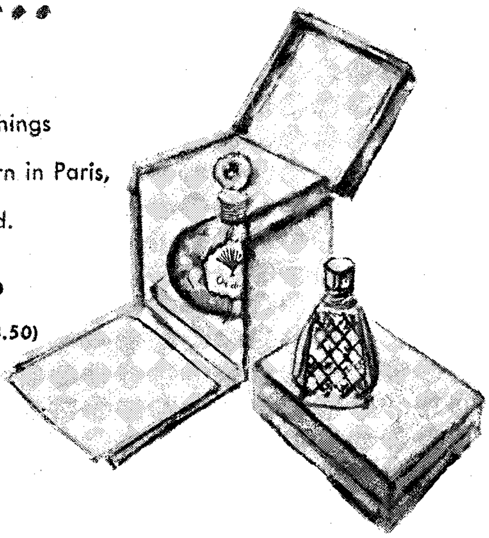
CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson, conducting their usual sort of gymkhana for the hale of wind and limb; dance music, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Tony Martin (through Monday, March 24) and the dance team of Raye and Naldi head the indomitable floor show. On Thursday, March 27, Ruth Etting will take over. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An extensive and spirited evening at the hands


On dit – Elizabeth Arden



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FIFTH AVE. at 52nd STREET, N. Y. 19

of Florence Desmond, John Buckmaster, Stuart Ross, and the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Josef Marais and Miranda, and other energetic young people to keep you out longer than you had intended.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, Pete Seeger, and the Three Flames, brightening this jaunty tunnel; dancing.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Stella Brooks, the throaty caroller, and, of course, Spivy herself.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, a mimic whose impersonations do nothing to cheer her subjects.... **JIMMY RYAN'S EAST SIDE,** 55 E. 54th St. (EL 5-7845): Bunty Pendleton, raising a few echoes in Fifty-fourth Street with her rambunctious singing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Joe Sullivan, and others of the same cut. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in for a turn.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, all working at what can truthfully be called full blast.... **DIXON'S,** 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet, running through some remarkably intricate arrangements.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's Trio, making an amiable din; there's a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Jack Edwards' orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced on Monday, March 24, by Lawrence Welk's.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Bulls and fishermen have been added to this artist's familiar categories of tigers and moonstruck ladies. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through March 22.)

ABE BIRNBAUM—Neat, witty, understated paintings of people absorbed in steak fries, house-cleaning, and other such pursuits. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

LOUIS BOSA—People trying to have a good time (nuns sleigh-riding, a golden-wedding party, and so on), sympathetically and humorously painted. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

DORIS CAESAR—New sculptures, in which a sound neo-Gothic motivation is mixed agreeably with modern experimentation. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 26.)

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO—Paintings, mainly of the last twenty-odd years, that show his almost embarrassing flounderings after abandoning his early, Surrealist style and taking up politics. (Acquavella, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

CONTEMPORARY IRISH PAINTING—Twelve artists, the majority of them young and talented, in an introductory American showing. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 22.)

COROT—Eleven paintings, beautifully selected to cover the various stages of his long career. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

ENRICO DONATI—Dreamy, graceful fantasies, done in iridescent colors. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

DRAWINGS—Sketches and scraps by Tiepolo, Gainsborough, Daumier, and other European masters. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through March 29.)

ENGLISH PAINTERS—A small collection of lesser-known landscapes by Constable, Gainsborough, and others. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.; through April 14.)

FRENCH PAINTERS—Works by Bonnard, Rouault, Matisse, and other twentieth-century artists. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

THEODORE FRIED—Contemplative figure studies in soft, pale tones. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through March 28.)

GERMAN PAINTERS—A loan show of rarely seen fifteenth-century paintings, much more Gothic in feeling than their Italian counterparts of the same period. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Paintings done by this Impressionist around 1900, when nudes were nymphs and Dunkirk Beach was lined with bathing machines. (Milch, 108 W. 57th St.; through March 25.)

WINSLOW HOMER—An exhibition, for the benefit of the New York Botanical Gardens, of oils, water colors, and drawings. The oils are the most important. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through March 22.)

ERIC ISENBURGER—Still-lifes and figure pieces, expertly accented, and painted with a highly individual brush technique. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

DONG KINGMAN—A water-colorist, formerly of San Francisco, takes a look at New York, concentrating on its animation. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 29.)

MAXIM KOPF—New paintings, more fluent in style than his previous ones. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through March 29.)

LEWITIN—Collages, in which snippings from old copies of *Fortune,* baked-bean ads, etc., are pasted up to make an entertaining group of abstractions. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK—Elongated wooden sculptures, some of them carved from chair legs and all of them bizarre but engaging. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through March 29.)

WOLDEMAR NEUFELD—Cheerful little water colors of a tidy countryside. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Symbolic Expressionist paintings that, despite their lack of discipline, show a good sense of pattern and color. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57th St.; through March 22.)

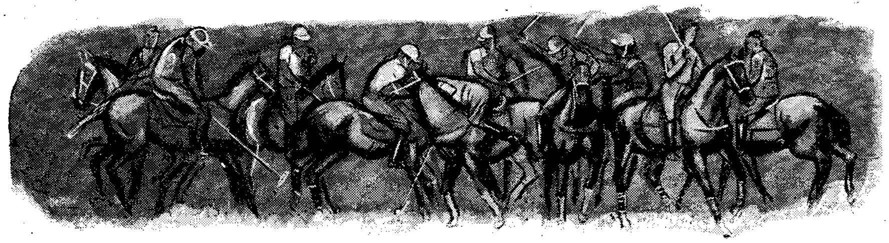
ROBERT PURDY—Decorative water colors, splashed on with a very wet brush. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

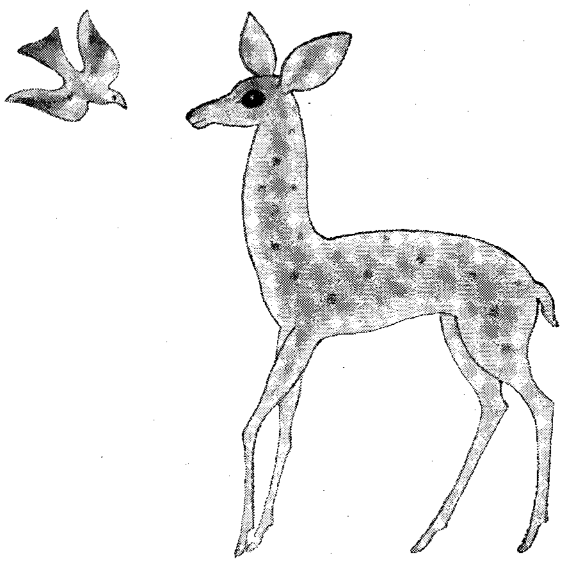
IVER ROSE—Clowns and other subjects, portrayed in a pleasant swirl of color. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

MARK ROTHKO—New abstractions, sweeping but well organized. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 22.)

GEORGES ROUAULT—Thirteen paintings, just arrived from France. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 5.)

JOSEF SCHARL—Religious drawings, done in a mixture of Oriental and symbolic styles that





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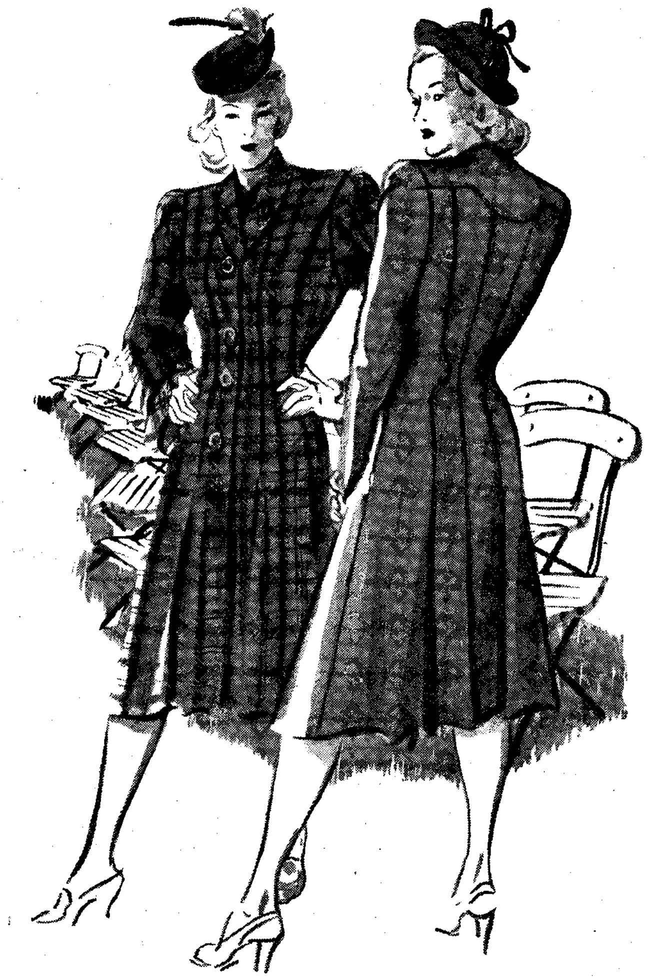

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

carries great conviction. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Georges Seurat—A small but sumptuous loan show of his too seldom exhibited drawings. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

René Seyssaud—An eighty-year-old French artist, new to this country, shows a group of violently colored landscapes and still-lifes. (Binet, 67 E. 57th St.; through March 28.)

Moses Soyer—More of this artist's quiet, expert figure studies. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 29.)

Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones—Fancy interpretations of mythological and Biblical subjects, done in water color on canvas. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through March 29.)

War Paintings—Sixteen battle scenes, commissioned by the Chrysler Sales Corporation. (Chrysler Building, 405 Lexington Ave., at 42nd St.; through April 30.)

Ben Wolf—Stormy seas and Ryderesque clouds in a combination that is frequently quite effective. (Luyber, Hotel Brevoort, 15 Fifth Ave.; through March 29.)

William Zorach—First showing in four years by one of our major sculptors. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 29.)

Groups—At the HUGO, 26 E. 55th St.: Modern paintings and sculptures by Wifredo Lam, Isamu Noguchi, and others, in a setting (by Frederick Kiesler) that tends at times to overshadow the exhibits; through March 29.... WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: A thoughtfully chosen collection of abstract paintings, most of them by Paul Klee and the rest by Mark Tobey, Henry Moore, and others; through March 29.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A mid-season show by this gallery's group, including Constantine Abanavas and Stephen Csoka; through March 21.... JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by artists under twenty-five, most of them much better than you might suppose; through March 27.... NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Mario Carreño, and twenty-five others; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 4 P.M.; through March 30.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The second half of this year's show of paintings, sculptures, water colors, and prints; March 19 through April 13.... A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Fernando Puma; through April 5.... JULIEN LEVY, 42 E. 57th St.: Max Ernst; through April 12.... VALENTINE, 55 E. 57th St.: Myron Lechay; through April 5.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists; through March 29.... KOOTZ, 15 E. 57th St.: Still-lifes by William Baziotes, Carl Holty, and others; through April 5.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Enrico Donati, Julio de Diego, and Margaret Stark; through April 5.... LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Edwin Avery Park; through April 5.... FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Russell Cheney; through March 29.... ST. ETIENNE, 46 W. 57th St.: Hugo Steiner-Prag; through April 5.

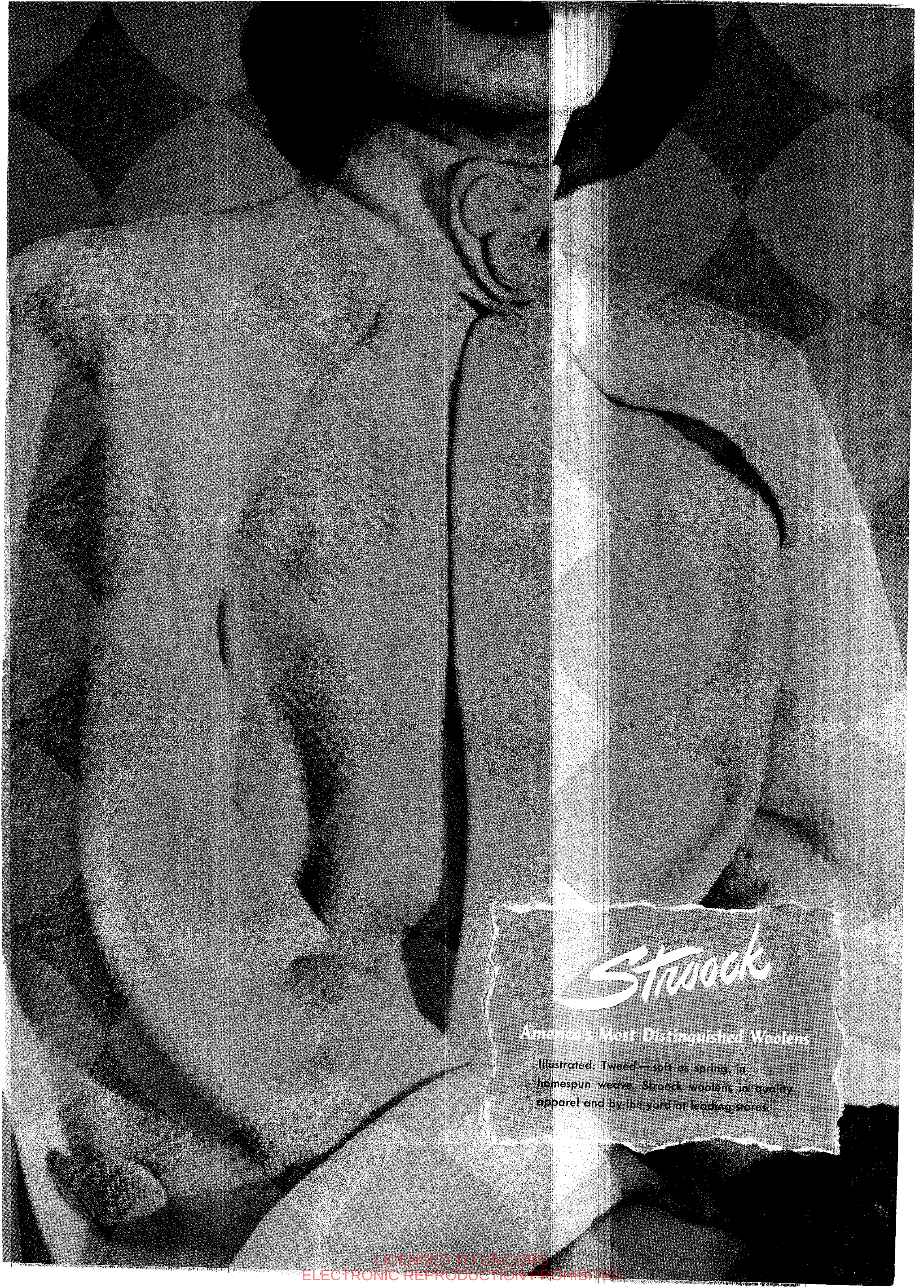
MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A fiftieth-anniversary show of newly acquired paintings, prints, and sculptures; through April 6. ... ¶ The Museum's first annual print exhibition; through May 4. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and fifty photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, an able and discriminating man with a Leica; through April 6.... ¶ Forty-six recent lithographs by Picasso; through April 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by twenty-six artists, including Hilla Rebay and Jean Xceron. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Contemporary Sculptures, Water Colors, and Draw-



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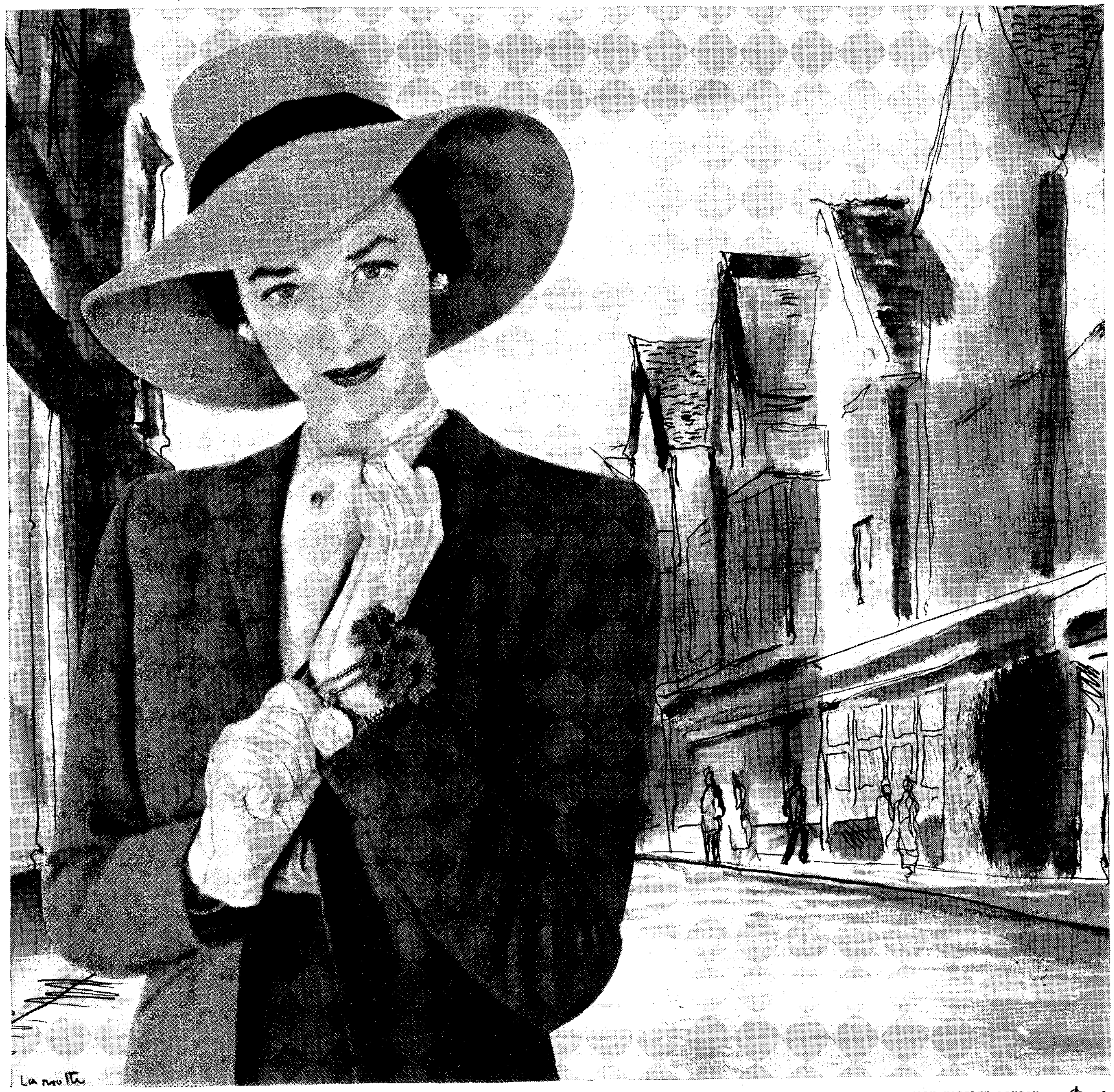

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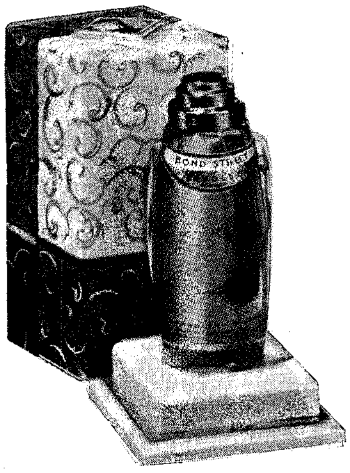

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ings Annual. An exceptionally lively show. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 17.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Efrem Kurtz conducting: Thursday evening, March 20, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 21, at 2:30, both with John Corigliano, violin; Saturday evening, March 22, at 8:45, and Sunday afternoon, March 23, at 3, both with Isaac Stern, violin; Thursday evening, March 27, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 28, at 2:30, both with Jascha Heifetz, violin; and Saturday evening, March 29, at 8:45, with Ania Dorfmann, piano.

Westminster Choir—John Finlay Williamson directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, March 20, at 8:30.)

Museum Concert—David Mannes conducting the first program of his annual symphonic series. (Metropolitan Museum. Sunday afternoon, March 23, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

New York Oratorio Society—Alfred Greenfield directing Bach's Mass in B minor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, March 25, at 8.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—F. Charles Adler conducting, with Jennie Tourel, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, March 26, at 8:30.)

Upsala College Choir—Annual concert. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 29, at 3.)

RECITALS

William Kapell—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 21, at 8:30.)

Olga Coelho—Soprano, with Adrian Fisher, pianist, and Hugh Thompson, baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 22, at 5:30.)

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773. Saturday evening, March 22, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schumann—Soprano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, March 26, at 8:40.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 28, at 8:30.)

Tom Scott—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 28, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—N.C.A.A. Eastern Regional Tournament: semi-finals, Thursday, March 20; finals, Saturday, March 22. . . . ¶ National Invitation Tournament finals, Monday, March 24. . . . ¶ N.C.A.A. East-West finals, Tuesday, March 25. . . . ¶ East-West College All-Stars, a benefit for the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, Saturday, March 29. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Billy Graham vs. Tippy Larkin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 21. . . . ¶ Marcel Cerdan, of France, vs. Harold Green, middleweights, 10 rounds, Friday, March 28. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—Team competition—Metropolitan Open Championship, Women's Foil. Thursday, March 27, at 7 P.M. . . . ¶ Metropolitan Open Championship, Electrical Epée, Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago, Sunday, March 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden.)

Hunt Race—Camden Race Meeting. (Camden, S.C. Saturday, March 29, at 2 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—The finals of the Sherman Memorial Low-Goal Tournament. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 0-6020. Saturday, March 22, at 8:30 P.M.)

Snow Trains—As long as there is enough snow to warrant the trip, a skiers' special will continue to run on weekends. It leaves Grand

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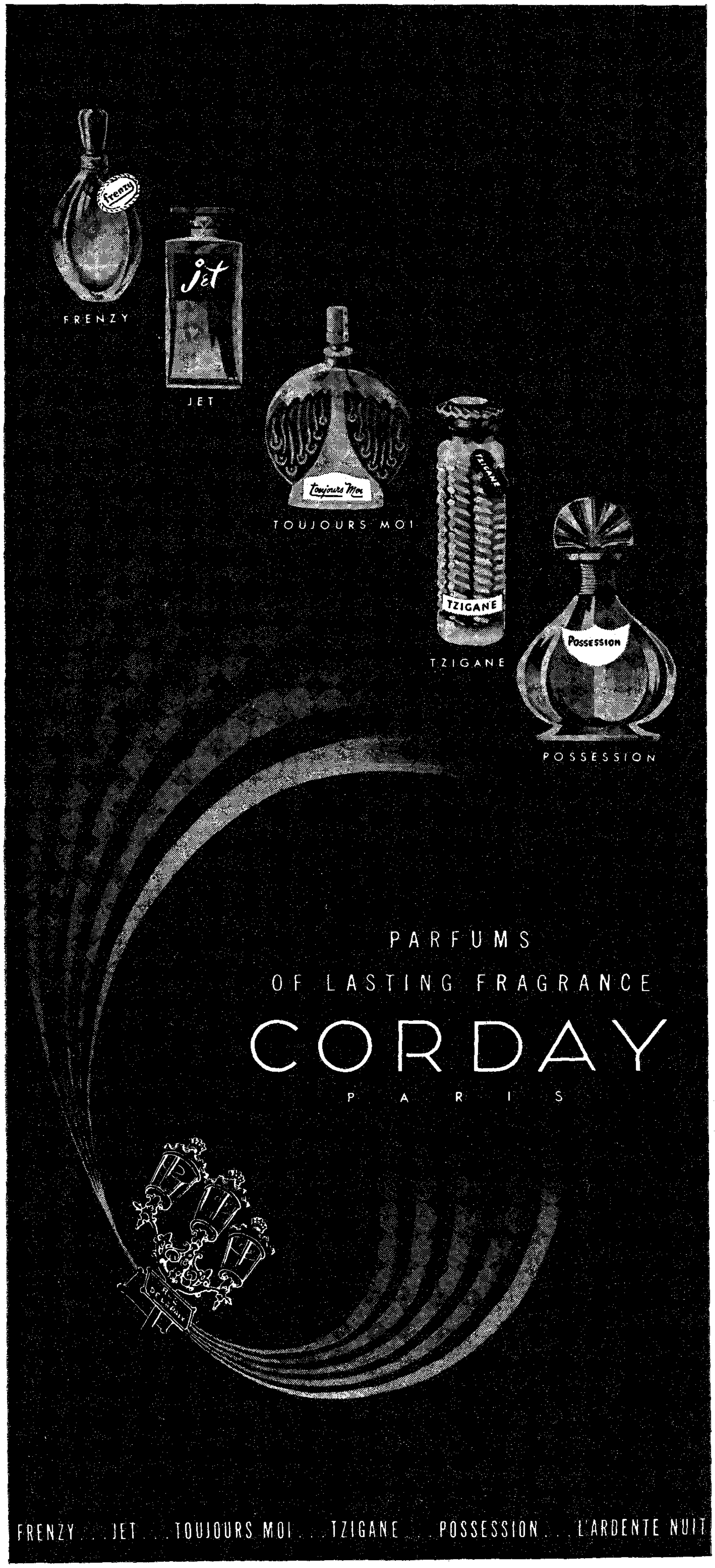
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Central for Manchester, Vt., on Friday evenings at 7:15, and the return trip arrives in New York at 11:30 Sunday nights. A regular train to Lake Placid leaves Friday evenings at 8:10 and arrives back in New York Monday mornings at 7:30.

Indoor Tennis—Marcel Bernard and Jean Borotra vs. Frank Shields and Don McNeill in a benefit match for the Indoor Tennis Club of Paris. (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Thursday, March 27, at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—The Economic and Social Council is in plenary session, and two hundred and fifty unofficial spectators are admitted to all open meetings. The Security Council, of course, continues to function, and the same number of visitors are allowed to sit in. A third body, the Trusteeship Council, will convene on Wednesday, March 26, and again two hundred and fifty onlookers can be accommodated. If you are thinking of attending any of these meetings, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

New-York Historical Society, Central Park W. at 76th St.—Woodcuts of famous news events, which were used in newspapers before the day of the flash bulb. Among the stories covered by the artists were the Johnstown Flood, the assassination of President Garfield, the burning of Barnum's Museum, and the firing on Fort Sumter. . . . ¶ There is also a side exhibit of old hospital records, medical treatises, tooth extractors, and such Hippocratic memorabilia, going back to the American Revolution. (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

International Flower Show—The annual spring teaser to make green-thumbed people eager to resume their puttering with bulbs, insect sprays, and compost heaps. Less dedicated visitors ought to enjoy just looking at the flowers. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, March 20-22, from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.)

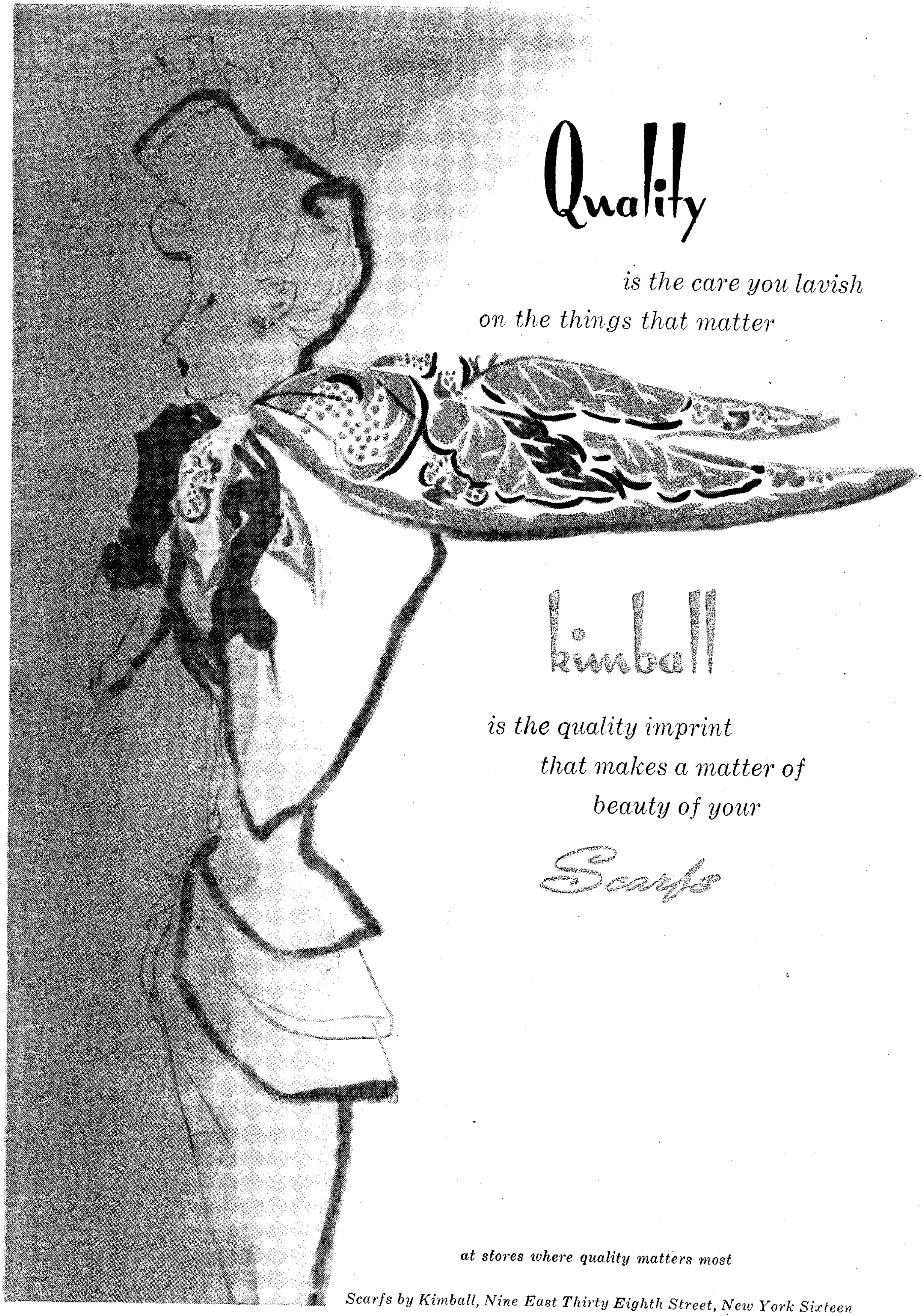
Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, owned by the late Ida Stern Wolf, Jesse Metcalf, and others. (Thursday, March 20, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ English and French eighteenth-century furniture, collected by the late Mrs. Walter B. James. (Friday and Saturday, March 21-22, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Autograph letters, manuscripts, and documents of Queen Elizabeth, Charles I, Wagner, and other people out of the encyclopedia, from the collections of Thomas L. Shattuck and Mrs. Mary Sefton Thomas Lux. (Exhibition, Thursday through Tuesday, March 20-25, except Sunday; auction, Tuesday, March 25, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Sunday, March 23, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, March 23, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, March 22 and 29, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Tuesday, March 25, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Indianapolis Symphony, Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Saturday, March 22, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ E. Power Biggs, organist, in the third of a series of recitals devoted to Bach's "Art of Fugue," Sunday, March 23, at 9:15 A.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Lily Pons, soprano, Monday, March 24, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis returns to his regular weekday schedule on Tuesday, March 25, at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 12:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ. . . . ¶ Howard K. Smith, from Moscow, Sundays at 1:45 P.M., WCBS.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Angel and Sinner—De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi" are put together here in a film not as subtle as most French importations but quite comical for all that. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

The Best Years of Our Lives—A great deal of hullabaloo has been stirred up by this extended chronicle of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, but it's hardly another "Birth of a Nation." The picture is at its best whenever Fredric March is most conspicuous. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Boomerang!—A courtroom melodrama, told in documentary style, that is fairly consistently taut and exciting. With Dana Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, and Lee Cobb. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Brief Encounter—A cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life," produced by Mr. Coward and sympathetically played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's Technicolor presentation of Shakespeare's historical drama, which you can put down as one of the best pictures you ever laid eyes on. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sundays at 3 and 8:40 P.M.)

Ivan the Terrible—The first part of Eisenstein's trilogy about the Czar, which moves as ponderously as an elephant and includes some of the wildest eyeball rolling you've seen since the days of the silents. (Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st, WI 7-9686.)

Lady in the Lake—The camera serves as the eyes of the hero in this picture, but the originality of the piece ends right there, since the story is just another serving of private-detective nonsense. Robert Montgomery directed the film and plays the lead. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WI 7-5200; starting March 26.)

Open City—A moving description of the workings of the Italian underground, produced in Rome after the city's liberation. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu in a French film that takes an airy attitude toward the perils of seduction and succeeds in being not only persuasive about its theme but also very entertaining. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

The Years Between—Good dialogue and first-rate acting make this film worth while despite a weary plot about a lady who thinks her husband is dead when he isn't. With Michael Redgrave, Valerie Hobson, and Flora Robson. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

REVIVALS

Along Came Jones (1945)—Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea in a burlesque Western. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 23-24.)

Blockade (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting March 26.)

Dark Waters (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; March 21-23.)

The Green Years (1946)—A boy growing up in Scotland around 1900. With Charles Coburn and Tom Drake. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; March 20.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 25.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews thoroughly involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 21-24.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; March 24-25.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520; March 21-24.)

My Name Is Julia Ross (1945)—Dame May Whitty and George Macready try to drive Nina Foch out of her mind. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 20.)

Night Train (1940)—Excitement about spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 21-24.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—James M. Cain's melodrama of murder and passion. With John Garfield and Lana Turner. (Studio, B'way at 65th, EN 2-4660; starting March 26.)

Potemkin (1925)—That famous Russian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 20.)

The Seventh Cross (1944)—Spencer Tracy playing a fugitive from a German concentration camp. Signe Hasso and Hume Cronyn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 21-24.)

The Spiral Staircase (1946)—Dorothy McGuire as a mute pursued by a strangler. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting March 25.)

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; March 22-25.)

Strike Me Pink (1936)—Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in an amusement park. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting March 25.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. With Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; March 20.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—You know, flying carpets and jinn. Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of the tedium of a dreary marriage by the war. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 26.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St., CI 5-8900) is showing movies from its collection on the following schedule. March 20: "The Thin Man" (1934), with William Powell and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ March 21-23: "Congo" (1944), directed and photographed by André Cauvin; and "Baboona" (1935), directed and photographed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. . . . ¶ Starting March 24: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable; shown at 4 P.M. only. All other showings are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"It Happened in Brooklyn," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford, Jimmy Durante.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"The Show-Off," Red Skelton, Marilyn Maxwell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"The Red House," Edward G. Robinson.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Angel and the Bad Man," John Wayne, Gail Russell.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Nora Prentiss," Ann Sheridan, Kent Smith.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Late George Apley," Ronald Colman, Peggy Cummins.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"The Locket," Laraine Day, Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"My Favorite Brunette," Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
March 20: "Dangerous Millions," Kent Taylor, Dona Drake.
From March 21: "The Devil Thumbs a Ride," Lawrence Tierney.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through March 24: "Blaze of Noon," Sterling Hayden, Sonny Tufts, Anne Baxter.
From March 25: "The Farmer's Daughter," Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
BOOMERANG!

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through March 26: "Dead Reckoning," Humphrey Bogart, Lizabeth Scott.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Pursued," Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, revival.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), Arletty.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through March 21: "Paris Frills" (in French).
From March 22: "Desire" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
ANGEL AND SINNER.

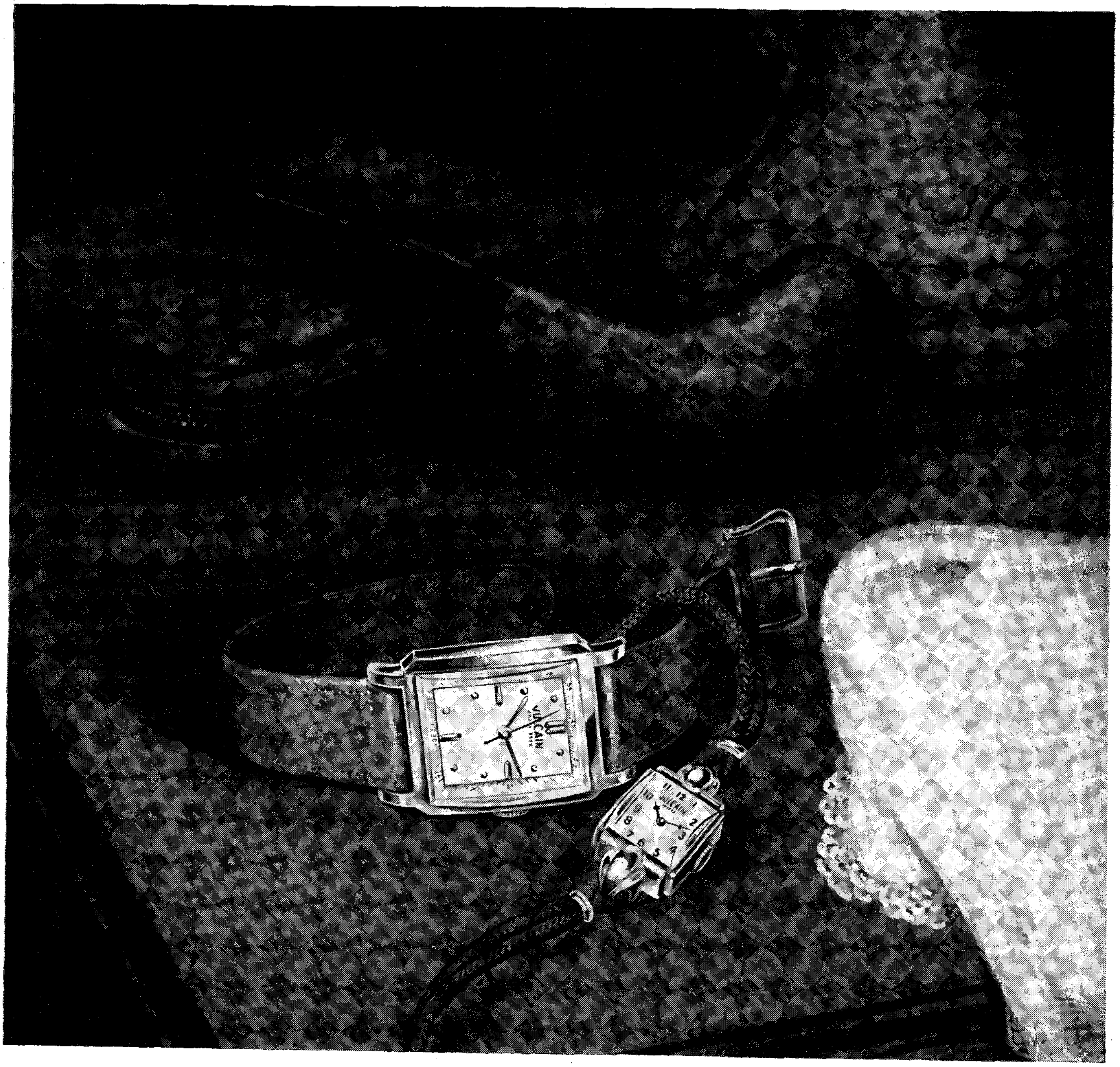
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE YEARS BETWEEN.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
"Before Him All Rome Trembled" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



Guardian of Precious Moments . . . Vulcain quality — criterion of watchmaking skill and artistry in time gone by and for all time to come! Each Vulcain Grand Prix Watch expresses a matchless integrity of craftsmanship — imprint of four generations of one family of world-famed watchmakers. • For undeviating accuracy — individualized beauty — select the watch prized by perfectionists for almost a century!

MORE THAN A GIFT—A TRIBUTE! • AT FINE JEWELERS

FOR HIM – in 14K Gold: $120.00; Gold Filled: $71.50

FOR HER – in 14K Gold: $84.00; Gold Filled: $63.25

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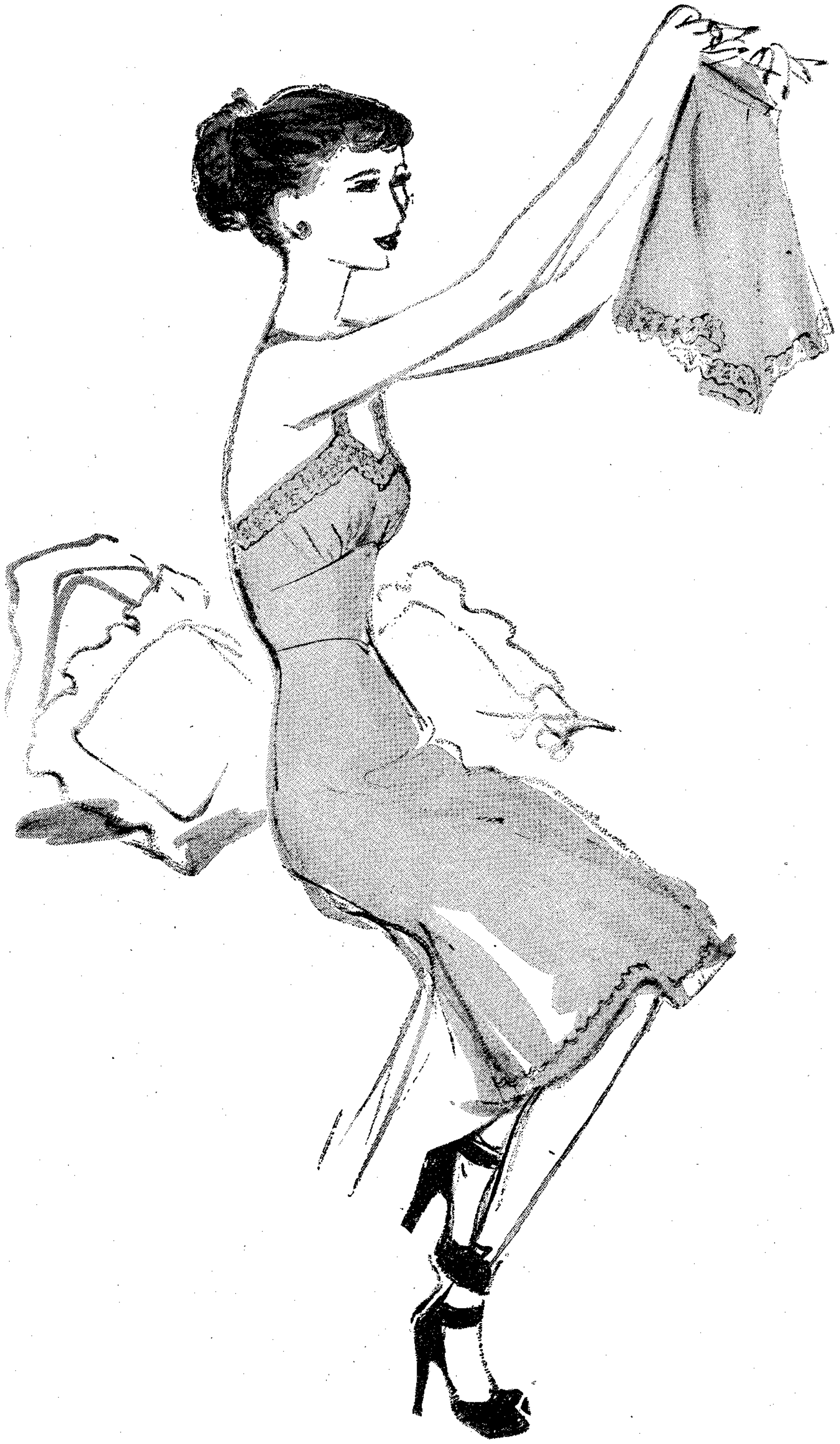
GRAND PRIX WATCHES

VULCAIN WATCH COMPANY, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20



eyes are on Kayser's matched sets

. . . because you always, always get such an oh-so-satisfying fit! And . . . always you get such delightful details—as this dainty eyelet embroidery on sheer ninon! Blossom pink or white rayon jersey.

Slip — 32 to 40, about 4.00,
Pantie — 5, 6, 7, about 2.00,
Gown — 34 to 40, about 6.00

BE WISER—BUY **KAYSER** HOSIERY · GLOVES · UNDERTHINGS · LINGERIE

Dinner was late that night

Dinner was late that night for little Linda. A swollen Susquehanna River had washed away her home—and everything in it.

But the Red Cross was there to help her and all the homeless families . . .

. . . to supply food, clothing, shelter for the night;
. . . to extend comfort, emergency medical aid, care for the injured;
. . . to help a stricken people restore their homes.

Every week, disaster strikes somewhere in our nation. Always in catastrophe—flood, fire, explosion, tornado or hurricane—your Red Cross is on the job.

You want to do your share to help your American Red Cross carry on in 1947.

Give—give generously and gladly to this "greatest mother of them all"!

GIVE—so your RED ✚ CROSS can carry on!

ROLEX
CHRONOMETER

Eternally Modern

Rolex Balance Staff with thin pivots . . . provides closer tolerances in the jeweled bearings.

Rolex Micromatic Screw for precision timing . . . eliminates inaccurate hand-setting method.

Rolex Oversize Balance Wheel for more sensitive balance . . . keeps split second accuracy.

Styled for an era . . . not the passing fancy, a watch by Rolex quickens your pride and compliments your taste. ¶ As guardian of your precious time, it has built an enviable record for accuracy, for each precision part adds its own incomparable element to the chronometer efficiency of this fine jeweled masterpiece . . . $227.50 F.T.I.

"Rolex Keeps Better Time".

ROLEX

Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

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For the Eternal Feminine

HOUBIGANT

Perfumers since 1775

TO SET A HEART SINGING

AN *Effortless* WRITING
MASTERSTROKE

As welcome as fresh spring flowers . . . glorious, as an Easter gift . . . surely the finest thought inspired by this glad season. Lovely to look at, to have, to hold . . . Ball-Point Pen Perfection. An Eberhard Faber*— for effortless writing. And in the latest vogue — the Retractable model, in gleaming INCONEL. One-hand, split-second operation. Unfailing *capillary action* ink flow. Effortless to write with, it literally *rolls* thoughts on paper. At better stores, naturally.

Fadeproof ink is over 200% more permanent than Government specifications. Cartridge refills available. Quality and performance warranted by the time-honored name—Eberhard Faber.

INCONEL* is a beautiful, precious-metal-like alloy. Tarnish and corrosion proof. May be engraved.

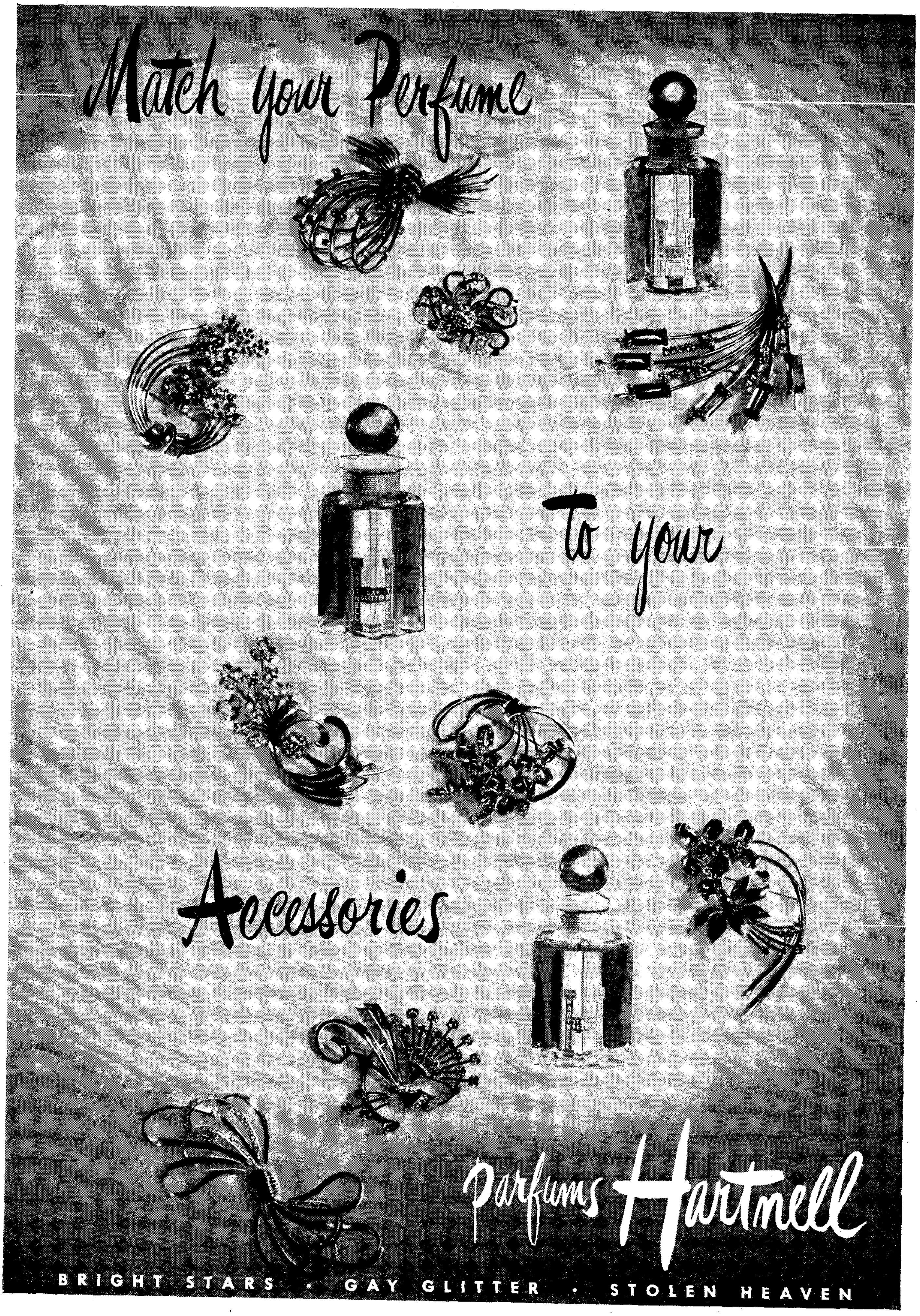
Retractable models in gleaming INCONEL, $12.50. *NO EXCISE TAX. Also available 14-kt. gold-filled throughout at* $25.00 *plus tax.*

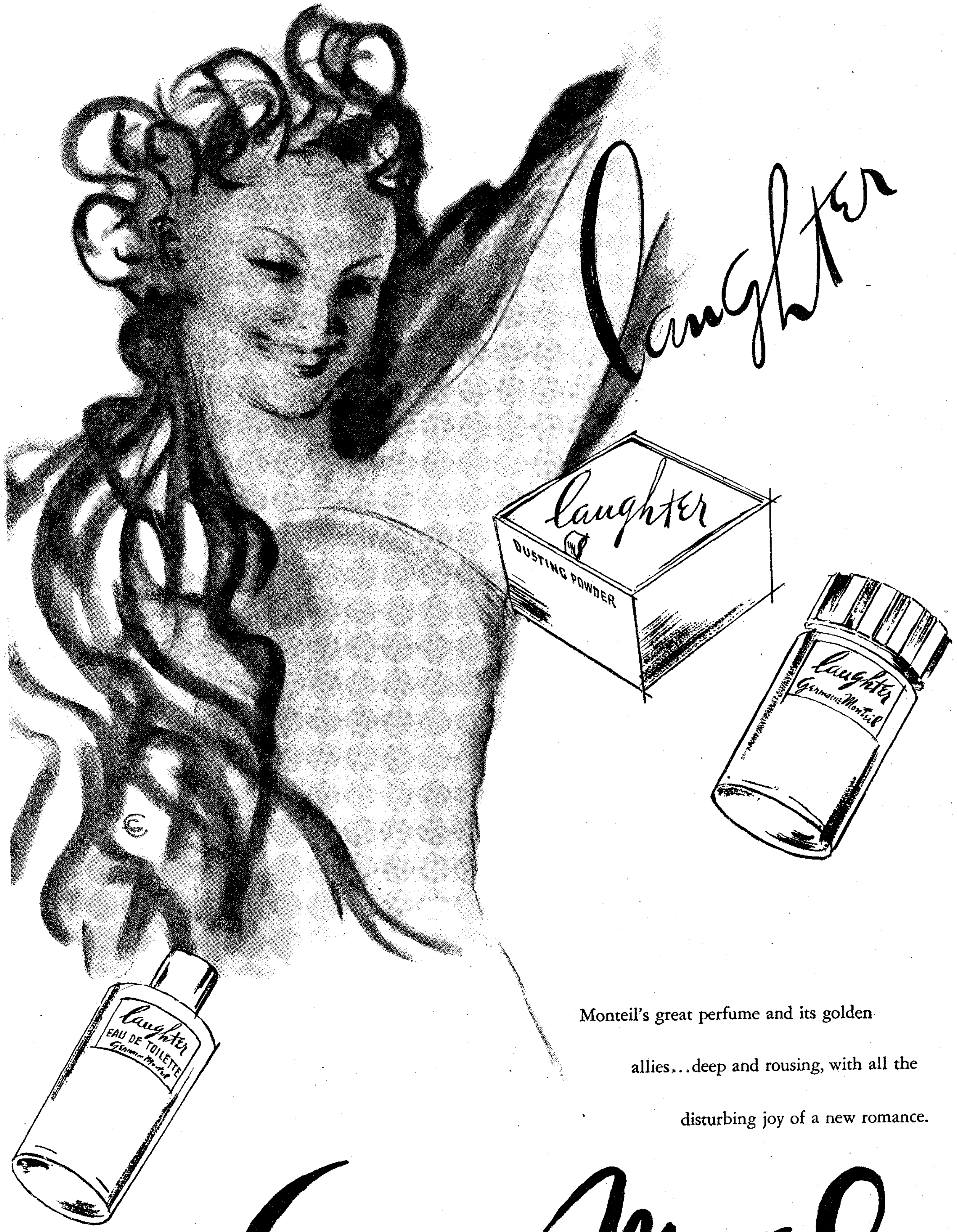
Friction grip cap models: in INCONEL *at* $8.75, *NO EXCISE TAX; with 14-kt. gold-filled cap and trim,* $15.00 *plus tax.*

EBERHARD FABER

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849


Match your Perfume
to your
Accessories
Parfums Hartnell
BRIGHT STARS · GAY GLITTER · STOLEN HEAVEN
GAY GLITTER


laughter
laughter
DUSTING POWDER
laughter
Germaine Monteil
laughter
EAU DE TOILETTE
Germaine Monteil

Monteil's great perfume and its golden allies... deep and rousing, with all the disturbing joy of a new romance.

Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

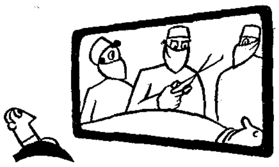
Notes and Comment

CYCLIC RECURRENCE NOTE: One of the popular songs of the seventeenth century was a little number called "Come, Open the Door, Sweet Betty."

SOME months ago, noting an offense in the local penal code called "jostling," to deal with pickpockets caught before the act, we proposed a similar concept in international law, for countries that haven't quite got a hand in anyone's pocket yet but are obviously going to try to get it there. Since then, we have run into an even more ingenious legal concept in a news story about a confidence man jailed in Havana for "trickery." Trickery is almost the ideal offense for an international code, filling one of the biggest remaining gaps. Take Germany, for instance. Germany was committing open mayhem on its neighbors after 1938, when it marched into Austria; it was jostling in 1936, when it rearmed the Rhineland; but it was committing trickery as early as 1920, when the Reichswehr went underground instead of disbanding, and that's when the other nations should have pulled it in and thrown the book at it—if there had been a book to throw.

"THE art of advertising," Mr. Stuart Cloete writes in his latest work, "The Third Way" (just out), "appears to be to make people want what they have not got, or become dissatisfied with what they have—which includes making them dissatisfied with what they are, and how they look. *Fundamentally it is the art of making people discontented and unhappy in order to sell them a product.* [Italics Mr. Cloete's.] There can be no honest advertisement beyond the statement that such-and-such a product is for sale at such-and-such a price, and that it will serve a specified purpose. Each should carry a chemical analysis, a government endorsement of purity, and a certificate of usefulness. Thirty per cent protein means nothing if twenty-eight per cent of it is not digestible."

"Fellow's got something there," we said to ourself after reading this, and turned to the ads in the morning's *Times* with a freshly critical eye. Well, we'll be absolutely damned if the second or third one we saw wasn't a Calvert-whiskey Men of Distinction number, with Mr. Cloete in the starring role! His appearance—Coldstream Guards mustache, rich herringbone coat, contented grasp of highball, general air of wicker-chair, planterish leisure—was enough to make most people dissatisfied with what they are (workaday clods) and how they look (undistinguished), and the caption describing his drink—"so *rare* . . . so *smooth* . . . so *mellow* . . . that it is produced only in limited quantities. A matchless 'custom' blended whiskey, Lord Calvert is intended expressly for those who can appreciate the finest"—seemed clearly calculated to stir up discontent in the multitudes for whom this nectar, so cruelly limited in production, must forever remain a bright, upper-class chimera. In other ways, too, the advertisement made possible by Mr. Cloete appears eligible for the Cloete frown: no statement of the product's price or specified purpose, no certificate of usefulness, no government endorsement of purity, and no chemical analysis beyond the words "86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits." As Mr. Cloete would be the first to point out, sixty-five per cent grain neutral spirits means nothing if sixty-three per cent of it doesn't agree with your stomach.



OUR knowledge of medical history being based largely on what we've picked up from time to time in Warner Brothers movies, we feel sure we could perform an emergency appendectomy with a rusty spoon in an open boat in total darkness ("Sponge!" we can hear ourself calling out in a clear, confident voice. "Clamps! Spoon!"), and at the same time we tend to view most of the doctors who lived in the nineteenth century and earlier as bearded and intransigent blackguards, prepared to stop at nothing in their desire to humiliate Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson. That this latter state of mind is, at best, a foreshortened and inaccurate view of the situation was brought home to us last week when we visited an exhibit the New-York Historical Society is now staging in observance of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the New York Academy of Medicine. The exhibit demonstrates that our early doctors were indeed bearded to the point of obfuscation but as ardent in their pursuit of the explanation of the then current mysteries of cholera and yellow fever as they were in the pursuit of payment. The first item of which we took note was a faded, handwritten compact, drawn up by a group of local doctors in 1798, in the course of which they outlined the fees they thought it fair to charge and urged that all accounts be presented at least once every six months. According to this lively and sensible document, the charge for an ordinary visit to a home was to be one dollar; for a visit plus a dose of medicine, one dollar and twenty-five cents;

and for a visit to Brooklyn, three dollars.

New York underwent an epidemic of yellow fever in 1798, and in a broadside of advice that one spoilsport physician issued he proclaimed that the best means of avoiding contagion was to avoid "all the passions of the mind which excite debility: such as envy, jealousy, love, anxiety, excessive grief, and violent passion." At about the same time, a list of diseases from which New Yorkers were suffering was drawn up by the medical authorities, and it included the still common urban hazards of "Ulcers, Juvenile Indiscretions, and Inward Weaknesses," while in a contemporaneous "Annual Report of Interments" two people were listed as having died of the bite of a mad dog, one of a carbuncle, thirteen of cancer, four of compression of the brain, and five hundred and seventy-two of consumption, in those days easily the leading cause of death.

A severe epidemic of cholera swept the city in the summer of 1832, and the Board of Health took to issuing a daily report of the number of deaths and, as a warning to uncontaminated citizens, the addresses of the houses in which people had died. A group of doctors afterward made an earnest investigation and published a book attempting to account for the rapid and apparently random spread of cholera from the Battery to Greenwich Village; although they had no real knowledge of what caused the plague, they were convinced that bad sanitation had something to do with it. They wound up by saying, "Those who are acquainted with the city, need not be informed either of the crowded and filthy state of several of these points [in which cholera had broken out] or of the intemperate, dissolute, and abandoned habits of the inhabitants of some of them, or of the proverbial filth of the streets, as well as the houses, in most of these locations." Of all the items in the exhibit, our favorite was a book published in 1833 by David Meredith Reese, M.D., a man after Paul Muni's heart, who, in a noble attempt to combine timeliness with special pleading, entitled his masterpiece "A Plain and Practical Treatise on the Epidemic Cholera, as it Prevailed in the City of New York, in the Summer of 1832; including its Nature, Causes, Treatment, and Prevention. Designed for Popular Instruction. To Which Is Added, by way of Appendix, A Brief Essay on the Medical Use of Ardent Spirits; being an Attempt to Show that Alcohol is as Unnecessary and Mischievous in Sickness as in Health."

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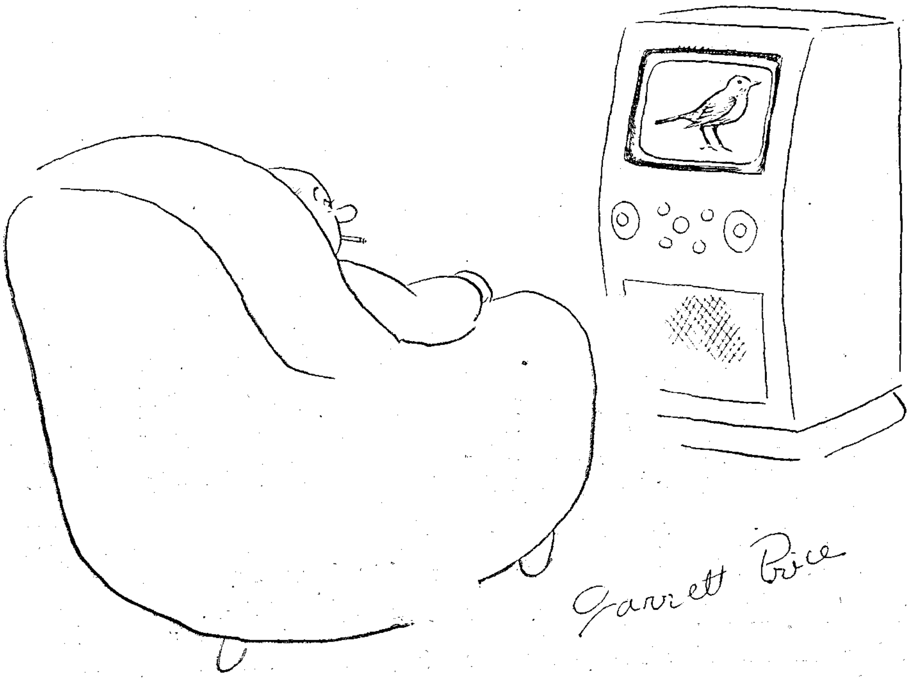
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A rather disturbing sign hangs on a wall in the Sunshine Food Market, on Amsterdam Avenue—"Customers are permitted to inspect their meat while being chopped."

Among the products put out by the Maco Company, manufacturers of office supplies, is the Folder Roll Label.

The trash cans in Omaha have swinging tops lettered "Push for Omaha."

Fine Point

A YOUNG business lady recently went to work in the offices of the president of a large industrial concern (call him Mr. Vail). One of her jobs is to write letters for Mr. Vail's signature in answer to patrons of the company who write in complaining about its service, and she's doing all right at it, now that she's got the hang of the thing. She had to learn, though. For instance, clipped to her first day's batch of replies, over which she had taken a good deal of pains, there was a note from Mr. Vail's secretary, which read, "Mr. Vail is never sorry. Mr. Vail regrets."



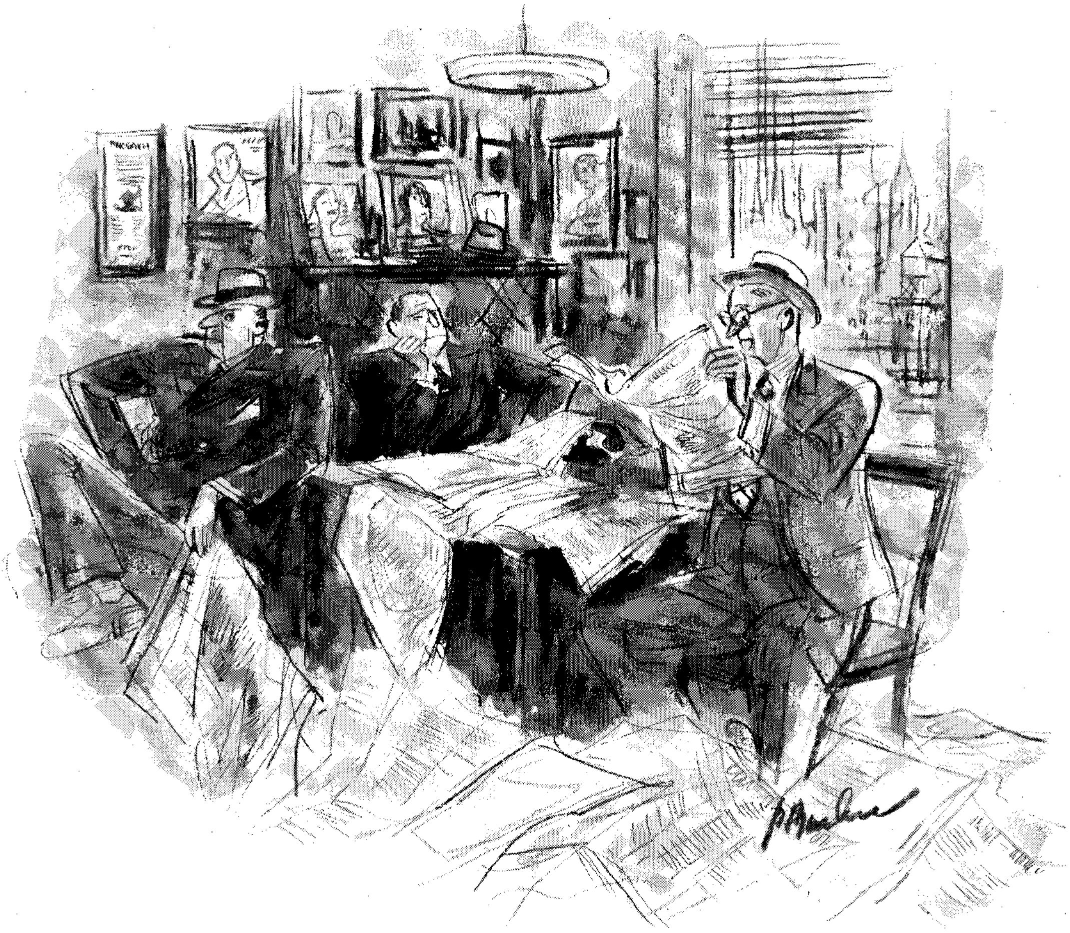
Miss Youth-form

AND now, patient readers, a few words about Miss Youth Form, or Miss Youthform—a quibble we shall explain in due course. She is a pleasant, attractive, twenty-two-year-old model named Norma Kohane, whose face and figure flicker over Broadway in red neon outlines fifty feet high in an advertisement for The Aristocrat of Slips, which, according to neon letters fifteen feet high, Cannot Ride Up. In the words of the manufacturers of this raiment, their ad, perched on the Brill Building, at Forty-ninth Street, is "the world's largest fashion electric sign," and we could hardly be expected to resist the temptation of interviewing the world's-largest-fashion-electric-sign model. By arrangement, we met Miss Kohane just off Broadway, in the office of a publicity man named Sid Schechtman, who informed us at once that she had been tapped for this signal honor because she "is typical of the women today of America, with the exception, I think, of half an inch somewhere." "Thirty-four bust, twenty-five waist, thirty-five hips," chimed in Miss Kohane, in a manner indicating plainly that she had been through this line of inquisition many times before. We asked her how she felt about the distinction she now holds. "I think it says here I'm thrilled," she replied, pointing to a mimeographed release Mr. Schechtman had thrust upon us. We looked, and it did.

Miss Kohane became Miss Y. five and a half months ago, after an elimination contest among many models. There is an ironic twist, inevitably, to her being so prominently featured in lights on Broadway. She aspires to be an actress. After some summer-stock experience in Massachusetts, her home state, she came to New York in 1945 and got a speaking part in "The Duchess Misbehaves," a musical comedy that had a small run. Then, in a time-biding way, she took up modelling.

Her giant alter ego on Broadway, by means of electrical ingenuity we won't go into here, appears to walk—clad only in a slip and high-heeled shoes—from one side of the sign to the other. Before it was built, Miss Kohane, clad in like fashion, did considerable walking before a motion-picture camera and in front of an artist, who, after studying her movements and the movie of her movements, drew some sketches that ultimately were translated into sign language. For all these activities, Miss Kohane told us, she received her regular modelling fee of fifteen dollars an hour, and she estimated that before she's through being Miss Y., she'll have earned something like five hundred dollars. "Oh, it's going to run a lot more than that, honey," said Mr. Schechtman, and she brightened. We asked her how she liked being interviewed. "Well, I'm getting fifteen dollars an hour for this, too," she said. Trying, for her sake, to prolong our rendezvous, it occurred to us that Earl Wilson, in similar circumstances, would surely have asked if she was wearing an Aristocrat of Slips, and we timidly broached that question. "Now, now," she said. "I only own one. I guess I could buy another at any department store, though." "You can have all you want for free, honey," said Mr. Schechtman hastily.

Now for that Youthform-Youth Form business. Mr. Schechtman and his publicity associates think Miss Kohane's official title is Miss Youthform, and have been doggedly spelling it so on handouts extolling the merits of Miss Youthform slips, on sashes draped over Miss Kohane's lovely shoulders before she was photographed for the papers, and on such permanent documents as a citation she was recently instructed to present, while balanced uneasily on a girder atop the Brill Building, to a venerable sign builder. The Broadway sign itself, however, in incontrovertible and ineradicable letters eleven feet high, says "Miss Youth Form." "Here we've been using 'Youthform' as one word all along," Mr. Schechtman told us with a sigh, "and they go and build the sign in two words, for some unknown reason. I don't know what to do about it." We wished him speedy deliverance from his dilemma, took one last admiring look at Miss Kohane (whom we had benefited, we later computed, to the extent of $12.25), and bade her good luck in her modelling career. "Well, it's a way to earn a living," she said. "I just hope they don't make me sit on any more girders."


"Here's a review in the 'Tuckahoe Record' with a couple of lines we could quote."

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Tenacious

A RETIRED banker of cultivated tastes undertook a couple of years ago to read and unravel the whole of "Finnegans Wake," as a bulwark against idleness. He set about it with scholarly precision, dropping into Brentano's from time to time, as the need arose, to obtain various works to assist him in his task—commentaries, keys, foreign-language dictionaries, and such. Last week, he walked into the shop and bought, to the surprise of the clerk who customarily attends him, a current novel. "You've finally finished 'Finnegans Wake,' then?" the clerk inquired. "I have," the banker replied, and added, "Worst book I ever read, too."

Parochial

ONE of our gadabout correspondents has informed us that he entered a night club in Los Angeles the other evening just as the master of ceremonies held up his hands, hushed the audience, and, in a tense, reverent voice, proclaimed, "We'll be on the air in a few minutes now, folks—a coast-to-coast broadcast, going all the way back to St. Louis."

Innovation

THE United Nations General Assembly turned its back on precedent when it selected the comparatively firm eastern shore of Manhattan as its headquarters. A nice, mushy filled-in swamp, like Flushing Meadow, would have been in keeping with the peculiar standards set by the planners of such capitals as Washington, Canberra, and

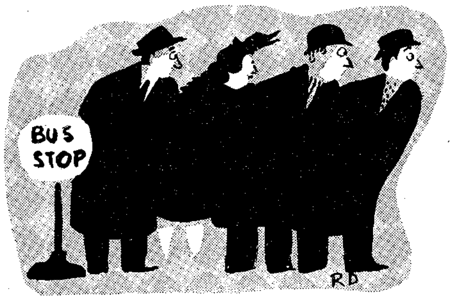
St. Petersburg, all of which were staked out on or near marshes. Capitals like Rome, Paris, and London are on marshy ground, too, but they started off as little villages and expanded into imperial cities almost unawares; they weren't *planned*. (Despite its grandeur, ancient Rome had a permanent housing shortage, streets were so narrow that the parking of chariots was forbidden, and visiting provincials sent word home that while it was a marvellous place to visit, they kept getting soot in their eyes.) St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, began as a rather snobbish notion on the part of Peter the Great, who returned from a tour of Europe determined that one of the first moves in the Westernization of Russia must be the founding of a city facing in the right direction; that is, on the Baltic. He thereupon marched down to the mouth of the Neva River and picked out an insignificant swatch of reeds called the Isle of Hares as the site of his future capital. The story is that he borrowed a bayonet from a soldier, cut two sods, laid one on top of the other, and cried, "Here shall be a town." It has been estimated that over a hundred and fifty thousand workers were employed in building the town and that, thanks to the unhealthful climate, most of them died doing it. It wasn't long, in fact, before St. Petersburg got to be called "the city built on bones." In 1705, two years after Peter had borrowed the bayonet, the whole town was under water and wolves wandered about the outskirts, eating an occasional unwary citizen in broad daylight. Peter populated the place by such simple devices as ordering a thousand noble families, five hundred merchants, and two thousand workers to move there in a single year. Plans for the city changed with undesirable rapidity, as a consequence of the fact that most of the architects died of ague and despair as fast as Peter drafted them for the job.

The choice of a site for Washington was largely political. The North wanted it in the North and the South wanted it in the South, and Washington, who apparently didn't mind the humidity and had done about all the travelling he had a mind to do, wanted it close to Mount Vernon. He recommended the spot where the Capitol now stands, a slight elevation he had once noticed while canoeing on the Potomac. It may well be that what is now generously called the Hill did look like a considerable eminence from a canoe. Pierre Charles L'Enfant was appointed chief architect and planner and was responsible for laying out the master plan, with its series of ornamental circles and vistas. The design was well calculated to defend the capital in case of attack (artillery can command half a dozen avenues from a single point) but has proved bad for traffic. Before the Capitol Building had been topped off, dampness had rotted away some of the timbers at its base.

Back in 1912, a commission chose a site for a new capital of India, to be called New Delhi. The commission turned in a report recommending a certain area because it had fewer health and drainage problems than any other and afforded ample opportunity for "such amenities as race courses, golf courses, polo, tennis, cricket, football, and hockey grounds;" it took three more reports to persuade the government not to locate these amenities in the heart of a nearby swamp, where they would be covered every year by flood waters from the Himalayas. When, a few years earlier, Australia decided to build a new capital, to be called Canberra, its site-finding committee was advised to rate all possible sites according to "accessibility, communication, topography, water supply, drainage, soil, fuel, general suitability, cost, and other matters," with the proviso that they weren't to be more than a hundred miles from Sydney. The site that was finally purchased (at a cost of £775,000) is two hundred and fifty miles from Sydney and couldn't be used until a river in the area had been dammed, at great expense, to prevent floods. The United Nations has done rather well, considering the record.

Defeated

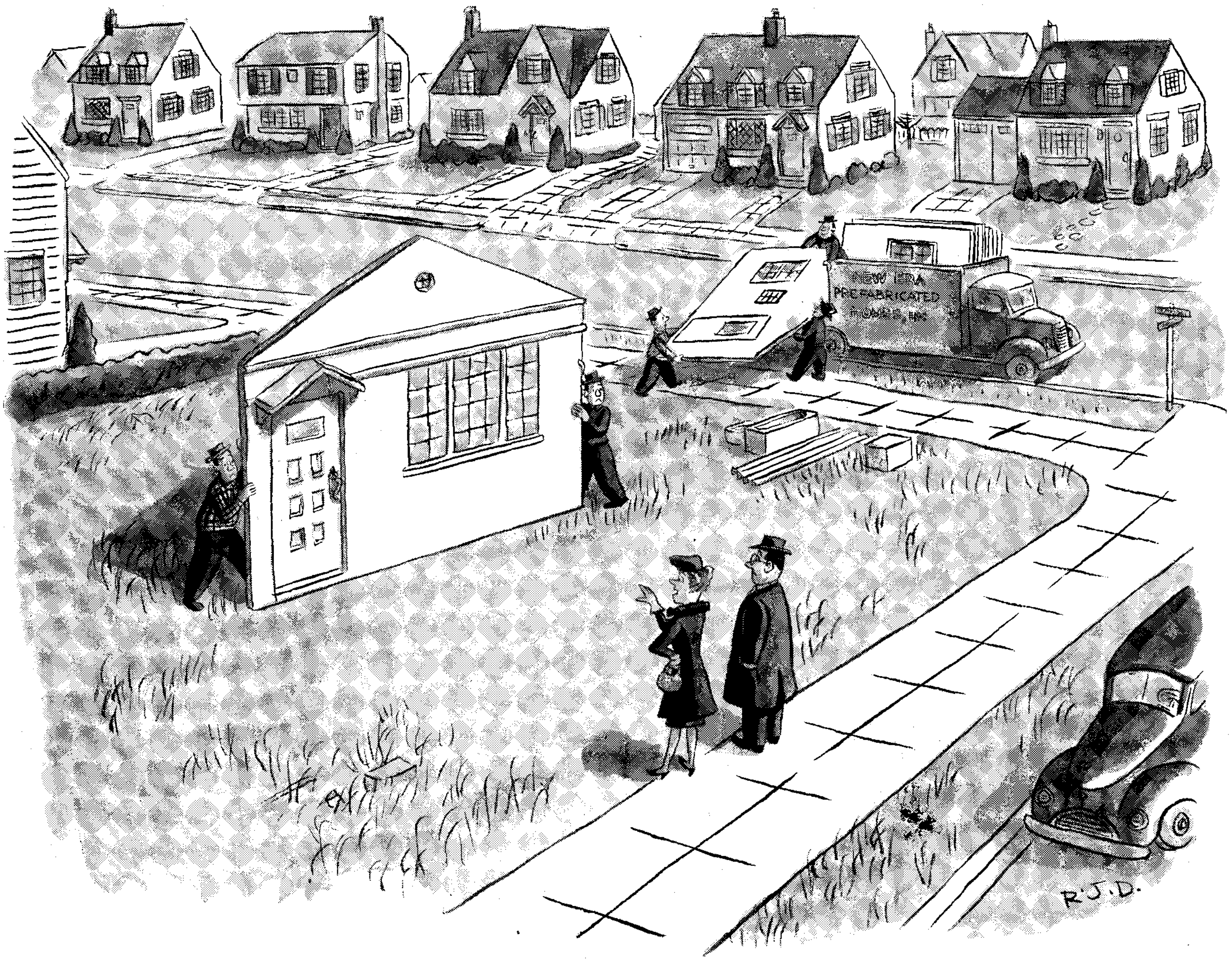
A NINE-YEAR-OLD lad we've been told about tried to put something over on a new cook in his household the other morning. He argued against his oatmeal, saying that it would be the worst thing in the world for him mentally to have to eat things he didn't like. The cook, who had evidently been around some, just set the cereal in front of him and said, "Now, see here, young man, don't go trying your child psychology on me."



New Features

WHEN the Ringling Circus opens here next month, it will have—as one of the fruits of peace, and of a two-month scouting trip by John Ringling North, from which he lately returned—up to forty acts never seen here before and it will be almost entirely new. We have had a talk with Mr. North in his suite at Hampshire House, and he tells us that before the war it was usual for him to make an annual European tour looking for talent and that his current all-out mustering of foreign talent is merely making up for lost time. We asked about the present condition of circuses abroad and learned that it is spotty. British circuses were stopped for the duration. The Bertram Mills Circus has reopened in London and is, according to North, A-1. On the Continent, circuses were generally regarded as morale aids during the war and encouraged to continue. Some performers were drafted, others were killed in bombing raids, and still others—in German-occupied countries—wound up in concentration camps, but most troupes came through in fair shape. For one thing, the typical European circus is a one-ringer, with fewer and longer acts than ours, and the replacement problem was easier. Transportation shortages immobilized many a circus, however. Most of them stopped touring and holed up in large municipal auditoriums for months. Some of them won't take to the road this summer either. Food shortages wrecked animal acts. Many beasts were destroyed for lack of food and some were eaten by their owners, who also lacked food.

Trouble or no, North detected in European circus people no great yen to come to America. They have a family attachment to their outfits and, moreover, are fearful of inflation here. He actually engaged a full forty acts, in Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, France, England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Italy, and Sweden, but fears that a few of them may not get here. "Regular stuff, nothing sensational," he said, with a conservatism that seemed phenomenal in a circus man. "Circus acts are typed and must conform to certain conventions. An unusual midget act would be one with large midgets, but what good


NEW ERA
PREFABRICATED
HOMES, INC.
R.J.D.

"Now, let's try it just a little bit to the left again."

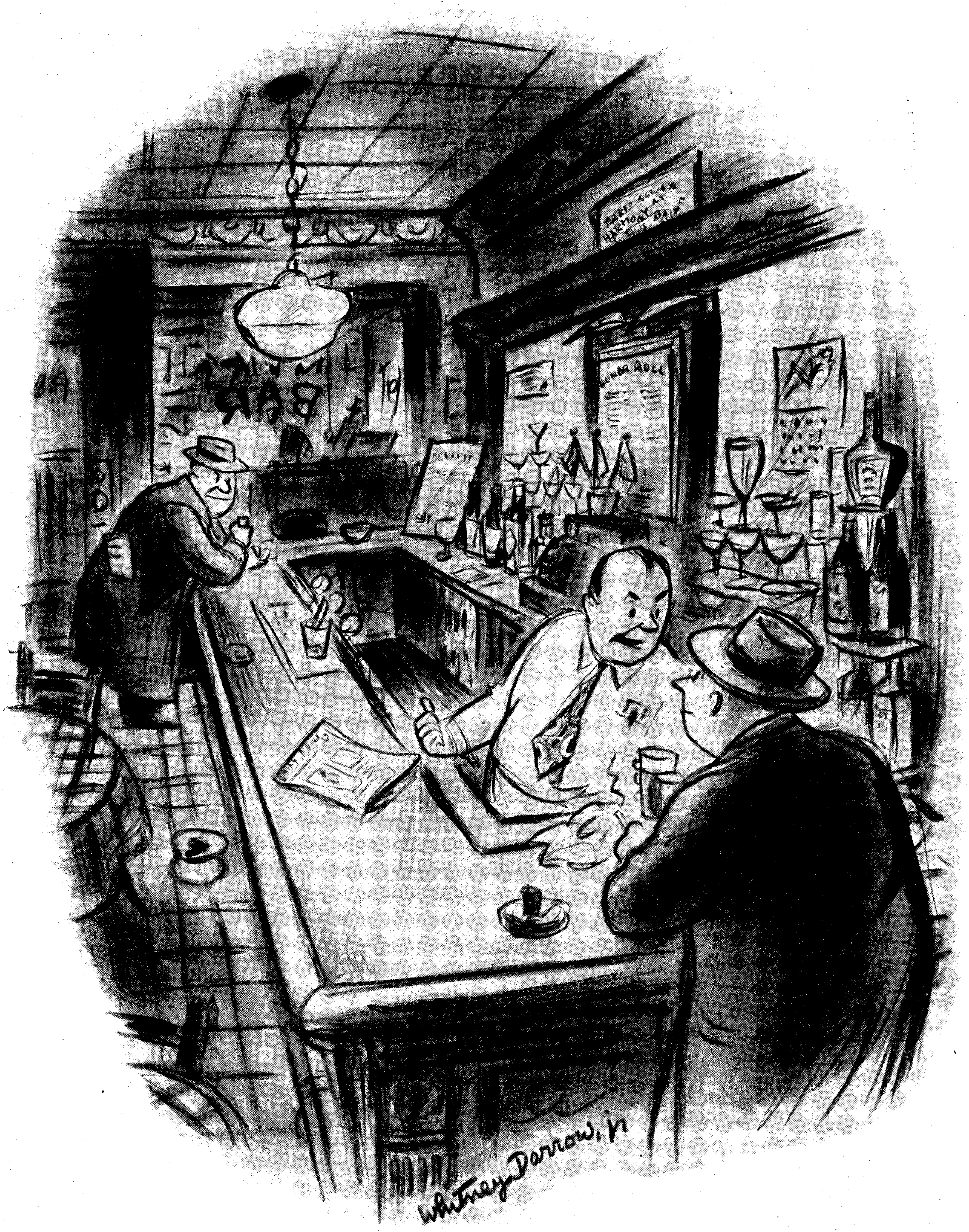
• •

would it be? Take polar bears—what can you do sensational with polar bears?" While we were struggling for a reply, he recalled having corralled a couple of reasonably distinctive numbers—a French aerialist act in which a Miss Rose Gould performs acrobatics (including hanging by her heels) on a trapeze suspended from four ropes held by two assistants dangling by their knees on orthodox trapezes, and a high-wire divertissement worked up by a British troupe, the Alanzas, while they were engaged in coal mining. Compensation, doubtless. He also discovered, and contracted for, a pig act, which is a novelty in itself, and which further defies routine in that its personnel plays "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" on a set of horns similar to those favored by trained seals. He has just been advised that one of the pigs has had a nervous breakdown and the team may not be able to travel.

Mr. North himself has an excellent excuse for a nervous breakdown, since the precise date on which Madison Square Garden will be available to the circus, now mostly in Sarasota, depends on a hockey game. "If the Rangers finish fourth in the National Hockey League," Mr. North told us, "they'll qualify for the post-season Stanley Cup playoffs, and the circus trains will have to wait in Florida." North is a resourceful man, however. He expedited passport, exit-permit, and visa matters for his artists abroad by authorizing consular officials to conduct negotiations by telegraph or cable (first depositing a wad of money with American Express to take care of the cost), and he has installed some Shetland ponies from England in the Garden basement, hard on the stern of the departing National Antiques Show. He built some stalls for them there just in time. "Thank goodness," he said. "Small as they are, I wouldn't want to have tried to smuggle them into Hampshire House."

Race

A SUBURBAN matron came into town the other day to buy a wedding present for a friend of her husband and presently found herself in Sloane's, where some attractive salad plates, attractively priced at a dollar and seventy-five cents each, caught her eye. She wasn't sure, though, whether her husband would want to send eight or a dozen, so she hurried away to the telephone to call him, telling the clerk she would be back in a minute. When she returned, commissioned to buy a dozen, the clerk informed her that the plates were now two dollars each. Naturally, she asked how come. The clerk shrugged and murmured, "Well, you know how it is—the price of everything is going up these days."


Whitney Darrow, Jr

"The gentleman wants to know if you'd care to join him in a little argument."

SOMEONE TO TRUST

TOMMY stood in the darkened doorway of a band-instrument shop, closed for the night. It was diagonally across the street from the stage door of a theatre, and the stage door was not on the same street as the main entrance. He was glad it was not the cops whom he was avoiding. If it had been the cops, they probably would have gone back a few years and found out about Maida. Plenty of people he knew would have been glad to tell the cops about Maida or be helpful in any other way. As a matter of fact, the same people would be glad to be helpful to the people he was avoiding, if they knew how to be helpful. Tommy faced it: he was not a popular fellow, and he knew he was taking some chances with Maida, but they were chances he had to take or else give up. One chance he was taking—a very serious one—was that Maida might be walking to the theatre with someone who knew him, and that wouldn't be so good. Any friend of Maida's would pull her away as soon as he showed himself. "Don't have anything to do with that louse," the friend would say. If he had time to spare, he could wait until he saw Maida alone and then talk to her, but he had no time to spare. He had to go somewhere tonight, had to have a place to stay tonight, and Maida was his best bet, if not his only bet.

Two girls he knew passed the darkened doorway and proceeded to the theatre. One of them certainly would have turned him in if she had known how, and, come to think of it, Carina *would* have known how. She would have gone straight to her friends up the street and spread the word: "I saw Tommy Welting tonight, if anybody's innarested," and it would not be long before the word did get to an interested party.

Some more girls, obviously from Maida's show, passed the doorway and went on to the theatre. He hoped, not exactly for her sake, that nothing had happened to Maida, who was always punctual, the stage manager's delight. He knew for a fact she was in the show; he had seen her pictures and her name in the captions in a picture-magazine layout, less than two weeks before. Even granting the layout did not appear until a month or so after the pictures were taken . . . There she was, and, thank Christ, alone.

He waited until she was almost directly across the street. He didn't want to risk being seen any more than necessary. He hurried over, just under a run, and spoke her name, sharply and once. She stopped. She must have recognized his voice.

"Tommy!"

"Yes, honey. Meet me at Fifty-first and Lexington after the show. Fifty-first and Lexington. Southeast corner."

"I can't. I—"

"Life or *death*, honey. Fifty-first and Lexington. Southeast corner."

He recrossed the street and walked west without waiting for any more words from her. As he walked, he congratulated himself on his instinctive choice of words. "Honey." The repeated "honey." The repeated address of the rendezvous. The emphasis on death. That last would keep her mouth shut, keep her from discussing him with the two girls he knew, especially that one bitch. He went all the way to Fiftieth and Ninth Avenue, got a crosstown bus, and put in the time at a couple of East Side newsreels. He stayed in one of the theatres until Maida's show-break and then walked slowly to the vicinity of Fifty-first and Lexington. He bought a couple of papers and took up a position half a block away, so that he could see Maida before she saw him and, what was of principal importance, see that she came alone. One of the pansies who abound in that neighborhood tried to pick him up and he wanted to kill the queen; a fine time to tangle with one of *them*. But he smiled and said, "Not tonight, dear," and the pansy went away.

TOMMY saw Maida get out of a taxi, in which she was the only passenger, and cross the street opposite Loew's Lexington. He waited to see that there was no taxi following her and then joined her. "Thanks, honey. We'll go to a bar up the street, where we can talk."

He had cased the joint on his way to meet her and it was not a place where he would be likely to run into anyone he knew. It was really a cheap restaurant that turned into a saloon at night. It would not attract the Broadway mob who wandered over to Third Avenue. It was safe.

They sat in a booth. "A Cuba libre for the lady. A bourbon-and-water for me."

She relaxed a little. "You remembered that, huh?" she said.

"Oh, and, waiter, that's with crushed ice in the Cuba libre," he said. "Sure I remember." He did not bother to tell her that he had been trying to remember all through the newsreels and had not remembered until the second running of a newsreel clip about Cuba. "*You* didn't remember something, though."

"What? You mean the southeast corner?"

"You hit it."

"You're right. I couldn't remember was it southeast or southwest."

"Or maybe you remembered it was southeast but you went over to the southwest to get a look at me."

"Maybe," she said. "What's it all about, Tommy? That stuff about life and death . . ."

"Before I answer that, did you mention you saw me to anybody? Anybody at all?"

"No. I almost did. Carina's in the show and I almost said something to her, but I decided I wouldn't," said Maida.

"Thank God you didn't, honey," said Tommy. The drinks came and they touched glasses. "Here's to some of the good times."

"Yes. We had some," she said.

"You *know* we did," he said, and drank. He put down his glass and pulled out a half-empty pack of Luckies and an unopened pack of Camels, which he pushed toward her.

"You remembered that, too," she said.

"Sure. Shall I open them the way you open 'em? I always louse it up, but I could show you I remember."

"I'll do it," she said, but he knew he had got to her better than if he had sent her fifty bucks' worth of flowers.

"I never forgot anything, honey, and that's why when I'm in a jam I come to you," he said.

"You look as if you were right up

there. Of course, you were always one for the wardrobe, but I'll bet those threads came from a tailor."

"It isn't a money jam, honey," he said. "Or at least I have enough scratch so I don't have to put the bee on you or anybody else."

"What kind of a jam is it?"

"First, I have to ask you a couple questions. Are you shacked up with anybody now?"

"Not exactly," she said.

"How do you mean not exactly?"

"Well, *shacked up*. There's somebody wants me to marry him and I guess I will."

"You don't sound as if you loved him," he said.

"It's a year and a half—that's longer than us two were," she said.

"Are you living with *him?*"

"About the way I was with you. Sometimes I go to his place, sometimes he comes over to mine."

"You still got the same place?" he asked.

"Oh, sure. I never had any trouble. They never threatened to kick me out or raise the rent or you know—like make a phony bet and pay extra that way, the way some of the kids I know had to. One kid in the show, every week she bet the manager of her hotel—like he'd bet her ten dollars every week she didn't know what his middle name was, or where he was born. That was the only way she could keep her room. But where I am they were always decent to me, I guess because I'm a regular fixture there."

"Well, they like you," he said.

"Yes, I guess they do. How could they help it, ha, ha, ha!"

"You don't have to kid about that. Everybody likes you, honey."

"A few do," she said.

"If *I* do?"

"No, I said a few do," she said.

"Oh."

There was a moment's silence.

"What's the jam, Tommy?"

"It's a jam, all right. I wasn't exaggerating. It's a matter of life and death, but I don't know how much to tell you. This other guy you got now."

"Well, never mind about him for now. What do you want *me* to do?"

"*I* can't say never mind about him. Who *is* he?" he asked. "Not a musician, I hope."

"No. But he's in show business. He has a bit." She named a musical comedy. "Harry Trent."

"Oh, yeah. I saw his name someplace," he said. "I don't know him."

"I know you don't," she said.

LOANS
Chon Day

"Why? Did you ask him?"

"He knows you and I used to go around together," she said. "He doesn't mind what happened before I knew him."

"He oughta mind. It's something he'll never have, or anyone else."

"I'm gonna meet him later, Tommy, so you better tell me what you want."

"Let's have another drink, honey. And you meet Harry." He called the waiter and reordered. They studied each other while the drinks were coming, and Tommy wished he could tell her to go to hell. She had not lost her prettiness, she looked no older, but for a year and a half she had been sleeping with someone else, meeting him, eating with him, exchanging Christmas presents, talking about jobs, getting sore at one another, making up. It made her kind of a bum, where Carina, who didn't keep with one man longer than three weeks, wasn't a bum. Much as he wanted to tell her to go to hell, he couldn't. She was the only person in New York, and, as far as he could think, in the whole world, that he could possibly count on. The drinks were served. Before she picked up her glass, she looked at her watch. He saw it was time to make the big pitch, if he only knew what kind of a pitch to make.

"I want to help you if I can, Tommy," she said.

"Honey, I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I don't think I can trust you," he said. "I just got in town today, and you were the only person I could think of. That I could trust. I'm hot, kid."

"You mean you're mixed up with mobsters?"

"Mixed up like a thirty-cent hash. Like mincemeat. That's what I'll be if I run into any of them. That's why I'm glad you didn't pipe to Carina. She knows too many of those characters and she don't like Mr. Tommy, and when you leave me to meet Harry, do me one last favor. Forget you saw me. Forget you even remembered I ever lived. If anybody asks about me, all you say is 'Who's he?' I'm doing you a favor by not telling you any more about myself. That way, you don't know anything in case anybody should ask you."

"What was it—liquor?"

"No, the Eyeties are back in that. That's what we called them in the Army. The Eyeties. No, it was something else. Give yourself a break and don't load up on information. The deal I was in, I held out a little, only they didn't think it was a *little*. They took care of the guy that I was cutting it up with.”

“They killed him?”

He waited before speaking, and suddenly—looking at her closing eyelids and seeing the excitement building—he remembered things about her and he knew how to handle her. It was going to be easy; he had only to tell her the truth.

“Yeah. Finally, they killed him. *Finally*. I was to meet him at my apartment and I was late, but *they* weren't, and I heard him let out a coupla screams. I don't have to tell you I didn't stop and collect the rest of my wardrobe. I got a ride on a truck to another town and from there I rode the airplanes—the short hops, not like T.W.A. or those. I got to Washington, D.C., and took the rattler there as far as Trenton, New Jersey, and thumbed it in the rest of the way here. I only got in about an hour before I saw you tonight.”

“Christ, you *are* hot!” she said. It was a whisper.

“Me and that two-dollar pistol,” he said.

“What two-dollar pistol?”

“That's an old saying. As hot as a two-dollar pistol.”

“Oh, I thought maybe you had a two-dollar pistol or something,” she said.

He took another chance to keep up her mood. “Not a two-dollar one, honey. Sixty, the one I have. What they call the difference. The difference between me and somebody that don't happen to have one on him. And it's gotta be good, because it's all I got, honey. *Money* I got, but money ain't what'll stop *my* chums.” He was on the verge of telling her to drink up, but immediately he realized that would have been a mistake. She put her right hand on her left shoulder without successfully hiding the deep, full breathing.

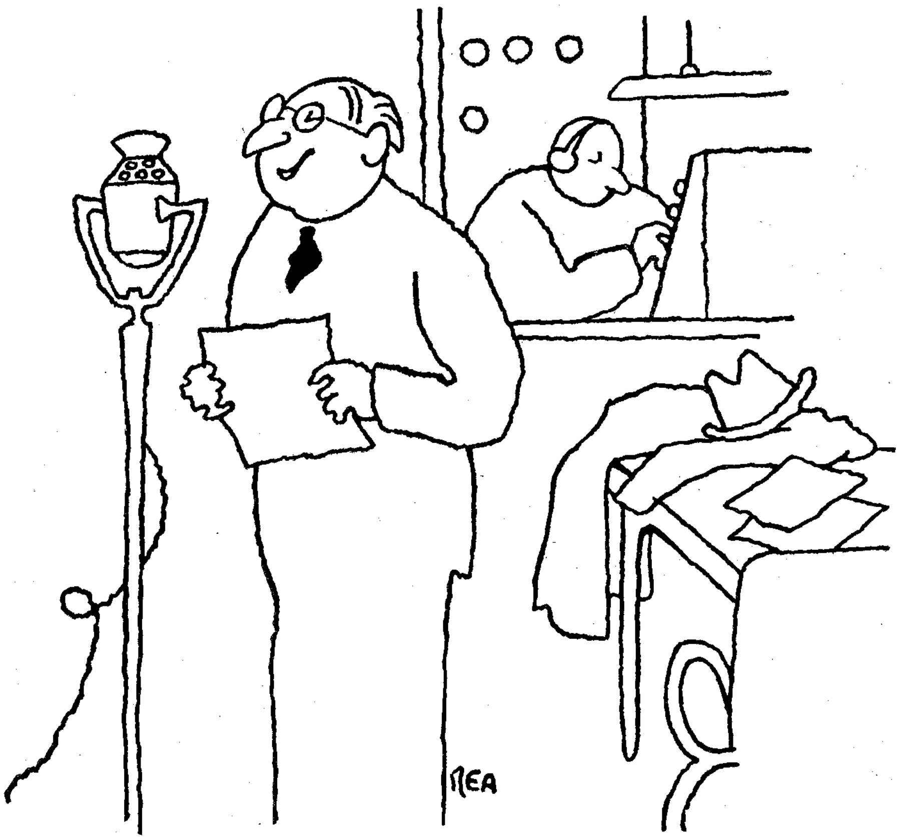
“I get it,” she said quietly. “I'm to be your hideout.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“I'll have to meet *him* or else he'll be around knocking on my door. Here's my key. Walk in like you owned the place. The night man's new since you were there. He won't know you.” She stood up. “I may be a little long getting rid of *him*.”

“That's all right, honey,” he said. “Brush him off.”

“I guess I'll have to,” she said. She smiled at him. “A real son of a bitch, aren't you? Don't shoot me coming in the door, will you?”



“And so, may God bless you all until next week, same time, same station.”

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“I will if you take too long getting there,” he said.

“I won't be any longer than it takes,” she said, and went out to Lexington Avenue.

THE waiter came to the table. “Little lady didn't go away mad, I trust? Didn't have no lovers' quarrel, now?” said the waiter.

“Not us,” said Tommy. He paid the bill and took a taxi to Maida's hotel. The elevator boy was also new and minded his own business. Tommy undressed and got into bed, with the .38 under the covers beside his leg. There was a bridge lamp near the door, which he left burning, after fixing it so that it would throw most of its light on anyone who entered. He took a magazine from the bedside table and lit a cigarette. There was a radio on the lower shelf of the table, in case he wanted to turn it on. There were two bottles of rum and a bottle of rye and four bottles of Coca-Cola on the chiffonier, in case he got thirsty, and a Sterno stove, and a tin breadbox, which he had not investigated, and a bottle partly filled with cream on the window sill. He glanced around the room. “Aha, that we must get rid of,” he said. He got out of bed and removed a man's glossy-print photograph from a leather frame. He put a match to it in two places and allowed it to burn on the tile floor of the bathroom.

“A man could stay here forever, if he had to,” he told himself. He only wished he were waiting for Carina instead of Maida. —JOHN O'HARA

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LULLABY, LITTLE ADULT

(THE “NEW STATESMAN & NATION” HAS BEEN OFFERING PRIZES FOR VERSE CALCULATED TO BRING SLEEP TO SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA)

Forlorn, the bulbul babbles;
Bereft, the sibyl sings;
The dreaming dove bedabbles
His wayward wings.

No more the rose in sorrow
Ogles the oriole;
No murmur of the morrow
Moves the mole.

O wallow, wallow, wallow,
Where the wan willows loom!
O follow! holloa! swallow!
Goom; goom.

—MORRIS BISHOP

WOMAN'S WORK

THE streets seemed mournful and cold, and as Ellen pushed the baby carriage along the sidewalk, she couldn't see the faces of the people who hurried by in the dusk. The shop windows' being lit made her feel it must be later than she knew it could be. Ten minutes earlier, when she was sitting on a bench in Washington Square, she had suddenly jumped up with a guilty start and put her portfolio and pencils in the back of the carriage. She hadn't realized until then how cold and stiff her hands had grown without gloves. The drawing would have to wait. With Jack and Val coming for dinner, she should have been hurrying home.

It always seemed like such a long walk, going back from the Square. The darkness came on so suddenly, and always she had a dreamlike sense of apprehension, as though she had to race something to get home in time. She eased the carriage down off the curb, trying not to bump Timmie, and started across Seventh Avenue. There was still dessert to get—or should she buy cheese? When they had guests, Phil preferred to have cheese. It was the civilized way to end a meal, he said. But cheese meant going two extra blocks. A truck coming around the corner from Greenwich Avenue suddenly turned straight at her. Damn you, she thought, you can't run down a woman with a baby carriage, but she hurried just the same. When she had the carriage safely up on the sidewalk again, she stopped and looked under the hood to see if the baby had been jostled.

Timmie sat impassively, leaning forward a little, proudly, like the figurehead of a ship, staring at everything that went by. Ellen took out a Kleenex and wiped his nose and tucked the blanket firmly around him before she started on. Coming to the neighborhood pastry shop, she headed in toward the building. As she set the lock on the wheel of the carriage and Timmie saw her moving away from him, the sorrowful grimace that was the beginning of his crying face started like a wave and then faded as his gaze was attracted by the brightness of the window. Going in the door, she could see his face through the two thicknesses of glass, and he suddenly looked pathetic to her, shut out from the fragrance and warmth.

The windows were filled with rows of éclairs and little cakes and pastry rings, all golden and immaculate. Eclairs would do, she thought, and then she saw a tin tray of *babas au rhum* on the counter. Phil would think those were all right; they had the proper civilized touch.

It wasn't until she was out in the street again and had put the fragile box of pastry in the carriage in front of the baby's feet that she remembered the wine. She had meant to walk Timmie up to Hearns before she went to the Square, but the diapers had taken so long to wash that it was late when she'd started and she had forgotten it. Now she would have to go up to the liquor store on the corner and see what she could get that would be all right and not too expensive. She bent forward and started up the street. She had a nightmare vision of pushing Timmie around the dark streets forever, but she told herself that, after all, it was just an extra block.

WHEN Phil came home, Ellen was in the kitchen feeding Timmie. Between offering him mouthfuls of cereal she washed the lettuce. The kitchen was too small for her to work in when the baby was there in his high chair, so Timmie, pink and serene in his nightgown, sat in the doorway between the kitchen and the living room.

Phil came over and kissed him and blew a kiss over his head in Ellen's direction. "How is everything?" he asked.

"Fine," Ellen said.

"Something smells good."

"It's beef stew baked in the casserole with red wine." She had prepared it in the morning, dousing it with all the wine that was left in the bottle they had opened the last time they'd had guests for dinner. She had used a recipe in a cookbook Phil had given her, and all that morning she had nervously tasted the stew. "I hope it's good," she said.

Phil stood watching her for a moment. "Aren't you going to change?" he asked. She was splashed with water and still in the sweater and skirt she had put on that morning.

"As soon as I get Timmie to bed." The baby kept twisting away from his cup of milk and looking up at his father, and after a second Phil kissed him on the top of his head and went off toward the bedroom. Ellen put the lettuce in the icebox and took out the paste for canapés. "How did things go today?" she called out as she picked Timmie up out of the high chair.

"All right, but I'm tired out. Had one of those long, dull luncheons with Morris. Hey, Ellen, do we have to have this thing here? I want to take a shower."

"Wait a minute." She put Timmie in his room and then went into the bathroom and picked up the baby's bath paraphernalia. The bathstand occupied most of the space in the room, and she folded it up under one arm and with her other hand gathered up the shirts and nightgowns that were drying on the radiator. As she went out of the room, she caught a glimpse of herself in the medicine-cabinet mirror. Her face was shiny from the heat of the kitchen and her hair hung over one eye in a dishevelled slant. I can pin it in a knot on top of my head, she thought.

Moving about Timmie's room, she sang softly, "Everybody loves a baby, and I'm so in love with you, pretty baby, pretty baby!" She didn't know the rest of the song, so she sang the same words over and over, and when she laid Timmie in his crib, he said loudly, "Be, be, be, be."

"You're smart," she said, and nuzzled her face in the back of his neck.

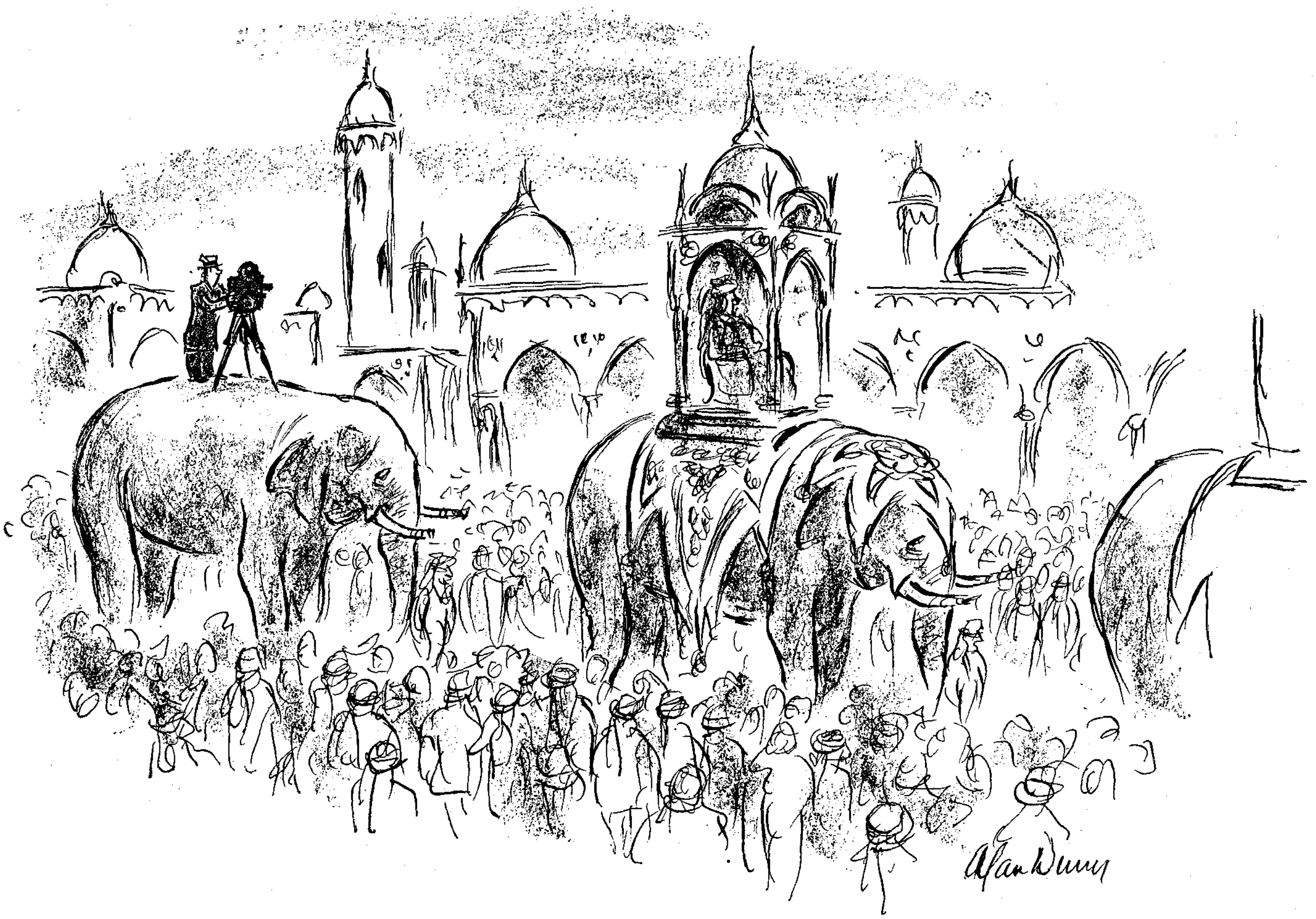
When she had shut his door, she stood looking around distractedly. For a second, she couldn't remember what it was that she had to do next. Phil was putting away the carriage blanket and gloves she had dropped on the couch and forgotten. He looked up as she came in. "Ellen, aren't you going to hurry? They'll be here almost any minute now."

"I know," Ellen said. "You look very pretty, dear." He had changed to a white sports shirt, open at the throat, and a tweed jacket, and his hair was combed down with water.

"Why, thank you," he said. "Would you remember, though, to shorten these sleeves before they go to the laundry again?"

"Oh, hell! I'm sorry. I really will remember this time." She watched him get down gin and vermouth bottles from the closet with neat, quick movements. Going into the bedroom, she could hear him open the icebox. There was a moment of silence. "Oh! There isn't any ice out," he said.

Pulling off her sweater and skirt



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rapidly, she thought, Thank God, Val is always late. I'll never again be one of those people who get any place early as long as I live. She slid her feet into high-heeled shoes and, sitting on the edge of the bed in her slip, imagined how it would feel if she forgot about everything and lay down. Immediately, things slid out of focus and, with a luxurious sense of danger, smelling the stew in the oven and conscious of the chunky crash of ice cubes in the sink, she almost allowed herself to doze. Her eyelids started to flicker and she had an overpowering desire to close them.

"Ellen!" Phil called from the kitchen, and she listened to the sound of his voice dreamily. "Ellen, where are the olives?" She shook herself. "They're in the icebox, on the bottom," she said, and got to her feet.

"Well, I can't find them. Are you sure?"

"I'll be in in a moment." She took down the gray dirndl she was going to wear and put it over her arm and went into the living room.

Phil was stirring cocktails in a bar glass at the kitchen sink and she slid into the kitchen beside him. "Here they are, dear." She took the jar of olives out of the icebox and handed them to him and then bent down to look in the oven.

"*You* look very pretty, darling," he said, putting his arm around her bare shoulders. She kissed him in answer. "I must hurry," she said, and rushed away to the bathroom to finish dressing.

She was still brushing her hair, with a sense of despair at how straight it was, when she heard the doorbell and then Jack's and Val's voices. She hurriedly anchored the slippery mass on the top of her head with combs and slicked perfume from her neck up to the knot of hair, hoping it would persuade her hair to stay there. With a last, quick look at her reflection, she went out.

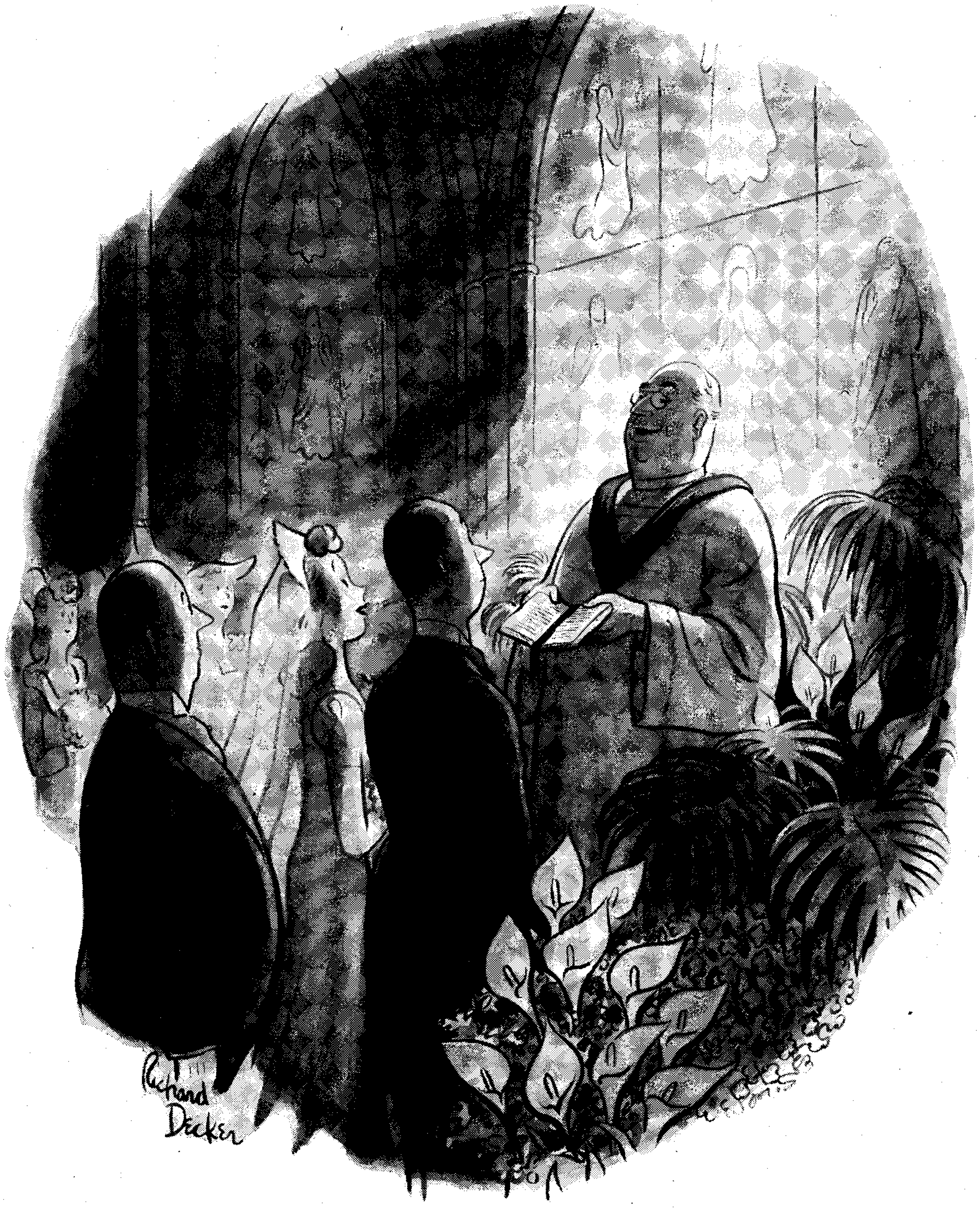
"Angel, are we late?" Val, her face startlingly white and gay above the deep black of Persian lamb, embraced Ellen, pressing a cool cheek against hers, and Ellen pressed politely back. When they were in the bedroom, she watched with respect while Val took off her hat. Without her coat, Val was as dramatically black and white as before, only tubular now instead of bulky. "How are you, darling?" Val asked without looking away from the mirror. She turned swiftly. "You look very sweet!" She had dropped a white tissue package on the bed with her coat, and as they started to leave the room, she picked it up and gave it to Ellen. "A silly something for your precious," she said.

THE casserole turned out to have a rich, dark taste and they all praised it immoderately.

"I know a good cook when I see one," Phil said, and winked at Ellen. Their faces all looked pink and flushed over the light of the candles. They had had a lot of cocktails before dinner. It was the kind of dinner that improved with waiting, Ellen had assured them, thinking that this was the best time of all. She had sat in a big chair with her feet up under her and admired the green and yellow colors in her glass. How nice, she had thought, just to sit, knowing that Timmie was in bed and everything in the kitchen was all right and there was nothing that had to be done right away. When it was time for her to put things on the table, she had tossed her last cocktail down in a gulp and had felt dizzy as she got to her feet.

"This is a good wine," Jack said, and Phil modestly admitted it was a pleasant little wine.

"It's like one of those little Beau-



"In a moment I will pronounce you man and wife. But first a few words about the great value of divine worship and regular attendance at church services as the true road to personal happiness and a sound foundation for a happy family."

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jolais—you know, that marvellous soft taste, not the usual *vin ordinaire*," Val said. She rolled the "r" delicately and waved a magenta-tipped hand.

"It advances to meet you," Ellen said in a prim voice, and she thought of her rush to the liquor store. Timmie had cried, sitting out in his carriage, and she had hurried, watching him through the window, as she selected the bottle.

Val was talking about someone who wrote about wine in a way she disapproved of. "What he ought to do is write a stirring article about gins of a great year," she said severely, and ate furiously for a moment. "Are you doing any painting now, Ellen?"

"What?" Ellen looked up. "Oh, no, I haven't done anything for quite a while."

"I wish you'd talk to her, Val," Phil said. "Nothing I say means anything, but Ellen really should get back to painting."

"Why, of course you should," Val said earnestly. "After all, you've got a lot of talent, Ellen."

Ellen held up her glass and judiciously looked through it at the candle flame. Seen through the red wine, the flame looked like a votive light. There ought to be some way to change the subject, she thought. Suddenly, she put her glass down. In the moment of silence, she heard a wail from the next room.

"Now, Ellen," Phil said. He looked over at her. "You sit still, dear. I'll go." He put his napkin down with deliberation and left the table. They all sat looking at each other without speaking. Then Phil called out, "Ellen!"

"Excuse me a second, will you?" she said.

In the baby's room, Phil was holding Timmie gingerly in his arms. "Be careful, he's awfully wet," he said as he handed the baby to Ellen. "His crib seems to be awfully wet, too."

"You go on back," she said. "I'll fix him up."

THE room was dim and cool. A little night lamp made a soft light on the table. The curtains blew into the room, and she went over and shut the windows. The baby's eyes, bright with sleep, watched her steadily. He was quiet, and interested in the feeling of being taken care of. When she had changed his clothes, she wrapped him in a blanket and laid him in the big chair. Then she took out fresh pads and sheets and fixed his crib. She was surprised to find that her hands shook a little. After she had finished, she went over and picked up the baby and sat down in the chair and held him on her lap. It was peaceful, sitting there in the quiet room. She would have to go back soon, but for a second she could just sit, and she leaned her cheek gently against the baby's head.

—Astrid Peters

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We have a vacancy for 2 men free to travel. You are under no obligation to call and talk it over. 705 Law Bldg.
—Adv. in the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

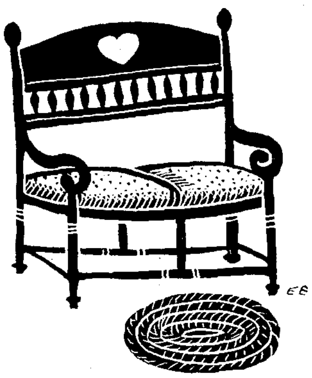
Shall we just forget the whole thing?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

IT'S COLD AT LADY WINDERMERE'S

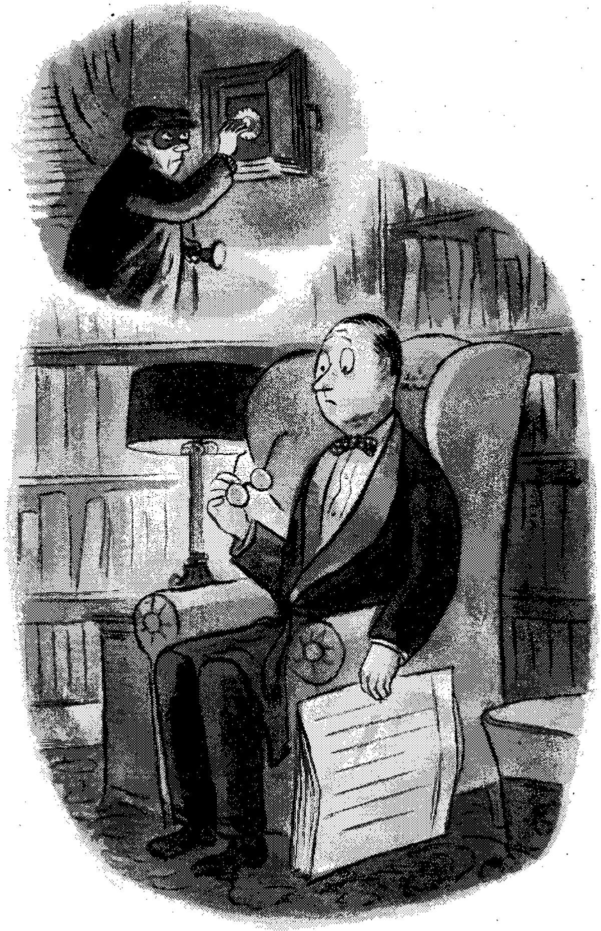
ON the first leg of a flight I made to England a few months ago, I exchanged consolations with the rather sardonic Englishman who sat next to me on the plane which at midnight lifted us off LaGuardia Field. I tried to comfort him for having been unable to get on the Queen Elizabeth, and he tried to comfort me for having been unable to wait for the America, which was held up by a strike. The flaps in the backs of the seats in front of us were stuffed with literature provided by American Overseas Airlines. A booklet with fancifully humorous colored sketches set forth the delights of travel on flagships. (I have yet to travel on a plane that is not a flagship.) Every phase of air travel, according to this booklet, provides a vista of delight. Even the sudden dips into air pockets, which cause some passengers to hold on tight to the arms of their seats in spasms of self-preservation, were described in this booklet as agreeable variations in the smoothness of journeys that might otherwise be tinged with monotony. The hypersensitives who are affected by these dips were put in their place. "So you mind these dips! Boo-hoo!" it said, making you feel contemptible and lily-livered. A plane is never referred to as what it is in such literature; it is always called a ship, if not a flagship, a euphemism calculated, I suppose, to convey the suggestion that the aircraft has the solidity and comfort and safety of an ocean liner. The incredibly pretty and smartly uniformed hostess came along and instructed us in putting on the gear we were to use in case the flagship foundered. She told us where to noose our heads, and just how to buckle and unbuckle, and where. "When you leave the ship . . ." she said parenthetically, making it all sound as if such a departure would, of course, be entirely voluntary and as agreeable as a stroll on deck on another, old-time kind of ship. Such is the necromancy of words and so naturally did the phrase slip off her lips that you forgot for a moment that even if you got the chance, in an emergency, to make use of this gear, "leaving the ship" would still have a certain insistence about it. The Englishman and I smiled over that as soon as the hostess had passed on to instruct other potential strollers and we had had a moment to think about it.

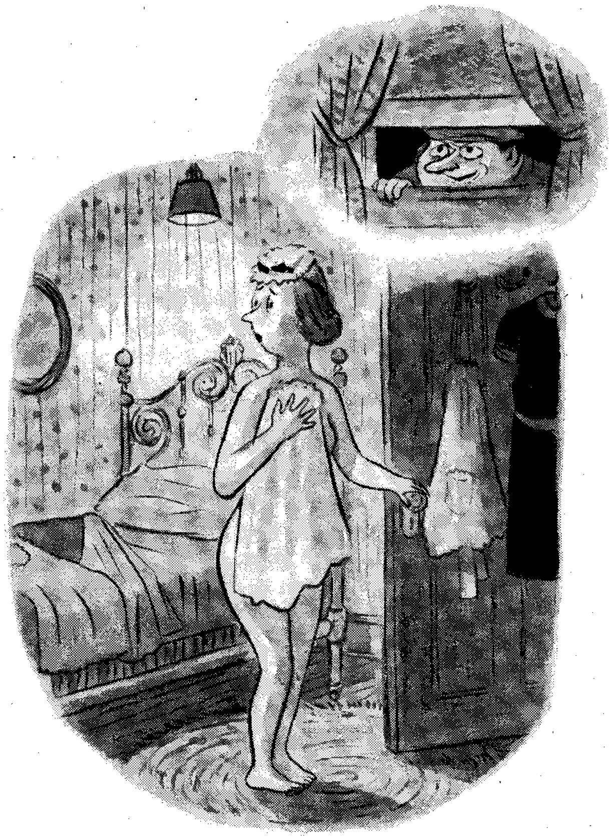
We exchanged a few more desultory remarks, but after that we didn't talk much. I notice that people don't converse a great deal on planes. Each passenger—except the incurably air-minded, who zestfully jump on a plane carrying newspapers with screaming headlines on the disaster of the day before—is insulated in his private concentration on the next stop. Ours was in Gander, in Newfoundland, at four o'clock in the morning. It is very cold in Gander, in Newfoundland, at four o'clock in the morning. We huddled in the newly built, neon-lit terminal—I wonder why the airplane companies don't call it a dock—and had coffee and cold sandwiches. At five, in a steely dawn, we mariners boarded the ship again and were soon looking down at the swamps and fens of Newfoundland. These changed into cloud formations, through an occasional rift in which we caught a glimpse of the Atlantic. For the next twelve and a half hours, we passed over cloud formations, and I submit that after five minutes of it, nothing is more dull and inhuman than a cloud formation. A certain reserve formed between the Englishman and myself, caused, I believe, by nothing more specific than that we were shipmates. We kept getting bulletins from the pilothouse—that we were so-and-so many feet higher or lower, that we were slowing up because of head winds, or perhaps tail winds. Anyway, we were going to be late getting into Shannon, in Ireland. It was also announced that, owing to weather conditions in London, we were to spend the night in Ireland, in an inn at which accommodations were to be provided by the company.



As we approached Shannon, at around 9 P.M., my neighbor brightened perceptibly and we resumed the cordial relations of the night before. "I advise you," he said, "to feed well in Ireland. Stoke up, because you'll get nothing to eat in England." He paused for a moment and then as an afterthought gave me another piece of advice: "Take plenty of matches from the plane. The hostess will give them to you. They'll come in handy in London, where they're next to impossible to get." He paused for another moment and added, by way of explanation, "You see, we won the war." This phrase, "We won the war," uttered with various degrees of ironic intonation, was one that I was to hear repeatedly, like a refrain in Poe, for the three months of my stay in England. It was said to me by hotel clerks, porters, taxidrivers, doctors, businessmen, stage stars, Members of Parliament, economists, novelists, editors. One of the times I heard it was at Claridge's, where I stayed while I was in London. I had been told that though you could not get fruit or eggs or bacon for breakfast in England, you could get kippers. My first morning there, I ordered kippers. They looked like kippers, but they tasted funny. I asked the waiter about it. He explained to me wearily (he must have done it often before) that kippers are no longer smoked. Smoking kippers takes fuel and there is no fuel for smoking kippers. These had therefore been dipped in a chemical that gave them the appearance of having been smoked. "You see," he said, "we won the war."

A well-known English woman novelist came to lunch with me at the hotel. She ate my lunch as well as her own, which I was very happy to let her do; the quality of the food was such that forgoing it was a negligible sacrifice. She told me about the improvisations of housekeeping in Britain at present. She has to baste her meat—when she gets any—with mineral oil, which formerly she had used to cure her dog of constipation. She gibed at me. "What do they know of England who only Claridge's know?" she said. As she is an extremely good friend of mine, she did not feel that she had to moderate her feeling about Americans, to whom, under less abnormal conditions, she is devoted. "We would almost rather have cut our throats," she said, "than have accepted the loan. But we had to accept it. And the effrontery of your politicians in telling us what to do in the Middle East about complications of which they know nothing!" She is one of the fairest and kindest and most acute and best-informed people I know, but now, perhaps because she was overtired and hungry, she was bitter. During the war she had worked incessantly, going out on small boats in mined waters to get material for articles for the British Min-





istry of Information. The Manchester *Guardian*, which before the war used to pay her twenty-five pounds for an article, now pays her two. Her reward, she felt, as well as the reward of England, is mineral oil at home and being misunderstood by overfed Americans. "You see," she said, finally, "we won the war."

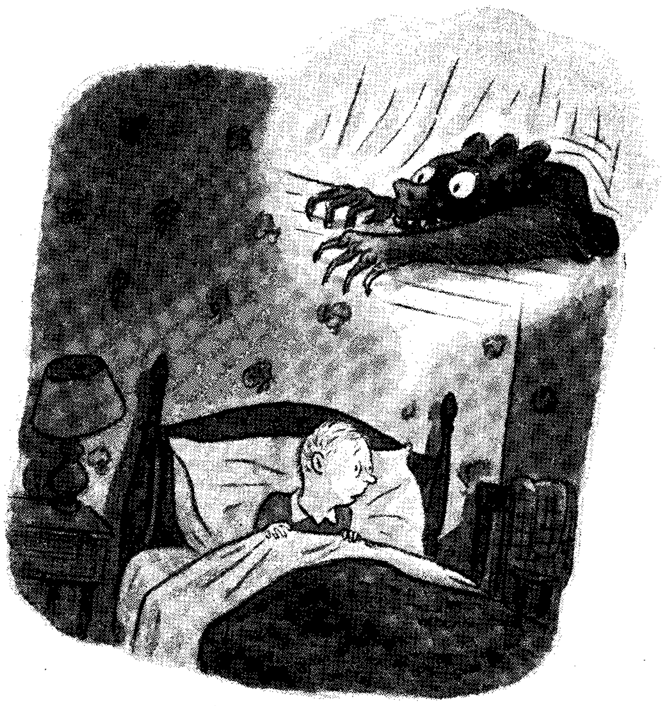
After lunch with a friend in his house at Hampstead Heath, where the talk was warm and brilliant but the atmosphere was distinctly cold, I got back to my hotel with a chill and a fever. I had been aware for some time that I was inadequately dressed for the British climate. Instead of a dinner jacket, I should have brought heavy underwear. Unless you have been in England two months, you can't get a ration book, and I hadn't been there that long, so I couldn't buy any underwear, or even a handkerchief. The hotel doctor put me to bed and left me a prescription. "Can't you prescribe some heavy underwear for me instead of these medicines?" I asked him. "I do not issue that sort of prescription," he said, somewhat loftily. But a moment later, as he picked up his kit and started to leave, he softened a little. "I quite appreciate your difficulty," he said. "You see, we won the war."

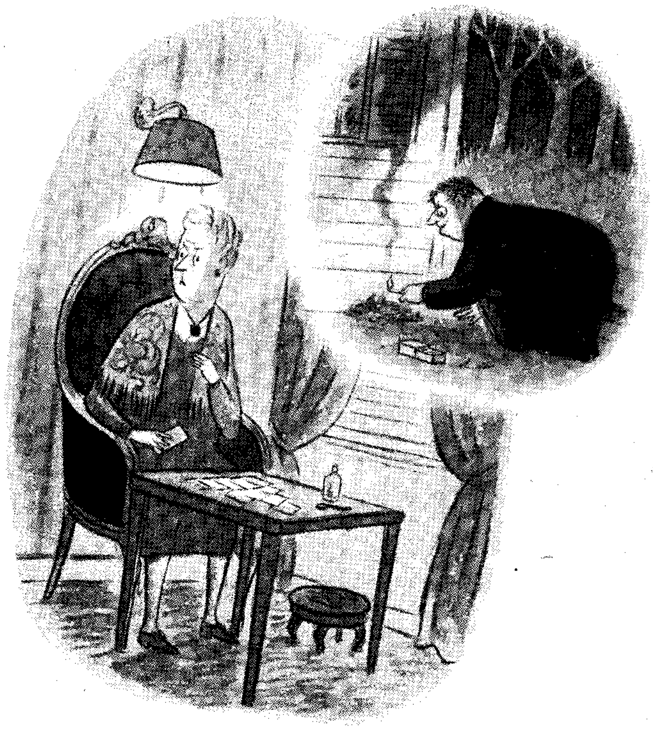
In the Caledonian Hotel, in Edinburgh, when I got into an ice-cold room after an appalling journey from Blackpool on three unheated trains on a blizzardy day, I rang for the porter and asked him if I couldn't have a fire in the grate. "Sorry, sir," he said. "No coal." And as he left the room, he turned to give me the reiterated explanation: "You see, we won the war."

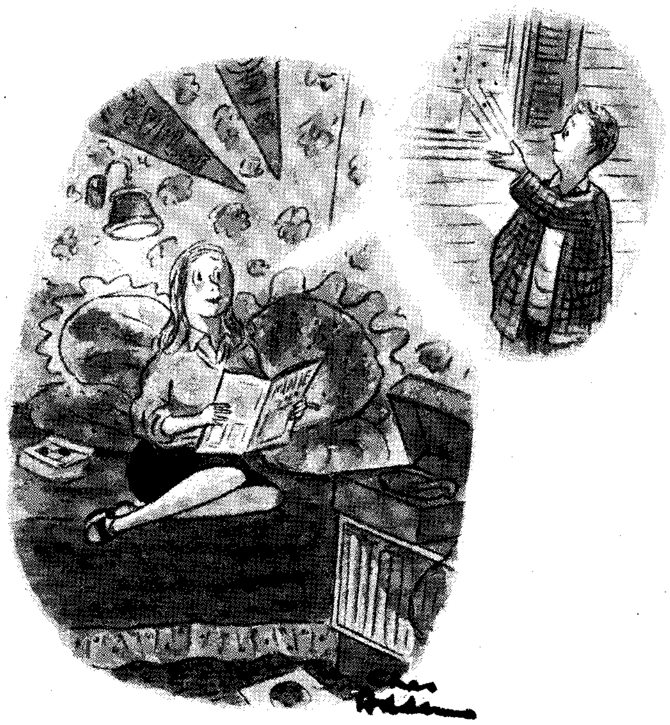
Another day at Claridge's, breakfast and lunch having been unsatisfactory, I ordered tea and pastry. I bit confidently into a little pastry skiff, which unexpectedly revealed the quality of a dreadnought, with the result that I broke a tooth on her. When I explained to the dentist what had happened, he made a hearty joke about the sturdiness of the Claridge confectionery, and as he braced himself with his pliers to extract what remained of my tooth, he let me have the theme song.

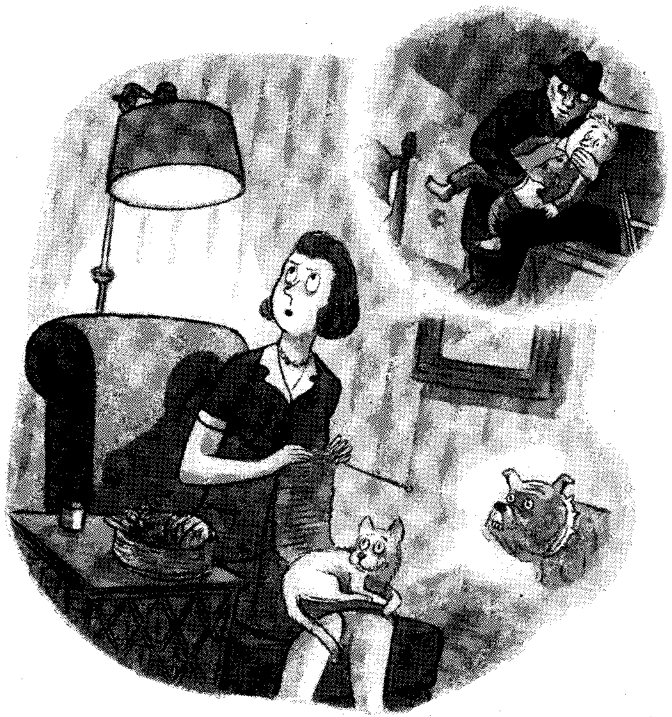
At the Shannon Airport restaurant, where all the passengers from our ship herded together at one table, we had a hearty enough dinner. My prime objection to airplane travel for long journeys is the absence of privacy. It is like being on the subway for thirty hours, except that there is nothing to hang on to when you feel like getting up to stretch your legs. Even at our airport dinner, the maritime powers who ran this particular excursion were determined not to let any of us slip off by ourselves. And now, in obedience to some further caprice of theirs, we could not go to our inn—the Dunraven Arms, in Adare, twenty-five miles away—until long after midnight, because there was no immediate transportation, but we could not leave the airport, either, because the bus that was to take us to Adare was expected at any minute.

When, finally, the bus came, I sat next to the young driver, with whom I got into conversation. I wanted some information about the lady called "the Countess," who is the proprietor of the Dunraven Arms and about whom I had heard many stories during the war. But this Irishman had an extraordinary (perhaps an ordinary) idiosyncrasy: he knew "the Countess" and started to tell me about her, but after a sentence or two he managed to lose her in a general denunciation of England. His agility in this respect was astonishing. No matter what I tried him on—his working hours, unionization in Ireland, unemployment, which movies he preferred—it all came to the same thing: what England had done to Ireland, as far back as the sixteenth century. I got him off on









Mayor O'Dwyer for a minute, but even Mayor O'Dwyer, at the mention of whose name his eyes lit up, somehow led right into the Battle of the Boyne. I had the feeling that on a longer journey this young man might develop into a bore. We reached the Dunraven Arms at 1:30 A.M. I was assigned a room with two other passengers, and as we got between the icy sheets, the room was filled with humorous expletives from the pampered Americans. We were awakened at six and trundled back to Shannon, where a terrific breakfast awaited us—porridge and heavy cream and eggs. So fortified, we got aboard our ship again.

Over London, there was a thick mist. The pilot circled the airport for about half an hour; he seemed to be changing his mind all the time—another of those breaks in the monotony provided gratis by the company. During this prolonged vacillation, the hostess approached me—a new hostess but of the same immaculately handsome type that seems to have been evolved for this purpose. "We are going to land by instrument," she said quietly. Whether I was expected to derive comfort or apprehension from this faintly Caesarean prophecy, I did not know, but ten minutes later I had landed by instrument. I remembered my English friend's advice of the night before and, from a tray offered by the hostess, stuffed my pockets with match books that blazoned a picture of a flagship. Then I stepped out into the cold drizzle of Heathrow.

The driver who taxied me to my hotel was, like his opposite number in New York, willing to talk, and he began without preamble. "Except for the blackout and the bombing, we're worse off than we were during the war," he said. "No housing, no food you can eat, and nothing to buy with what you're paid." I said that somebody must be satisfied, because the Government was winning all the by-elections. He chose to ignore this interruption and went on to inventory his grievances. He spoke scornfully of the industrial exhibition then current at the Victoria and Albert Museum and of its slogan, "Britain Can Make It." "Yes," he said, "Britain can make it, but Britain can't buy it." He was the first person to make this stock remark to me, as well as to quote to me a doggerel that, he claimed, was framed above the empty display bottles in his favorite pub:

No beer, no ale, no stout.
You got 'em in, now you get 'em out.

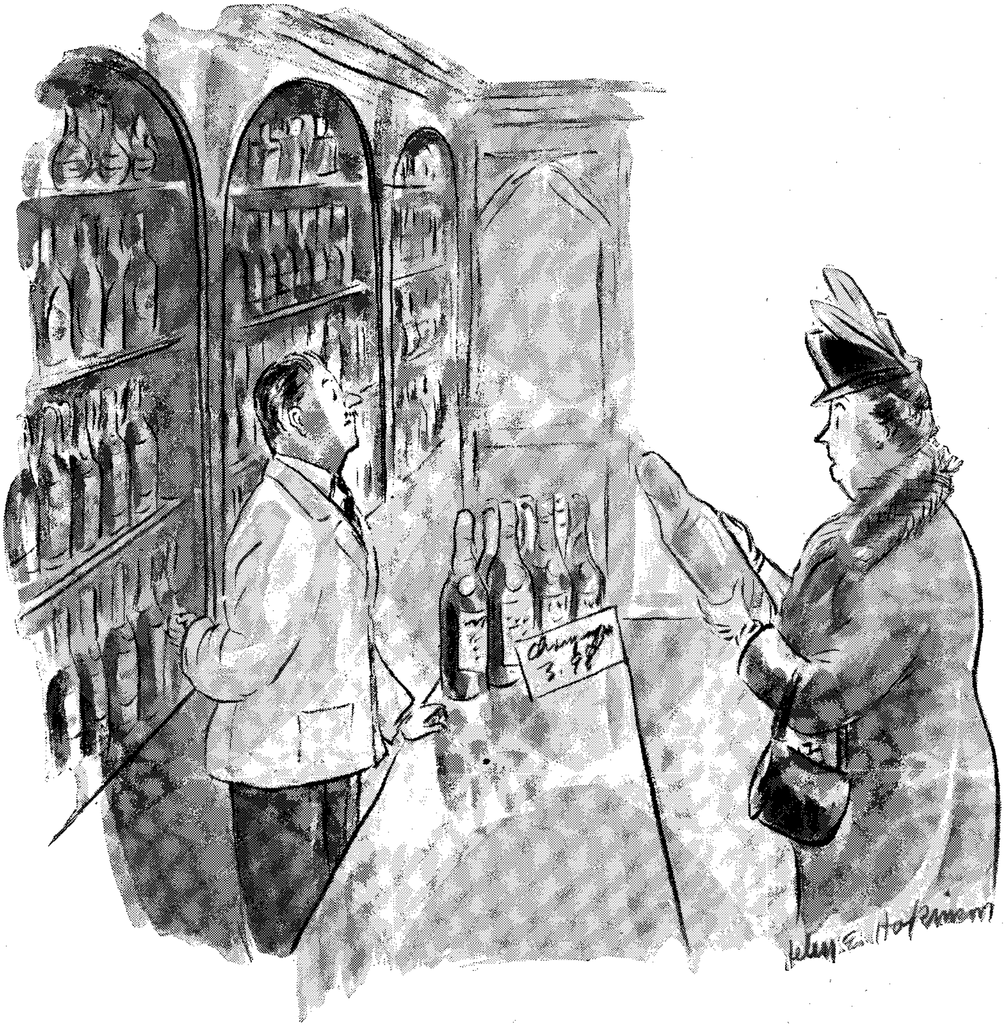
Fair-minded Conservatives, when I pinned them down to it, told me that Churchill couldn't have done much better than Attlee, except, possibly, to be less pedantic about petty restrictions, but this driver, a Labourite, was quite intolerant. At least, I thought he was. I was warned later to discount the grumblings against the Government that I might hear from waiters, taxicab drivers, and hotel valets. I was told that they grumble so vociferously because they think their capitalist customers like to hear it, just as, during the Roosevelt election campaigns in the United States, taxidrivers would assure their presumably Republican patrons that they were voting for Willkie or Dewey. But on this first day in England I naïvely took my driver at his many words. While he droned on pessimistically, I looked out through the drizzle at the city I hadn't seen since 1944, when the V-2s were falling. The bombed-out parts looked about as before, boarded up, with rank grass growing in them. The oblong tanks that were then full of water for use during incendiary raids were still there, but now they were empty, and looked like swimming pools on estates in the wintertime. Grosvenor Square, which was the heartland of the late American occupation and which is where the controversial statue of F.D.R. is to stand, was quite changed; the American jeeps and war gear were no longer there. I asked the driver to go out of his way a bit and drive me by Piccadilly Circus. I wanted to see if the winged and beckoning Eros, who had disappeared when I was there in 1944, was back on his pedestal. He was still not there; the pedestal on which he had stood, in an attitude of taking off, as if on a mission to shed his special commodity over a world famished for lack of it, was still topped, rather lamely, by an octagonal wooden shed. One knows that this essential boy is safely poised somewhere else, but the illusion that he is inside the octagon, beating his wings painfully against it to be free, is inescapable. In the cleverest of the London revues, called "Sweetest and Lowest," there is an entertaining skit on the nostalgia evoked by the absence of the god. The scene shows Piccadilly Circus with an assortment of characters strolling about—bobbies, ladies of the town, flower girls, and nursemaids. A sailor, back from overseas, comes looking for a stenographer with whom he had been in love before he left. He finds his girl and they begin where they left off, but something is lacking. It suddenly strikes them that it is the sympathetic Eros; all the others, even the ladies of the town, feel that a key inspiration is lacking. They sing:

Let's have Eros
Near us,
Just to cheer us,
In the center of the center of the world.

At the end of the skit, the mass wish-dream produces results; the wooden box flies open and the most fetching blonde in the show pops out. The actors (and the audience) accept this apparition—despite the change of sex—as the real thing, and almost instantaneously the moonstruck sailor is able to make a satisfactory adjustment with his girl. As the cab went down Regent Street, I realized that my driver, unaware that he had not held my attention, was still droning on about his deprivations. "Well," he said by way of summary as we drew up in front of the hotel, "you know, we won the war."

At LaGuardia Field, I had paid a hundred and twenty dollars' excess fare because I was carrying a good bit of canned food—orange juice, sardines, salmon, and so on. I thought that the least I could do for the kind Londoner who had invited me to share his apartment, in a hotel where it is very difficult to get a room, was to put this cache of food on his desk before settling down. My host, not to be outdone, asked me if I wouldn't dine in the apartment with him. There was to be an ex-Cabinet member and the attractive daughter of an ex-Prime Minister. I thanked him but declined. Landing by instrument had exhausted me and I was fit only for bed. The next morning, I asked the waiter for some of my orange juice. He retired to the apartment's "fridge" and came back to report that there was no orange juice. In fact, all my canned food had disappeared. The exes and the other guests had taken it away the night before. "I knew that if you had seen their expressions when they saw this heap of food," my host said, "you would have said to them, 'Take it away.' That is what I said." And yet, in this famished country, a strong and steady protest is being made that not enough food is being sent from England to the starving people in Germany and Central Europe.

THERE is a popular superstition in America that English people don't mind the cold. Of course, their climate, which is of such consistent inclemency that it staggers metaphor, has inured them to rigors that would (and do) knock Americans out. As for the present fuel crisis, the Labour Government gambled on the weather and lost. To gamble on the weather in England represents a high degree of optimism. Although the English are tougher than we are and can stand what we can't, they have nevertheless suffered acutely from the cold this winter. A play I'd written was going to be put on in London, and the leading light comedian of England, who was going to appear in it, rang me up to make a lunch date. "I can't invite you to my flat," he said, "because I have no heat. I can't invite you to my club, because it is unheated too. Where shall we lunch?" I asked him to the hotel. He came into my rooms and made at once, beaming, for the electric heater. Bending over to rub his hands in front of it, he said, "This is luxury. There is no other room in England as warm as this." By American standards, the room



"I suppose the directions are on the bottle."

wasn't warm at all. In fact, you had to keep pretty close to the heater not to shiver. In my bedroom, there was a thing called panel heating. One rather slender wall panel, behind which were alleged hot-water pipes, was supposed to heat the room. It sounded like Niagara all night, but it didn't do much else. (My host walked in on me one afternoon to find me sitting with my shoes off and the soles of my feet pressed against the tepid wall. "What on earth are you doing?" he asked. "I am trying to keep my feet warm," I said with dignity.) The light comedian and I had a jolly lunch, and after it was over, he said, "I am going to ask you something and I hope you will be frank with me and tell me plainly if I am asking too much." He wanted to know if I would mind if he just sat there for a couple of hours. He smiled ironically. "My house has authentic Georgian panelling," he said, "but it is bitter cold." When he finally left, several hours later, he had the air of one who is checking out of Elysium.

Another superstition among Americans concerns the London fog. They regard it as an agreeable pastel, softening ugly contours—a subject for popular songs and romantic plays. One of George Gershwin's last songs, "A Foggy Day in London Town," had Fred Astaire wandering dreamily through one, swinging a stick and confiding his melancholy to its cozy swathings. In one of the most popular plays of my youth, an English importation by Hubert Henry Davies called "Outcast," there was, as I remember it, a nasty fog outside the set. Out of its amber depths, it yielded a glamorous lady of the night, Elsie Ferguson. For many years, I thought of the London fog as a warmly enveloping medium in which you strolled in an Inverness cape and from which, with passable luck, you might emerge with Elsie Ferguson. Actually, the London fog is paralyzing and murderous. At its mildest, it merely keeps people away from home all night who have been unlucky enough to start out in its early stages. One evening, I invited a lady to dinner. She was late, and explained that the fog had forced her taxi to go very slowly. The lights of London, ordinarily visible from the hotel windows, had disappeared; a thick-textured, almost tangible substance pressed against them, obscuring everything. At midnight, my friend suggested that perhaps she had better go. I went to the telephone and called down to the hall porter and asked for a taxi. He laughed at me. "No taxis tonight, sir," he said. "People who have left the hotel for the evening can't get back." An hour later, my guest went to the telephone herself to call a private driver who, she said, never let her down. I heard this loyal driver's apology over the telephone: "Sorry, Madam, it is too dangerous tonight for passenger and driver." The difficulty was ended, at 2 A.M., by my calling downstairs for a room. As my guest was known to the hotel people, they stretched a point and consented to let her have a room belonging to a guest who was stranded somewhere else. A few formalities ensued: the porter came up with the elaborate form that has to be filled out by all hotel guests; when he asked for baggage, my friend ceremoniously offered him her handbag.

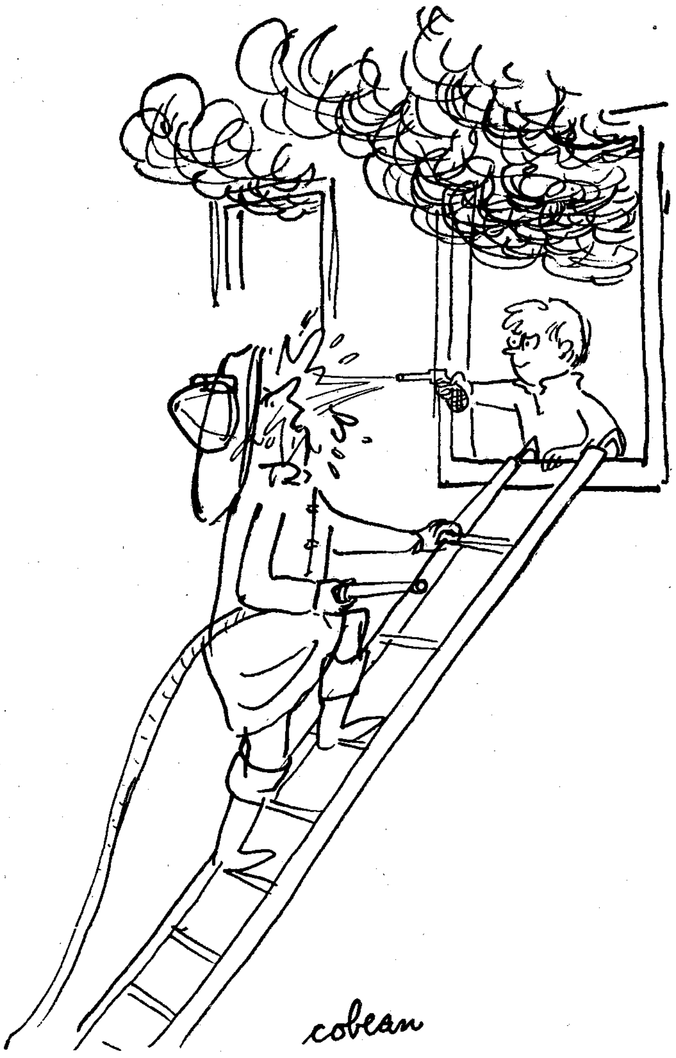
The next day, the papers reported assorted incidents. There had been a motor block all night near a bridge. It was not discovered until morning that the car at the head of the block had no driver. Deciding that it was useless to try to go on, he had abandoned his car and ventured off afoot to find some place to spend the night. In another instance, a man and his wife had driven from their place in the country to Southampton to meet some friends arriving from India. By the time the passengers had disembarked, the fog was thick, but the reunion took place. The newly arrived passengers got into the car. The driver started off, trusting to instinct, since his headlights availed him nothing. He drove his car off the dock. Everyone in it was drowned.

The fog penetrates into hotel lobbies, museums, theatres. Mary Martin, who is playing in Noel Coward's South Seas operetta, "Pacific 1860," told me what it was like to stand in the great, windy spaces of the stage of the Drury Lane, singing tropical ditties on a foggy London night. "You sing not at an audience but into the haze," she said. "You shiver and sing." Rather desperately, I gathered. But the fog is only a modest hazard compared to the more exacting cold. As the consequence of having to walk on blithely every night in a summer dress, swinging a sunshade, against a background of Miss Gladys Calthrop's gracefully bending palm trees, another actress in Miss Martin's company suffered from frostbite on one leg. Can this be the first case of the kind on record? Some girls in the same company had attacks of nausea—a surprising reaction to cold. The audiences are better off than the actors, because they are able to take their eiderdowns off their beds and bring them to the theatres. Couples snuggle up together in their quilts to watch the play, somewhat the way their ancestors who colonized Massachusetts Bay bundled up on winter nights and settled down for less detached diversions.

To rehearse a play this winter in England requires a hardihood our actors are never called upon to display. The first rehearsal of my play took place in the Haymarket, one of the loveliest and most distinguished theatres in Europe. "Lady Windermere's Fan" has been playing there for more than a year. In the gold and ivory and crimson damask of Lady Windermere's drawing room sat my company, muffled to the ears, mittened and hatted and booted, looking as if it were engaged in a performance of "Icebound," Owen Davis's dour play about New England. But the agony of rehearsing in cold theatres is nothing compared to the ordeal of the actual performances. At the rehearsals, the actors can wrap themselves up any way they like; at the performances, they must dress and behave to create the illusion that whatever unresolved problems they may be wrestling with do not concern fuel. Every night, in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Mrs. Erlynne protects her daughter, but not from the cold!

Against the star of my own play, Miss Yvonne Arnaud, I committed the unintentional sadism of requiring her, in Act II, to appear in formal evening dress. Women in the stalls no longer wear evening dress, but I was told by everybody that the English audiences love to see such clothes on the stage, because it is for them simultaneously a reminder of an amenity that is gone and an augury that it may come again. We opened on New Year's Eve in Blackpool, an indescribable year-round pleasure resort in the north of England. As I watched the folk from Liverpool and Manchester being ushered into their unheated hotel rooms on the last day of the old year, I wondered that anyone should subject himself to this kind of holiday of his own volition. When I went into Miss Arnaud's dressing room after the opening performance, the first thing she said to me was "I cannot tell you what it was to go out on that stage with my shoulders bare. I thought the audience would see them shaking." For subsequent performances, a casual scarf was provided for Miss Arnaud, but I never watched her make that entrance again—in Blackpool, in Edinburgh, or in London—without suffering a twinge of remorse.

While we were in Edinburgh, a fascinatingly beautiful, black city, I dropped in, without being invited especially, at John Knox's house. It is the oldest still-inhabited (though only by the caretaker) house in Scotland. I was rewarded for my courtesy. I climbed up the ancient but firm stairs to John Knox's study, an unbelievably tiny room—no bigger than a good-sized closet—whose leaded windows look down on the High Street, from which the rebels fired up three times at him. I could see how wise the eminent divine had been to make this room his study; with his mantling beard and his books, he must have been fairly warm in it. But now it had an electric heater besides, the only one in the house, and the room was so comfortably warm that I felt like remaining there myself to study.



THE new London theatre hours, which were made necessary by the blackout emergency during the war, when audiences had to be on the way home before it was too dark to find the curb, have apparently come to stay. Evening performances of plays begin at six-fifteen, six-thirty, or at seven. On Saturday, many theatres have their matinées at four or four-thirty, so the evening performances start very soon after the curtain has fallen on the matinée; the actors say they feel like the drudges of the old five-a-day vaudeville houses. The managers are in favor of keeping these hours, because through them they have tapped an entirely new theatre public. It is an upper-bracket working and white-collar public for the stalls, a graded-down one for the balconies. Less and less do the theatres depend on the smart, formerly rich upper classes, who now have all they can do to keep their country places going. The new theatregoers have a cup of tea, or a sandwich, when they leave their offices or shops, make the theatre handily, and then go home by Underground or suburban train for supper and the good night's sleep that the nine-o'clock final curtain permits them.

Not only are the upper classes no longer depended upon to buy theatre tickets; they are no longer called upon for leadership. It is the general belief that the Conservative Party is not likely to return to power, and that if it should, the change will amount to a counter-revolution—a counter-revolution, to paraphrase Harold Laski's familiar phrase, by dissent. The Government is determined quietly to tax the upper classes out of existence, and the process is going along swiftly. There are

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a great many people who still live on their country places in something of the old style, but they do it by selling other country places, or parts of the ones they're on, or pictures. There is no capital-gains tax in England, which has given some businessmen a certain leeway, but I was told that it is coming. The proprietor of an estate which his family has owned for a hundred years, and on which he provides cottages for young writers and other needy, was able to get some belated repairs done on his house only because, in addition to making them, he proposed to build some flats to house workers on the estate. This proprietor, a brilliant Oxonian and a war hero, descanted mournfully on the role of the country house in English history and English life. Rather sadly, he quoted Walter Bagehot, who said, "Toryism is enjoyment." Presumably, and paradoxically, it is the ambition of the Labour Government to make Toryism, under this definition, more pervasive.

A large number of the upper-class English want to emigrate. They suffer from an accumulated claustrophobia which started during the war. This group may be divided into two categories: those who want to get away willy-nilly and are thinking constantly of means to effect their escape, and those who want to go and could manage it but won't think of doing so until things begin to look up for England. The coherence of the mighty, unified effort, and the gaiety and gallantry in ever-present danger, that were characteristic of wartime England have largely vanished. "We knew the war would have to end one day," a lift man said to me. "We don't know when this will end." Many of the English apologize to you for the disappearance of their traditional politeness, but if they have become impolite, it is by their standards, not by ours. The service on the Queen Elizabeth is still impeccable. (A New Yorker who returned to the United States on the America told me that he knew he was back in the Land of the Free when he and his wife boarded the ship at Southampton. In a corridor, along which they were wandering in an effort to find their cabin, his wife asked a steward where M-44 was. The steward jerked his thumb toward a diagram on the wall and said, flatteringly, "You can read, can't you?") It is nevertheless true that a certain good feeling has gone out of English life. There is resentment, envy, and even hatred between the classes. In the East End of London, there is hatred of the West End. The Conservatives say that the Labour Government has deliberately fostered this interclass animosity. The upper classes find that the servant class is no longer as reliable as it used to be. "I cannot tell you the effort it takes to give even a small dinner party for six people," said a normally hospitable London hostess. "I have to prepare for it weeks in advance. For one thing, my cook refuses to stand in the queue for the rations, so I have to do it myself." In a certain hotel patronized by Americans, the waiters are frankly resentful because the guests are in a position to press buttons to summon them. Many years ago, when I was crossing on an English ship, the purser energetically defended the caste system to me. "I believe in being governed by my betters," he said. The belief in "betters" seems no longer to exist, a fact that leaves the mass of the people free to denounce not only the defeated Conservatives but their own victorious leaders. Leadership itself is suspect.

There is even—and this I had never heard before in England—open grumbling against the King and Queen. In a crowded compartment of the Flying Scotsman, going from Edinburgh to London, six of us sat around in overcoats, gloves, and mufflers. In the corridor stood several airmen who had got on at Newcastle and were complaining because they had bought first-class tickets and there were not enough seats for all of them. One of them, smiling and saying wryly, "Democracy!," tossed a copy of an illustrated weekly magazine to a companion who had been lucky enough to squeeze into our compartment. The magazine was opened to a double-page layout of colored photographs of the train that was to transport the King and his family through South Africa. The airman in our compartment studied the pictures—the Queen's robin's-egg-blue bedroom, the King's study—and handed the magazine around, making humorous comparisons with the conditions on our train. It is, however, also true that when the Queen, a woman of immense charm and friendliness, attends a matinée, the streets around the theatre are badly congested with admirers who want to watch her come out. Nevertheless, when the King and Queen visited Oxford recently to attend a quadricentennial celebration at one of the colleges, there were audible murmurs of disapproval in the streets when they passed through in procession. It was particularly striking that this could have taken place in Ox-

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ford; had it happened in a proletarian town, like Glasgow, it would have been less surprising.

It is frightening to think that the amenities of civilization require for their sustenance certain margins of surplus, not only in material goods and money but in vital energy and sense of security. In England, all these margins have been noticeably narrowed, but, fundamentally, kindliness and gentleness and the sense of the inviolability of basic human rights are so imbedded in custom and national memory that one still feels that these rights are safer in England than they are anywhere else in the world. In America, violence always seems nearer the surface; there is the tendency to settle an argument with fists, or even with a gun or a rope. While the American visitor is conscious of an interclass exacerbation in England, he cannot but reflect upon how much more intense this exacerbation would be in the United States if the margins had been pared down as far as they have in England. In our "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" era, the majority of our people were still getting along pretty well, and yet jagged and ugly intolerances and hatred jutted up through the thin crust of our good manners. In England, the impoverishment affects everybody. "To come from New York to London now," an Englishman said to me, "is, as far as the standard of living is concerned, like going from London to Belgrade before the first World War." This is true, and yet one feels, as surely as ever, that the traditional decency and fairness and orderliness among the ordinary people of England make unthinkable some of the excesses that are commonplaces in this country, even at a moment when our own prosperity is relatively overwhelming.

IN spite of the grumbling, the anger, the indignation against the Labour Government, in spite of the charges of inefficiency and a congenital incapacity to plan among the planners, there is a solid basis for the continuing victories of the Labour Party in the by-elections. The great mass of the people feels that it is better off than it ever was before. The people love, for example, the prefabricated houses provided by the Government. A Conservative who had told me, the last time I was in England, that the workers would never accept these prefabs now cheerfully admits that he was wrong. The housewives are enthusiastic about the gadgets in these structures; they reduce housework. The houses are, of course, cramped, but they

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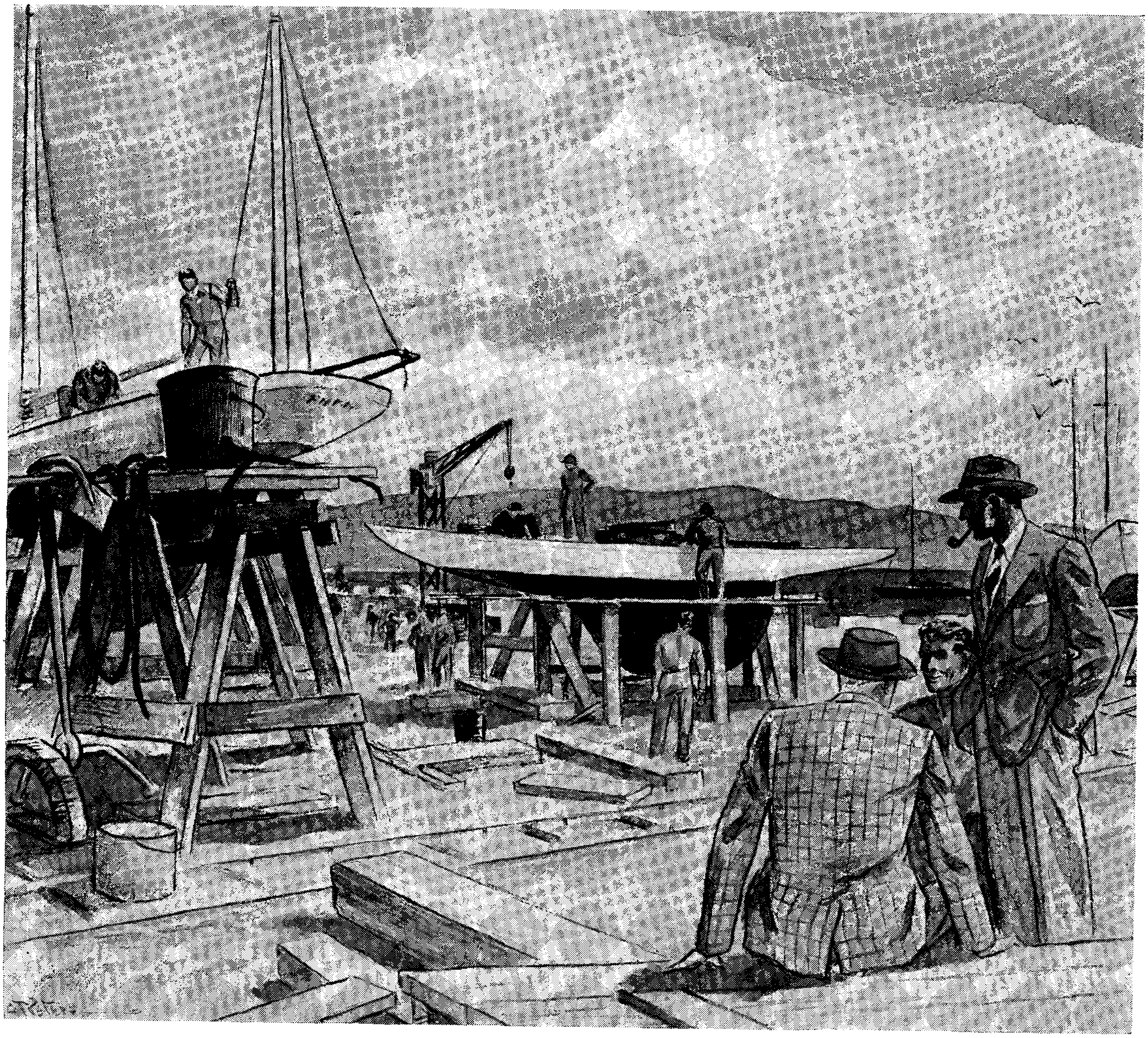

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are cozy and they are easy to warm. Opponents of the Government call this bribing the masses; the masses accept the bribes unashamedly. The Conservatives, like my defeatist taxidriver, say also that the increased wages in the lower brackets are illusory, because there is nothing to buy with the money; the recipients are content with the illusion. Milk, which is practically unobtainable in the hotels and restaurants, is practically unobtainable because the children of the poor are getting it. The children of the poor get half a pint of free milk at school every day. With the illusory extra wages, these same people buy oranges and grapes and even pineapples. I am told that the diet of this group has been enriched by things they never knew before the war. They are aware, also, that the Government's long-range plans (whether they will ever materialize or not) are concerned with the general amelioration of their lot. They can hope, for example, that their children will attend the great public schools—Eton, Harrow, and Winchester—because the Government is planning to convert these closed preserves into schools that may be entered by competition. Altogether, the evidence is unmistakable that the mass of the people knows on which side its bread is buttered.

The upper classes feel themselves sliding toward the abyss and the middle classes grouse, but there is a high enthusiasm for England's destiny among the young and rebellious Parliamentarians. They see an England that, almost alone in the world between the converging colossi of Russian Communism and American Capitalism, will keep alive the free, inquiring, individual, humanistic spirit. They are not the least bit interested in preserving the British Empire; in fact, they are intent on liquidating it. And when you talk to them, you see that they are animated by a belief that there is imminent a new and liberating renaissance for the creative impulse in man, as heady as the winds that blew on Shakespeare and Milton. They see, without being in the least pompous about it, an England emerging from a series of temporary crises, an England that will never succumb to a totalitarianism of either the Right or the Left and that will perpetuate its best traditions.

Meanwhile, to visit England now is like going to stay with honorable, incorruptible, highly cultivated, extremely poor relations. I have heard critics of Churchill say that he is responsible for England's plight because he tried constantly to pull, and somewhat grandiosely succeeded, more than England's weight in the war—a criticism that would sound strange in the ears of an American chauvinist of the "England expects every American" school. These critics say that Churchill acted on the assumption that England was a first-class power, whereas she wasn't, and they also criticize Bevin for acting on the same premise and keeping abroad British soldiers who could be home mining coal. Others, considering poverty, as Bernard Shaw does, the ultimate sin, say flatly that England should have fought neither of the German wars. Still others rail at the patience of the English people. The English will stand for anything, they say, and out of stubbornness won't complain. Often this anger of Englishmen at English docility has a partisan tinge: the complainers cannot endure patience with government regulations they themselves are weary of. What is extraordinary, amid all these bewildering crosscurrents, is the continuing and pervading preoccupation of the people of England with music, the theatre, and art. A prime example was the great exhibition of the King's pictures recently held at Burlington House. It was a glorious collection of more than five hundred paintings that have belonged to the Crown since the fifteenth century. The attendance at this exhibition was enormous. It is inconceivable that Americans would come in such crowds, day after day and month after month, to look at pictures in a building as frigid as Burlington House was. One shuddered for the nymphs. The love of the British public for the theatre, too, must be an emotion more intense than ours. Bundled in their overcoats and eiderdowns, they sit with their feet on hot-water bottles and watch "King Lear," "The Alchemist," "Antony and Cleopatra," the complete "Back to Methuselah," and "The Master Builder." The concert halls and opera houses and ballet theatres are equally crowded, and equally cold. I went to a concert in Usher Hall, in Edinburgh. A Russian

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pianist sat down to play a concerto. Never had I seen a pianist massage his hands for so preternaturally long a time before beginning. I looked around me at the audience during this extended interval, and many of its members were doing the same thing.

ON the night before I left London for America, I attended a dress rehearsal of my play. The theatre was so cold and my fingers so stiff that I couldn't use a pencil to make notes until I put on mittens, which didn't help the legibility of my writing. When I came out of the theatre, the blizzard that was to initiate the winter's great fuel crisis had started. The next morning, I drove to Waterloo Station through rising snowdrifts. London, which I had never seen under snow before, looked singularly beautiful; the soft gray masonry became impalpable through the haze of the gently falling, lethal flakes. Soundlessly, gently, they ushered in the Second Battle of Britain, outmaneuvering the Government in its gamble on the weather. At Waterloo Station, the loud-speaker announced that, owing to a frozen engine, the boat train would be delayed. It was held up nearly three hours. My companions and I stood about, stamping our feet, then went into the waiting room and drank a tepid liquid humorously called coffee. The train was unheated. We walked about in it to keep our circulation going. We ordered Scotch and soda. The soda came frozen solid in the bottle. Some children laughed at our efforts to shake out a few drops. But, as everything ends, this journey ended, too, and presently we were on the Elizabeth, her decks drifted with snow. I got into my tiny inside cabin, mercifully no bigger than John Knox's study. It was warm. An electric heater was going great guns. In ecstatic relief, I sat down before the fire and took off my shoes.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

•

They were brought to visual life by Olive McCue, assisted by a corps de ballet compromising eight young women. Then came the intermission.—*Rochester (N.Y.) Times-Union.*

And a well-deserved cigarette.

•

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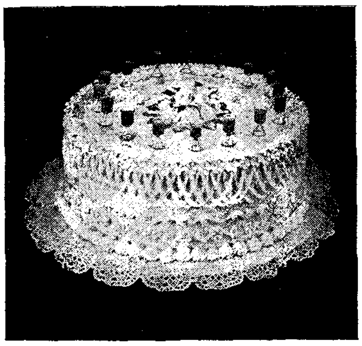

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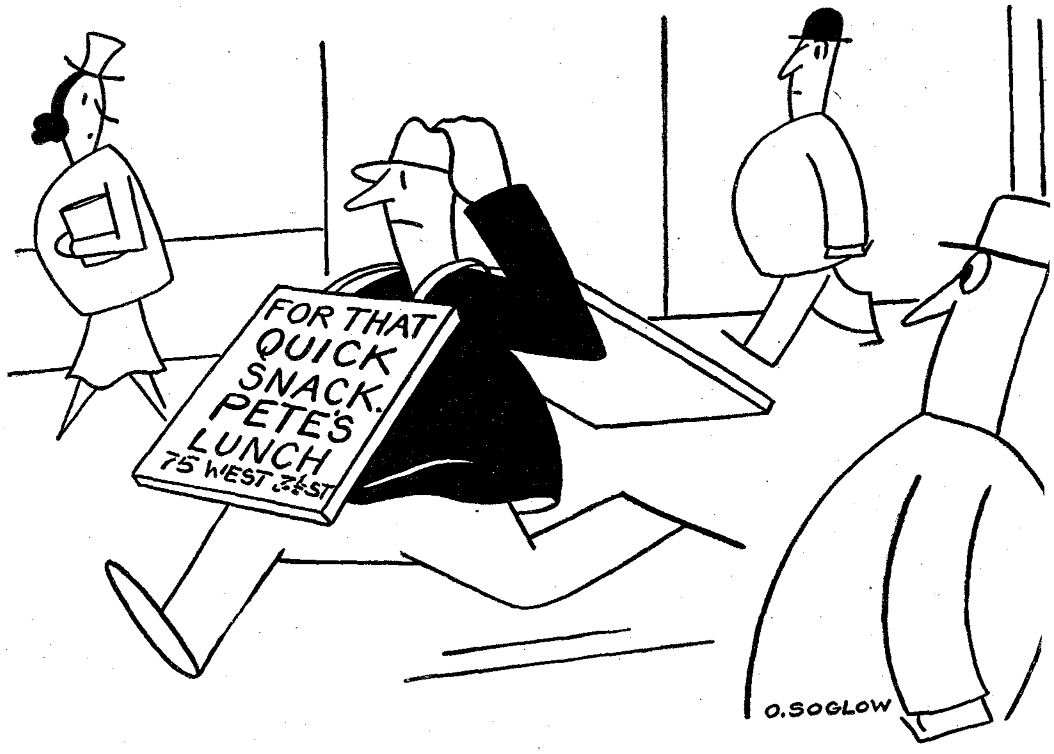
THE THEATRE

MUSICALS OLD AND NEW

PERCHED in a box at the Century Theatre on opening night last week, Oscar Straus betrayed no dissatisfaction whatever with the latest revival of his elderly operetta "The Chocolate Soldier." Neither, which is more to the point, did the other spectators. I guess the composer or author of a work in a state of revival can be expected to feel a certain tolerance for the outbreak of exhumation that has swept Broadway in the last few months, but I have begun to wonder lately, moving from one treasure of the past to another, if the public has a saturation level, especially at present prices. Perhaps the producers wonder, too; they seem to be hell-bent on finding out. "The Chocolate Soldier," approved by Mr. Straus, the first-night audience, and even, with mild reservations, by me, saturated no one, as far as I could see, and got by without trouble. It is a nice show, nicely cast. In addition to Mr. Straus's score, which is supplemented at the Century by four numbers adapted by Jay Blackton from Straus melodies, the piece has the advantage of a story somewhat more sensible than is usual with light operas, being based, as you know, on Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Frances McCann, who plays Nadina, the chocolate-struck heroine, is an extremely fetching young woman. Keith Andes, as Bumerli, is a dashing, swashbuckling Swiss rather than the plain and practical Swiss of the Shaw play, but that is a change that fits comfortably under the heading of operatic license. Ernest McChesney sings and struts to good effect as Alexius. In the last act, there is an interpolated song called "Just a Connoisseur," in which Billy Gilbert, the principal comedian, takes four or five unsolicited encores, but otherwise "The Chocolate Soldier" is pretty good entertainment of the kind that would be much better at half the price.

"BRIGADOON" is a new musical comedy. It is based on nothing in the past—that is, not officially. A departmental scout has reported strong similarities in plot between "Brigadoon" and the German classic "Germelshausen," but very likely it is just a coincidence. I do think the new show owes something to the formula, employed most spectacularly in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," of emphasizing mood at the expense of comedy. To get away with this, you need fine music, dancing, and singing, and "Brigadoon" has all three. Even so, like "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel"—particularly the latter—it moves heavily at times. Comedy never did a musical show any harm. For quite a while now, every big musical that has come to town has been an expert physical production, tastefully dressed, well directed, slick and smooth and brilliant to see. Musical comedy seems to have reached the same state of unfailing technical proficiency as those high-budget motion pictures turned out by Hollywood. "Brigadoon" is fortunate in the possession of a set of very pretty tunes by Frederick Loewe; to name a few, "I'll Go Home with Bonnie Jean," "Down on MacConnachy Square," "Come to Me, Bend to Me," "Almost Like Being in Love," and "From This Day On." Its dancing is remarkably good, and its sets and costumes are up to the lush modern standard. It is, in fact, a handsome show in every way, though it does produce something new to medical science, I think, in the form of a post-theatre affliction that might be called plaids before the eyes. Never before has an audience's vision been exposed to such a concentrated dose of the haberdashery of the MacLarens, Frasers, Campbells, MacDuffs, and other Caledonian tongs.

You will have no difficulty in guessing, if you haven't already heard, that "Brigadoon" is a musical comedy of Scottish persuasion, its Scotsmen being approximately as real as the wandering Irishmen of "Finian's Rainbow." Everyone in the show speaks with a burr, except two young American tourists, whose presence in Scotland in the year 1947 (the year is specified in the text) seems to run contrary to current trends and conditions and is never properly accounted for. The Americans stumble upon the mystic Scots village of Brigadoon. For people in Brigadoon, the year is 1747, but it will be a century later next day, unless somebody leaves town. I will not try to explain this state of affairs, for fear of tripping over the time dimension and falling headfirst into "Berkeley Square." It is explained at some length on the stage of the Ziegfeld by a dominie of the name of Lundie. Thanks to the music, the dancing, and the excellent playing of two pairs of lovers—Marion Bell and David Brooks on one hand, Virginia Bosler



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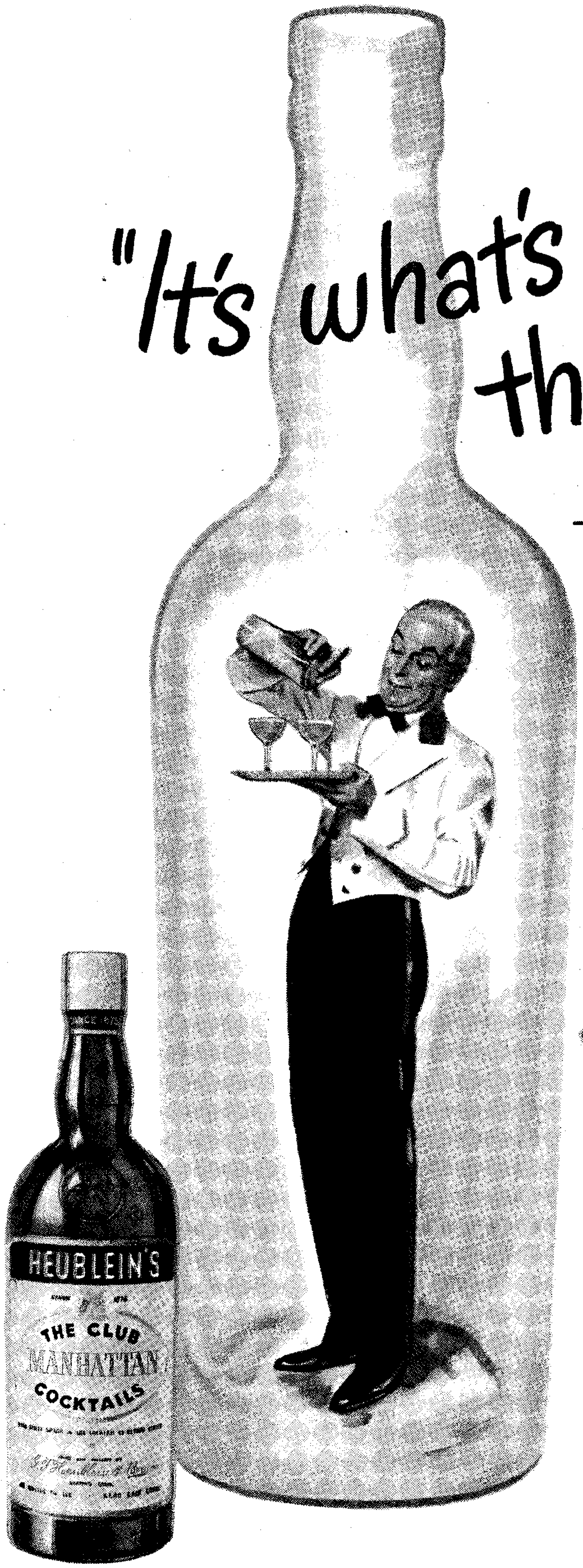

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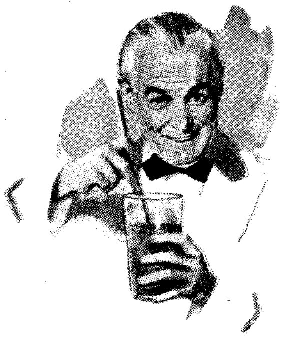

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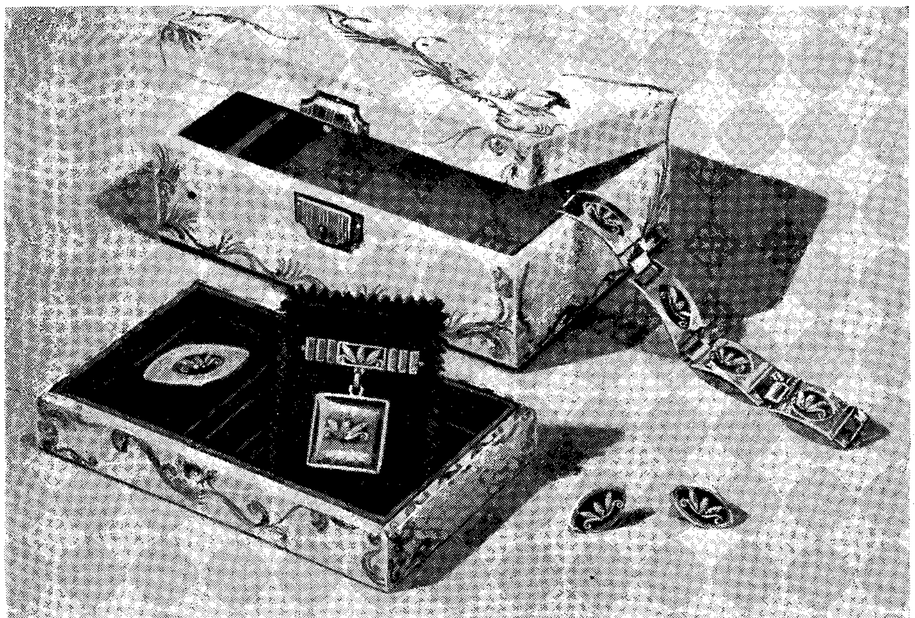

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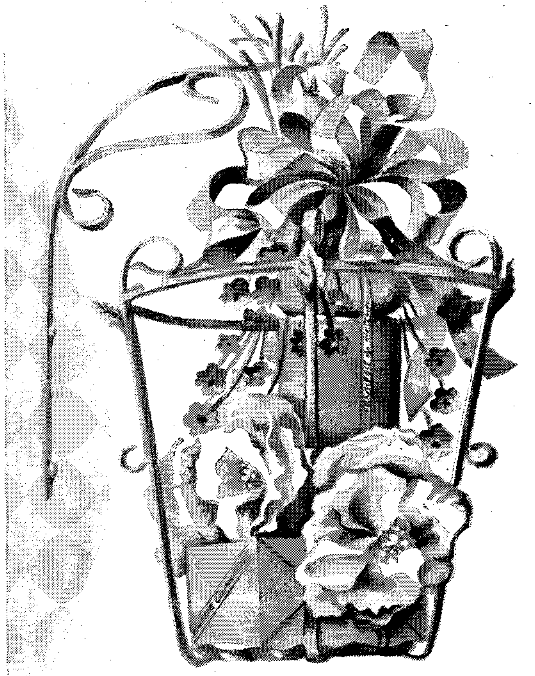

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and Lee Sullivan on the other—a genuine, quite moving mood of love in a dream is created. I think you are apt to like "Brigadoon," but I think you would like it more if it were gagged up, as the vulgar expression goes, to a modest extent. A few lines that are meant to be comic are assigned to George Keane, who plays one of the American tourists. "Scratch the surface of any woman and she'll like it," he says. He can't make it funny, but he is in there swinging.

THE newsreel theatres would seem to have a more politically conscious clientele than the legitimate playhouses these days, if the case of Maurice Chevalier means anything. M. Chevalier, appearing pleasantly, familiarly, and expensively in a program of songs at the Henry Miller, was acclaimed with rapture by his first audience there. A couple of days later, at the Embassy newsreel house on Broadway, I heard him warmly hissed—at least, the shipboard pictures of his arrival in America were hissed. The chances are that the people there have no first-hand information about the singer's life in Vichy days and are just more suspicious by nature than the folks in soup-and-fish who go to openings.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

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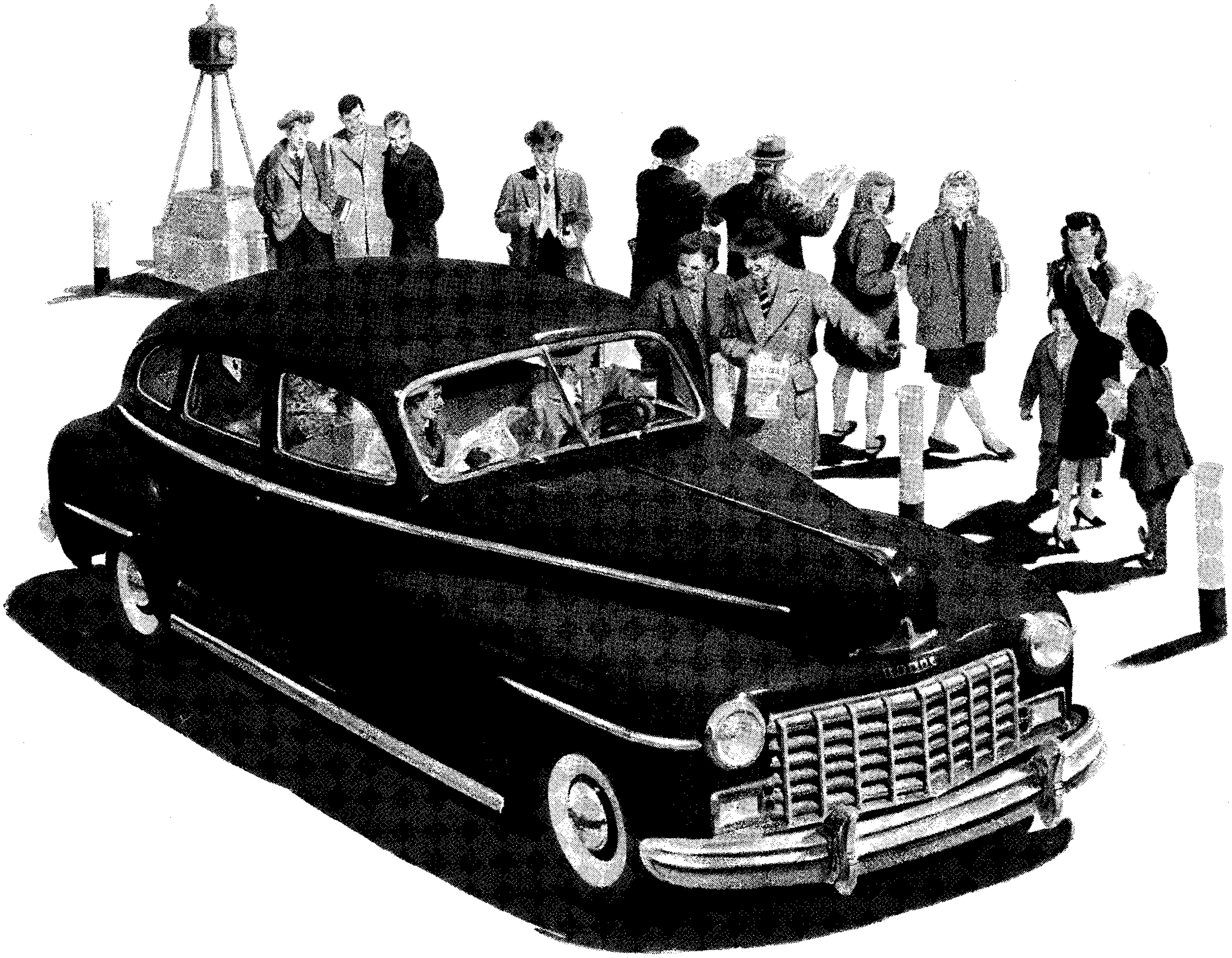
OF VIRGINIA
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

As I visit other sections of the world, the thought keeps coming back to me that in the creative period, God, after creating the earth and pronouncing it good, came back to this section, seated Himself on Holston's White Top, Cumberland's Pinnacle, the Towers of the Breaks, or here on High Knob, surveyed the surrounding territory with the purpose in mind of making it the loveliest spot of all His creation, and when He got through leveling down a peak over here, raising a peak over yonder, putting a little more curvature in a ridge over here, a little more symmetry in a ridge over yonder, pushing the mountains back to widen a valley over here, pulling them closer together to narrow a valley over yonder, putting in an extra river over here, a sparkling branch over yonder, and then clothing it in blue grass, giant oaks, and stately poplar, and bedecking it with the dogwood, the redbud, and the rhododendron, He was greatly pleased because there lay before Him, in all its loveliness, His greatest handiwork—your land and my land—south-west Virginia.



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OF ALL THINGS

MANY thoughtful citizens object to the military features of the Truman plan for aid to Greece and Turkey. "Four hundred millions for butter," they insist, "but not one cent for guns."

•

It is obvious that congressmen will demand a lot of information before they agree to extend the Monroe Doctrine to the Mediterranean Sea. That would be a long leap to take without a good look.

•

The Republican Congress has given a ringing answer to the charge that it is unable to cope with the crucial problems of the day. Both houses have passed a law that Franklin D. Roosevelt should not have run for reëlection in 1940.

•

A five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court upholds the right of foremen to organize unions, just like other employees. According to the majority's calculations, a foreman is a little more bossed against than bossing.

•

The New York legislature has passed a law forbidding strikes by Civil Service employees. Henceforth, teachers will please stop bothering us about their extracurricular activities, such as eating.

•

The G.O.P. high command has graciously permitted the Republican Senate freshmen to send two representatives to the Party's policy conferences. The youngsters are expected to keep their ears open but their traps shut.

•

Statistics show that food costs are even higher now than they were last November. Prices fluctuate, but somehow they always settle up instead of down.

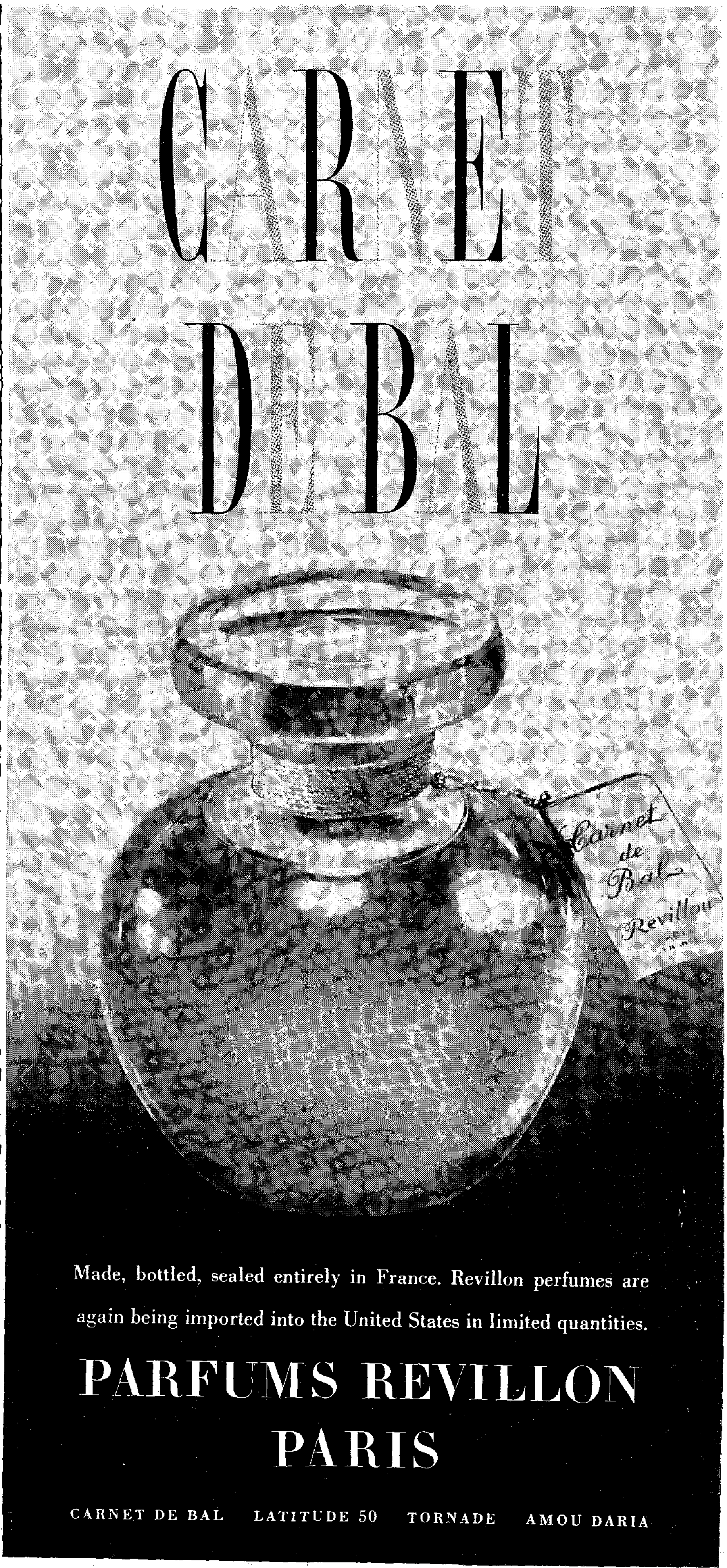
•

Senator Bricker seems to feel that David Lilienthal is infected with modern ideas. Obviously, he is not the right person to run Ye Olde Atom Shoppe.

•

Our people are slowly recovering from the ordeal of March 15th. Backward-looking citizens sigh for the good old days when the income-tax blank was a rich man's toy.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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THE WAYWARD PRESS

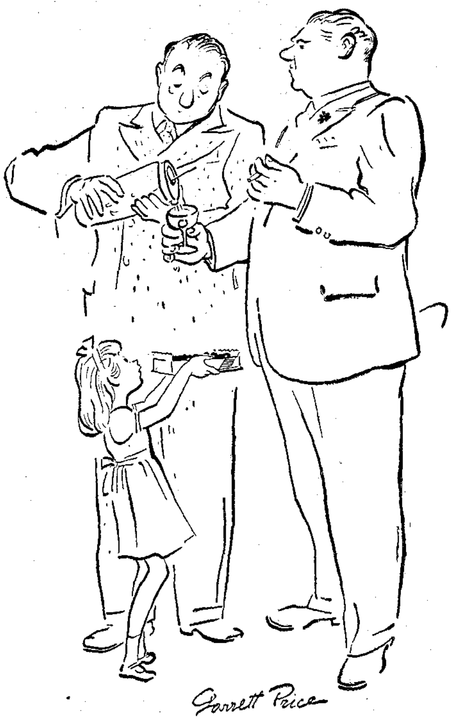
BACK TO BEFORE VAN BUREN

MY usual preoccupation with the news columns of our daily newspapers does not preclude an occasional dash into the editorial pages for a quick shot of heavy thought, which I gulp on my way from the book reviews to the horse-race charts. A nip of Old Heptisax or Old Arthur Krock customarily sets me up in much the same way as a peg of bourbon, giving me a comfortable, although perhaps unfounded, feeling of lucid omniscience. A few recent swigs, however, have forced me to the reluctant conclusion that somebody has been tampering with the bottle.

Mr. Krock, for example, wrote a column in the *Times* not long ago deploring the fact that there are 2,300,000 Civil Service employees on the federal payroll—the result, he said, of "a social economy, paternally formed by government, that reached its high point under the New Deal." Their number, he mourned, could not be materially reduced because Civil Service legislation limits their working hours to forty a week. "Since the average cost of these civil servants is about $2,800 a year," Mr. Krock wrote, "the proposed elimination of 800,000 [he did not say by whom it was proposed] would save $2,240,800,000 annually. But this pertinent question is raised . . . 'Will Congress amend or repeal the laws governing wages and working conditions which would permit the government to get enough more time and work out of the remaining employes to do the job required?' " Indignant at the baseness of the 1,500,000 employees who might decline, unless encouraged by special legislation, to do the work of 2,300,000, I got out my pencil to estimate at how small a sacrifice to themselves these loafers could save the Republic that $2,240,800,000 annually. I found that they could do it easily if they would all work sixty-one hours and eighteen minutes a week. That old radical, President Martin Van Buren, set a sixty-hour week for federal employees shortly before the country repudiated him, in the election of 1840. I am glad that Mr. Krock has got around to urging that the mandate of the electorate be carried out.

Mr. Krock's piece appeared at about the same time as an editorial in the *World-Telegram* (it looked to me like one of the Scripps-Howard national handouts, written in Washington and forwarded to all the trading posts) in which Philip Murray, of the C.I.O., who had said that corporations were making a lot of money, was demolished with this statement: "The national income in 1946 was 164 billion dollars. . . . The corporations got 12 billion dollars, or less than one-thirteenth, in net profits after tax payments." These figures are substantially correct, except that at least nine-tenths of those billions were income *before* tax payments, and corporation profits before tax payments were twenty-six billions, which is nearer one-seventh than one-thirteenth.

A few days later, the wave of arithmetical nebulosity overwhelmed Heptisax—the editorial-page nom de plume that cloaks the *Herald Tribune's* Rodney Gilbert in anonymity—catching up with him in the midst of a keen over the corpse of economic liberty in New York City. "Dark as the national picture is, Union Square still has its Gotham under control," wrote Mr. Gilbert, who lives in New Jersey. "It still has both public opinion and politics solidly behind its five-cent fare. It still has that capitalistic vampire, the landlord, where he belongs. Even if he happens to be a widow with five kids, living in the cellar and dining on oatmeal, so that the tenants above can live in statutory comfort at Federally dictated bargain rentals. . . ." I wondered briefly how long it would take a parade of all New York City's cellar-dwelling widow-landlords with five oatmeal-fed children to pass a given point, but what really struck me was Mr. Gilbert's apparent willingness to have the sugar scraped off the tots' cereal. The retention of the five-cent fare, entailing a rise of more than twenty points in the real-estate tax rate—or so some experts claim—would mean a cost of twenty dollars annually to the owner of a house assessed at ten thousand dollars. (I assume that Mr. Gilbert didn't mean that five-bairned landlords snuffle oatmeal in the basements of buildings like River House.) If the children have to take the subway to high school, their transportation costs their widowed mother fifty cents a day; a rise in subway fare would make it a dollar, a difference of a hundred dollars for a school year of two hundred days. If they also use the subway weekends or evenings, and if the widow herself travels occasionally, the ten-cent fare might cost the family as much as two hundred dollars a year—a net loss of $180.



I CITE these two examples not because they are important in themselves but because they reflect the late Arthur Brisbane's sublime, half-educated confidence that his readers were totally ignorant—a point of view which was the great man's chief legacy to American journalism. While it is to be expected in the Hearst papers, where it originated, its intrusion into the supposedly more respectable realms of journalism is a kind of tipoff to what I sadly suspect is the editorial fashion of the day—to treat the customer as a chump.

If my suspicion is correct, one of the least fashionable journalists of the time is Virgil Thomson, the accomplished music critic of the *Herald Tribune*, who also happens to be a good reporter. Working in a field in which the average practitioner considers it quite in order to make a dogmatic statement out of what can only be a subjective impression, Thomson sometimes exposes cause and effect in music as reasonably as Thucydides wrote on war or Pierce Egan on the London prize ring. Thomson's piece about a gypsy violinist named Tossy Spivakovsky has stayed in my mind for a considerable time as an excellent example of the right way to report a story. Spivakovsky takes an unorthodox grip on the bow "by bending his thumb clean round the nut and flexing the other fingers over it at the outer joints," Thomson wrote. "In this position he has the full weight of his forearm available for bow pressure. . . . Hence the nobility. . . . Hence also the unusual force. . . . This strong but insensitive bow position, which lacks the cushion usually provided by a relaxed first finger, deprives him of two major expressive devices, the long light bow, and the short light, or bouncing bow. He is obliged, in legato playing, to alleviate the bad acoustical effects of excessive arm weight by drawing his bow too fast across the strings." This exposition enables the non-fiddling member of the audience to understand why Spivakovsky sounds as he does. It is the simple and decisive detail, clearly stated, that tells the story—the story of a concert, or any story. Of course, nobody can bring it off every time. "Drawing moonbeams and magic from a wooden box"—I quote from one of Mr. Thomson's colleagues, writing about Elman—is a good example of my idea of how not to do it. It reminds me of "Patton's tanks went crashing and dashing along."

Two recent stories about musicians had sufficient news interest to get on the front pages, but each had to wait for Mr. Thomson, in his Sunday column, to write it really well. One was the resignation of Artur Rodzinski as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony because, he said, of interference with his direction by Arthur Judson, who is the orchestra's manager and head of Columbia Concerts, Inc., a musical talent agency. The members of the orchestra's board of directors were reported to have implied, among other things, that Mr. Rodzinski had resigned because he had found a better job in Chicago. "The contention that he resigned merely because a better job was offered him is not credible, because there is no better job," Mr. Thomson wrote, with a reasonableness impossible to refute. "Arthur Judson is unsuited by the nature and magnitude of his business interests to manage with the necessary self-effacement a major intellectual institution doing business with his other interests." This is as clear as a statement that the manager of a large number of prizefighters would be unsuited for the post of matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, where he might employ too many of his own clients. (As a matter of fact, the sportswriters occasionally do give the impression that there is a certain analogy there.)

Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony, supplied the *Herald Tribune* critic with his second

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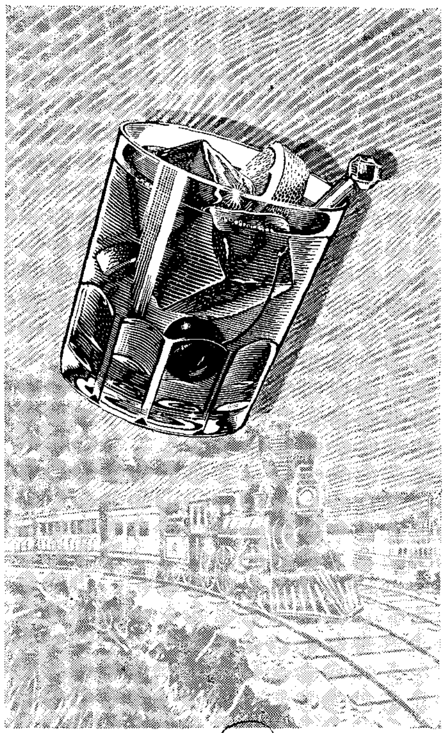

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opportunity to cut patterns for the boys on the outside pages. Koussevitzky asked for a court injunction to prevent a man named Moses Smith from publishing his biography of the conductor. "Mr. Koussevitzky is not the only first-class conductor in the world, though he is one of the best," Mr. Thomson wrote. "Only he himself, apparently, hasting fearfully toward Parnassus, though his throne there has long been reserved, and involved, no doubt, in a publicity apotheosis that has already begun, would see any value in posing before an already worshiping universe without the customary habiliment of one human weakness." Koussevitzky's lawsuit, Mr. Thomson went on, added just that element to the picture of himself that the composer wanted to create.

PERHAPS nothing in connection with newspapers has saddened me more lately than the fact that Rube Goldberg, the *Sun's* editorial cartoonist, was away on vacation when the Supreme Court upheld the contempt-of-court judgment against John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers. During Mr. Goldberg's absence, the *Sun* substituted a series of photographs of "The Powers in the Present Congress," which were not entirely lacking in graphic humor but weren't as good as Rube would have been. Talburt, the cartoonist in the *World-Telegram*, drew a picture of Mr. Lewis, dressed in a royal robe and labelled "Old King Coal," being hit on the head with a large gavel labelled "Supreme Court Decision." Batchelor, in the *News*, came up with just a head of Mr. Lewis wearing a crown labelled "King Coal" (the boys had ample stocks of that pun lying around) and a plaster across the bridge of his nose. The plaster was labelled "$10,000 Fine," and at the bottom of the drawing was a scroll with the legend "Supreme Court Plaster" (none of the others seemed to have that one in his kitbox). Packer, in the *Mirror*, drew a picture of two ambulance attendants carrying Lewis, portrayed as a fat boy wearing a football suit, off a gridiron on a stretcher. Lewis was saying, "What's the score?," and one of the attendants was answering, "7 to 2," which *Mirror* readers may or may not have considered self-explanatory. Burris Jenkins, Jr.'s, cartoon in the *Journal-American* used up the most black ink, as usual. He showed Uncle Sam spanking a little boy whose backside was marked "John L. Lewis" while a crowd of other brats, carrying a sign reading

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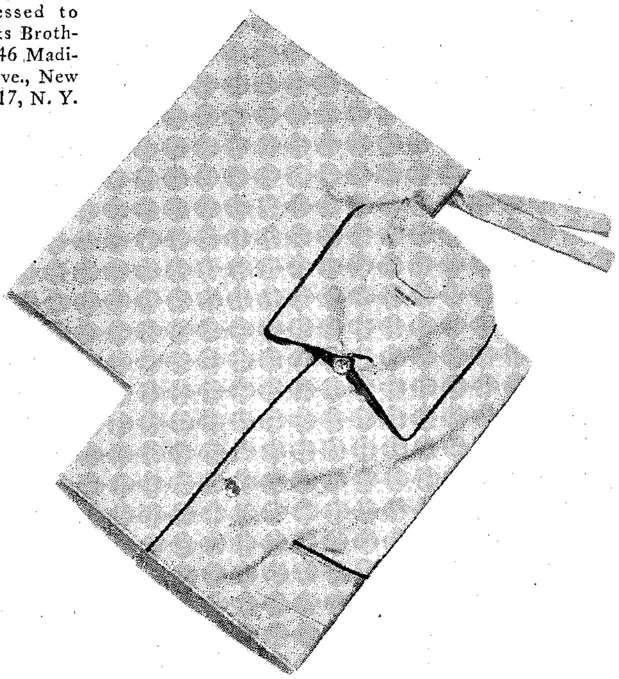
"Reckless Labor Leadership," looked on. Dollar signs were flying from the seat of Lewis's pants, suggesting how painful the spanking was, and around Lewis's head were exclamation points, making it clear that he had been taken by surprise. Looking at Jenkins' drawing, I felt pretty good about the advance of the newspaper cartoon since Daumier's time.

THE three winning news photographs in the eighth annual contest conducted by *Editor & Publisher*, the newspaper trade magazine, showed (1) A woman plunging to her death in the Winecoff Hotel fire in Atlanta. (2) A shot of a striker being clubbed. (3) A man sliding from a ledge of the Empire State building to commit suicide.

TO complete this nosegay of exhibits bearing on the development of American journalism, I should like to submit a few examples of McCormickiana, forwarded to me by a volunteer *Tribune* watcher in Chicago. One is a cover of "Books," the Chicago *Tribune's* Sunday literary supplement, on which are printed a number of small color reproductions of paintings by an illustrator named Sessions. The subjects of the paintings are identified as "(from top right, reading counterclockwise,) Socrates, Demosthenes, Roger Bacon, Dante, Joan of Arc, Columbus, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Galileo, John Bunyan, Algernon Sidney, Warren Hastings, La Fayette, Madame Roland, and Capt. Alfred Dreyfus." At the end of this stellar, counter-clockwise gallery are two additional, somewhat larger paintings—one of Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and the other of Lieutenant General Walter C. Short. Of these, the *Tribune*, in a big block of type cut into its artistic tableau, says: "The scapegoat is a more constantly recurring character in history than the hero. To the long list of those who have won this unenviable fame, the names of Adm. Kimmel and Gen. Short must now be added. They were the commanders upon whom blame was fixed for the Pearl Harbor disaster."

Next, I present a news story from the *Tribune* of February 27th, headed "Balloons Carry Tribune History Toward S. Pole." It bears the dateline "Aboard Navy Icebreaker Burton Island, Feb. 26," and begins, "Somewhere over the Antarctic continent two helium filled balloons carrying a printed chronology describing the highlights in



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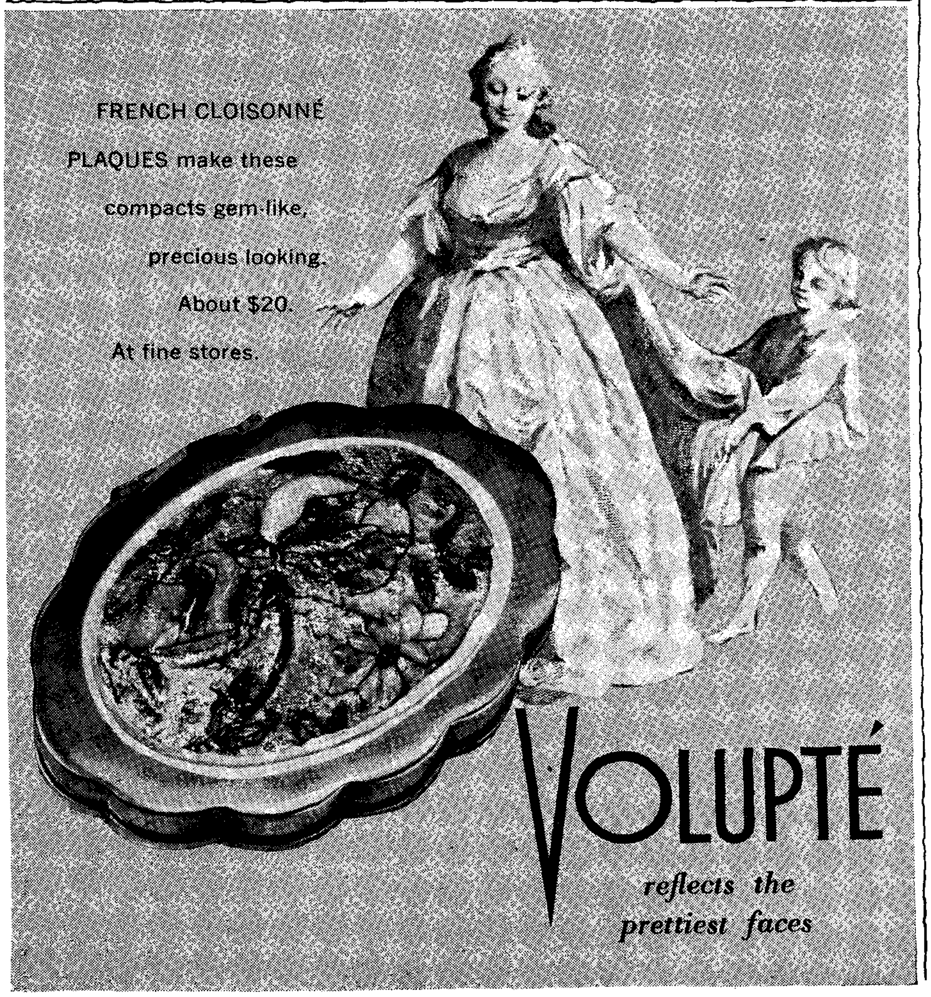

the history of THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE during the last 100 years were floating toward the south pole tonight. . . . In addition to THE TRIBUNE history, the weather balloons had tied to them a copy of the New York Daily News dated last Dec. 18. They also carried a credo bearing the signature of Col. Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of The Tribune, stating that the function of a modern newspaper, among other issues, includes furnishing 'that check upon the government which no constitution has ever been able to provide.' . . . Navy Capt. George Kosko, aerological officer and chief of the polar expedition's science section, said the balloons carrying The Tribune souvenirs today conceivably might be caught in counter-clockwise currents above the continent and then blown over the pole into Africa. . . . Kosko explained that the balloons should stay up from four days to a week. During that time, he estimated, they could cover thousands of miles."

My third, and last, example is taken from a radio address delivered by Colonel McCormick himself and published in full, naturally, in the *Tribune*. "If New York were destroyed," he said, "with it would be destroyed all the subversive elements in our country."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

NOCTURNE

(TACENT, SATIS LAUDANT)

In the still and airless night,
Sounds carry, as over water,
And when they are heard no longer,
Or even imagined heard,
You can feel the depths of silence
Resuming their poise again
In the way that water would
Were it broken and stirred
And roiled, and slowly then
Cleared and closed over,
All interruption lost,
Absorbed, absolved forever
In air more dense than air,
Lost in the mist, or gone
Down like a sunken stone.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

•

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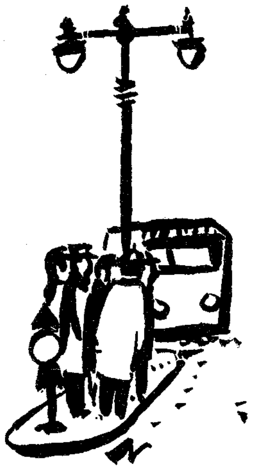
A TOUCH OF GENIUS

THE first money I ever earned was for acting in a real play in a real theatre before a real audience. The play was a comedy called "All on Account of Eliza," and the stars, widely known in their time, were Louis Mann and his wife, Clara Lipman. Mr. Mann never listed this play in his *Who's Who in America* entries, probably because he had been in so many plays; he had made his first stage appearance at the age of three, thus having an edge on me of some six years.

The theatre at which I made my début, in short pants, with Mr. Mann and Miss Lipman (Miss Lipman had made hers with Modjeska) was the Middlesex, in Middletown, Connecticut, a city just under a hundred miles from New York—near enough to serve occasionally as, in the profession's inelegant phrase, a dog town. The manager of the Middlesex, Harry Engel, lived in the house next to ours. His daughter Josephine was about my own age. Jo's mother frequently asked me over for a plate of homemade ice cream—something of a rarity in an era in which this delectable product had to be ground out of a hand freezer by brute force.

One day in the summer of 1900, Jo Engel told me that a play that had a school scene in it was coming to her father's theatre in advance of its Broadway opening. Eight or ten boys and girls were going to be needed for the school scene, and Mr. Engel had asked Jo to recruit them. They would simply have to sit at desks and behave just as if they were in a true school. Incredibly, they would be paid for this. Jo asked me if I would like to be one of the pupils. Would I!



My father and mother said it would be all right. My mother and I had already appeared on the stage of the Middlesex, but in a strictly amateur performance. The National Woman Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic had given a series of tableaux, or "living pictures," then an extremely popular form of entertainment, and my mother and I and a girl named Flora Banning and her mother had taken part in one of these. In it, at curtain rise, my mother sat at a draped parlor table, gazing at a photograph that was propped up on it. Across the table from her was an unoccupied chair, and behind this stood Mrs. Banning, dressed in white to represent an angel, or maybe grief, and holding a wreath out over the chair. Flora and I sat on the floor playing quietly with alphabet blocks. Offstage a mixed quartet sang softly,

> "We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
> There will be one vacant chair;
> We shall linger to caress him,
> While we breathe our evening prayer."

At the word "breathe," Flora and I got up, walked over to my mother, and knelt beside her as the curtain fell. It was very impressive. You could hear several people in the audience sniffle. My father told us afterward that it was all he could do to keep from crying himself, but whose photograph was that on the table?

JO had no trouble lining up her pupils. On the appointed night, we all appeared in a group at the stage door of the Middlesex and entered past the guard into that fascinating world of make-believe which, backstage, looks literal and practical and as far removed from make-believe as possible. The school scene came first, and the set was already in place. We were made to stand in a row, and then an obviously important personage, without a coat, with vest unbuttoned, and with a checkered cap on the back of his head, came over to inspect us.

"Sweet deity!" said the important personage, sticking his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. He sighed. "What have we here—Commencement Day at Yale, augmented by a visiting delegation from Vassar?" He sighed again, rather more loudly than before.

Just then, the teacher—Miss Lipman—came up and wished us good evening, very pleasantly. The important personage withdrew, talking to himself. Miss Lipman said there would be nothing for anybody except Jo and me to do during the school session. This was the first I knew that I had been assigned a special role, and I felt grateful to Jo, who had certainly engineered it, and a little apprehensive. Miss Lipman explained that when the curtain went up, I was to be standing at the

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blackboard, writing "A good boy tells the truth" over and over again. "Write it quite a bit uphill," she added.

This was a severe blow. As one of the few owners of a private blackboard in Middletown, I had overcome the natural tendency to write slantwise on a blackboard. When called upon, as I frequently was, to perform with the chalk in school, I prided myself on the well-nigh perfect horizontality of my script. Now, in front of the cream of Middletown society, including, doubtless, several local schoolteachers and members of the faculty of Wesleyan University, I was to forswear my highest accomplishment. I did not argue the matter with Miss Lipman. I was prepared to make this, my first concession to art.

"Keep on writing," Miss Lipman said, "until you hear me say, 'Take your seat, John. That's very good, except that it's a little uphill.' "

I winced at that. It seemed hard enough to be compelled to do badly in public something I could actually do very well, but to have particular attention directed to the simulated badness was as much as pride and dignity could bear.

"As soon as you hear me say 'uphill' "—would she never forget there was such a word?—"put down the chalk, brush your fingers together, walk to your desk, and sit down."

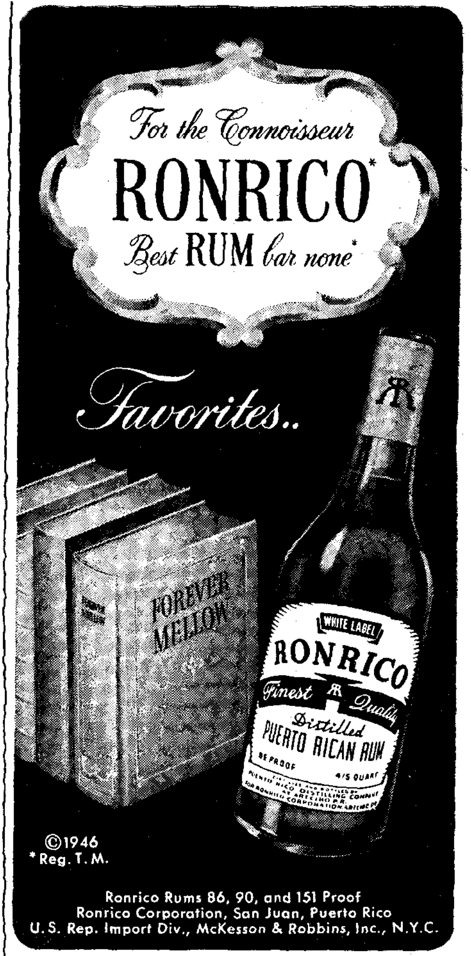
Jo's part was rather more elaborate. She was to give Miss Lipman an apple, or an orange, and tell her what a fine teacher she was. (I believe Miss Lipman was resigning, or getting married, or both.) Then Miss Lipman would kiss Jo, thank her, and make a little speech to the class.

We rehearsed the scene a couple of times, and everything went smoothly.

"You're doing very well," said Miss Lipman, obviously meaning Jo and me, since the rest of the class had only to avoid falling out of their seats. "Very well indeed."

Then the important personage, who was now wearing his cap over his right ear, reappeared and shooed us offstage into a little room. He counted us, pointing at each of us in turn, as if he were assigning us separate numbers: "One—two—three—four—five . . ." Then he said, "Stay right where you are until I come for you. Don't budge. When I come, follow me one by one in a line. Don't push, don't crowd, don't make any noise. Be good little girls and good little boys." He went out and shut the door.

A few minutes later, the door opened



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and there was our guide, motioning for us to follow him and making elaborate dumb-show requests for silence. Out in front, the orchestra was playing. We stepped out a-tiptoe, raising our feet as if railroad ties were impeding our progress.

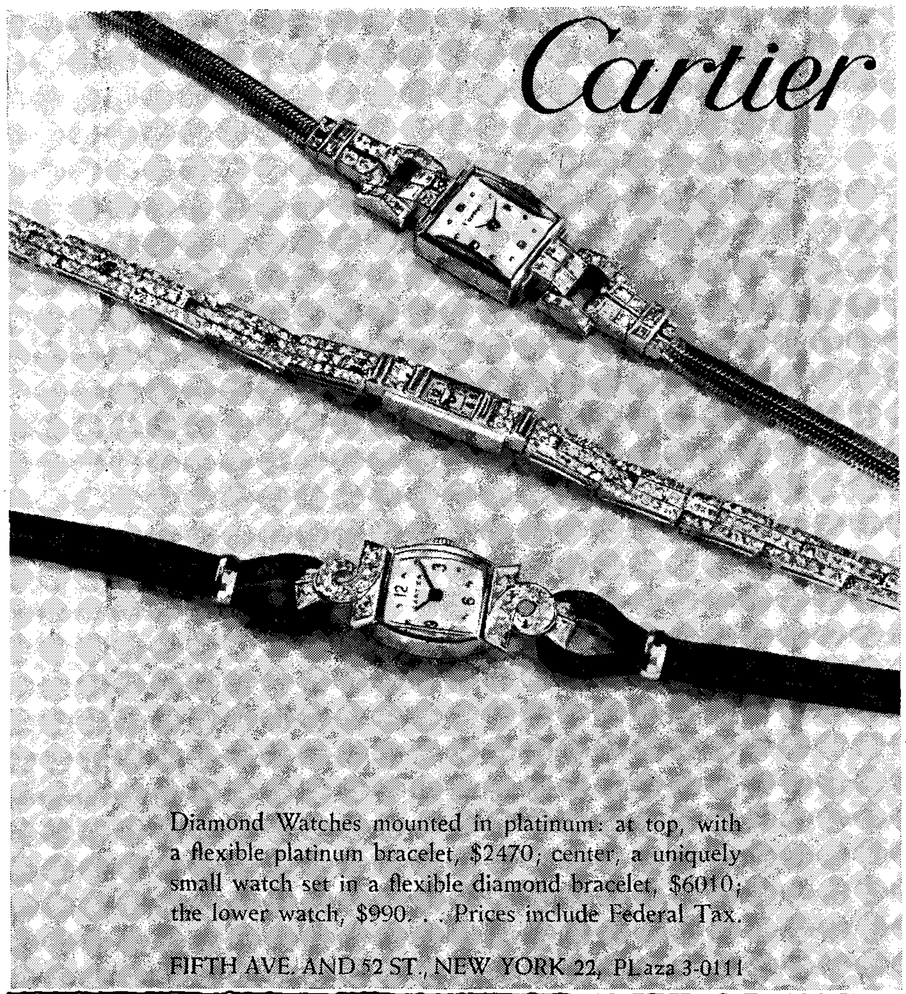
A prissy little wart named Wilbur brought up the rear. His prissiness was not his fault; his mother regarded him as a clotheshorse and for this occasion had got him up as if he were going to be ring bearer at a four-o'clock wedding. He wore a white blouse with ruffles down the front, an enormous blue silk bow-knotted tie, white pants, white stockings, and white shoes.

Just as Jo, who was directly behind our guide, was about to step out onto the stage from the wings, there came a clatter and thump from the tail end of the line, followed by a wail that easily exceeded in volume (backstage, at any rate) a *mezzo-forte* passage by the orchestra. The important personage came bounding back, almost knocking down three or four boys, myself among them, who had turned around to see what the commotion was. It was Wilbur. An extra-cautious step had brought his right foot down onto the rim of a fire bucket full of water, on the surface of which the drifting scum of months had settled. Wilbur had upset the bucket and himself with it, and the water and other things, following the line of his fall, had sluiced under his prone body. While in one sense it had done him no good, it had at least washed the last traces of foppery from him.

The important personage was obviously accustomed to crises. He had Wilbur back on his feet before the last drop of water was out of the bucket. He yanked an enormous handkerchief out of his hip pocket and within seconds had Wilbur, if not dry, at least not dripping. He wiped a final snivel from Wilbur's face. True, from head to toe Wilbur gave unmistakable evidence of having encountered drastic mishap, but he was sound of wind and limb.

"Perfection, perfection!" whispered the important personage, standing back and inspecting Wilbur. "You get double pay for this, Buster. Come along, now."

He took Wilbur by the hand and escorted him to a front desk. I went to the blackboard and started to write. The rest of the pupils sat down at their desks and looked at their books or wrote. The orchestra stopped playing. The dead silence was broken only by a final hic-



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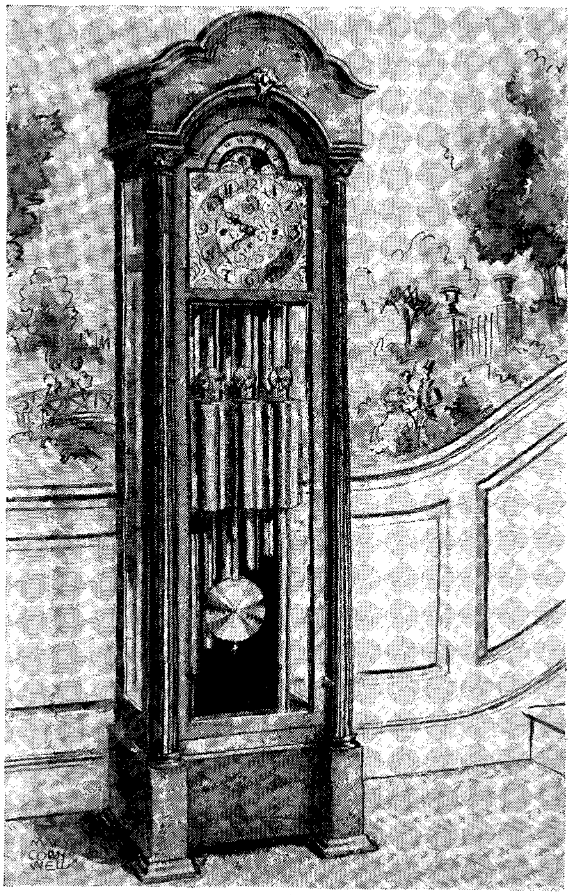

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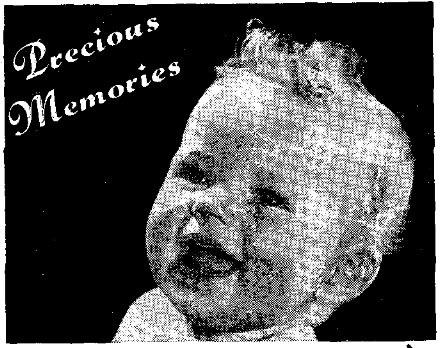

Childhood Reflections—
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cupy sob from Wilbur. A bell tinkled. The curtain rose.

The applause was thunderous. After long minutes, it died down, then rose again, died again, rose again. It was possible to detect laughter in it—first in spots, then in bursts all over the house, then in one great, sustained uproar.

I was almost out of chalk and blackboard space before Miss Lipman was able to say, "Take your seat, John. That's very good, except that it's a little uphill." As I walked to my seat, an occasional titter still rose out of the black well of the audience, but I knew that it was not for me and my studiedly uphill writing, and I was a little hurt because it was not.

The scene went off without a hitch. Jo spoke her lines as if this were her hundredth performance in the part instead of her first and only. Miss Lipman made her farewell speech, or whatever it was, as if she were a real schoolteacher, and a particularly nice one. Down came the curtain, and there was a crash of applause.

WE were allowed to stay backstage during the rest of the performance, and after the final curtain we were herded into our little waiting room. The important personage, his cap now over his left ear, was beaming; he seemed to think the show was sure to be a great success.

"You performed brilliantly," he told us. "Each of you, all of you. Kindly accept these tokens of the management's deep appreciation of your sterling efforts. Twenty-five cents—or two bits, as the vulgar phrase has it—to each young gentleman, and four bits—in other words, fifty cents—to each young lady, *and*"—bobbing his head at Wilbur—"fifty cents to this very special young gentleman."

I did not begrudge the very special young gentleman his double fee, but I was annoyed at the non-recognition of my own special talents (or, rather, at my self-sacrificial denial of them). Of the girls, only Jo had had anything to do, yet every girl was getting twice as much as a real performer like me. I was not allowed to brood over this piece of injustice for long. Someone had appeared in the doorway—a lady in a large, plume-bedecked hat—and she was upset about something.

"You are the stage manager?" she asked the important personage.

"I have that honor, Madam," said the important personage, doffing his checkered cap as if it were a topper, and

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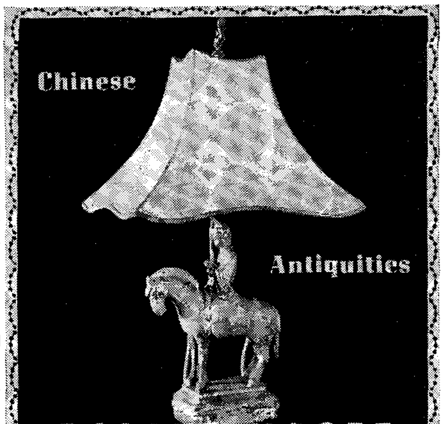

ROLAND MOORE
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bowing, "for whatever there may be in having it. May I perhaps be of some slight service to you?"

"You certainly can. Maybe you'll explain why you permitted *my child*"—she pointed at Wilbur—"to appear before the people of Middletown looking like *that*."

Wilbur had undergone a few emergency repairs following the school scene and he had dried out a bit, but he still looked pretty much like *that*.

"I shall be only too happy to do so," said the stage manager. "The statutes of your estimable city specify that every precaution shall be taken looking toward the prevention of fires in places of assembly. In conformity with this highly sensible provision, the management of this theatre has had buckets of water placed at—er—convenient intervals about the premises. Your son had the misfortune to upset one of these. How, as the last person in line, he contrived to do so cannot, at the moment, be explained—certainly not by me, and equally certainly, I venture to say, not by him. A touch of genius, perhaps.

"The misadventure, however, while discommoding your son temporarily, proved a godsend to the drama. The scene in which these young ladies and young gentlemen appeared portrayed a rural school in session. The doting mothers of your community appeared to be laboring under the delusion that their offspring were about to be presented at court. Every child was clothed for the occasion in his Sunday best—shoes gleaming, garments superbly creased, blouses and dresses crackling with starch, and, in the instance of the young gentlemen, hair slicked down as if with mucilage. Madam, it was a travesty of reality.

"Then, a misstep—a most happy misstep. If I had had time, and if I had thought of it, I should have doused the whole class—the young gentlemen, anyway—with the contents of fire buckets. Your son—a youth for whom I predict a great career, and I devoutly hope he will honor the theatre by making it his lifework—your son saved the situation. Perhaps his own shrewd little brain grasped the flaw which had eluded my own; I say there might have been a touch of genius in the thing. And remember this, Madam—remember it to your dying day, which I trust will be long postponed—a boy fell down, but a man got up, a man and an actor. My congratulations to you, Madam."

During this speech, Wilbur's mother's face gradually softened, until at the end of it she was smiling with a kind of

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ecstasy. Wilbur himself, though he had never in his short life heard a good many of the words, got the general idea that the whole thing was about him and that it was highly favorable. Wilbur's mother beamed at the stage manager, who beamed back and bowed again.

"Come, darling—time to go home," said Wilbur's mother. "Shake hands with the gentleman."

"Good night, sir," said the stage manager, pumping Wilbur's hand gravely. "Invest what you have earned wisely. I suggest a one-volume edition of Shakespeare. If God spares me, I trust that I shall one day see you as the most memorable Hamlet of your generation."

Hamlet's mother took him by the hand and led him away with a choked good night. The stage manager looked for a moment at their departing figures.

"Our withers are unwrung," he said. "And what a wringing they might have taken." He turned to us. "Good night, sweet pupils. Somebody's buying me a drink." —JOHN T. WINTERICH

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT
(RINGS ON THE PIANO DIVISION)

Secretary of State George C. Marshall was asked yesterday to intervene in a landlord and tenant dispute between Morgan Island Estates, Inc., owner of the old J. P. Morgan home at Glen Cove, and the Soviet Purchasing Commission. Attorneys for the owner asserted that the commission had not paid its February rent, was refusing to pay for damages to the property, estimated at $25,000, and was claiming diplomatic immunity.

The Purchasing Commission, which is distinct from Amtorg, the Russian trading corporation, leased the Glen Cove estate in September, 1945, at a rental of $15,000 a year. The estate comprises 316 acres. It figured in the news again in the summer of 1946, when the neighbors were reported as complaining about nude bathing parties and a general littering of the territory.

Mr. Kramer said that the offer to settle for $10,000 was for the exact amount due, and did not include damages. Damages mentioned included a boiler explosion and wear and tear on draperies. Persons passing the estate have reported that lawns and shrubbery had been allowed to deteriorate.—*The Times, February 27, 1947.*

JANUARY 30TH—The Czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the building of ships, hir'd my house at Says Court, and made it his court and palace. . . .

JUNE 9TH—To Deptford to see how miserably the Czar had left my house, after 3 months making it his court. I got S^r Christ^r Wren, the King's surveyor, and Mr. London his gardener, to go and estimate the repairs, for which they allowed £150 in their report to the Lords of the Treasury.—*From the Diary of John Evelyn, 1698.*

Evelyn's servant, writing to him respecting the Czar's habits, says, "There is a house full of people and right nasty. . . ." There was the damage done to the building and fencing, which included the breaking of tiles and paving, the loss of keys, inking and greasing of floors, &c. &c, which was put at £107 7s. . . . Gardens and plantations, in which grass plots, bowling green, and gravel walks were broken into holes. This damage was set down at £55. . . . We are told that one of the Czar's amusements when he was living at Sayes Court was to be wheeled through the hedges in a wheelbarrow.—*From a life of Evelyn in the Wheatley edition of the Diary.*

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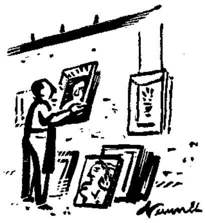
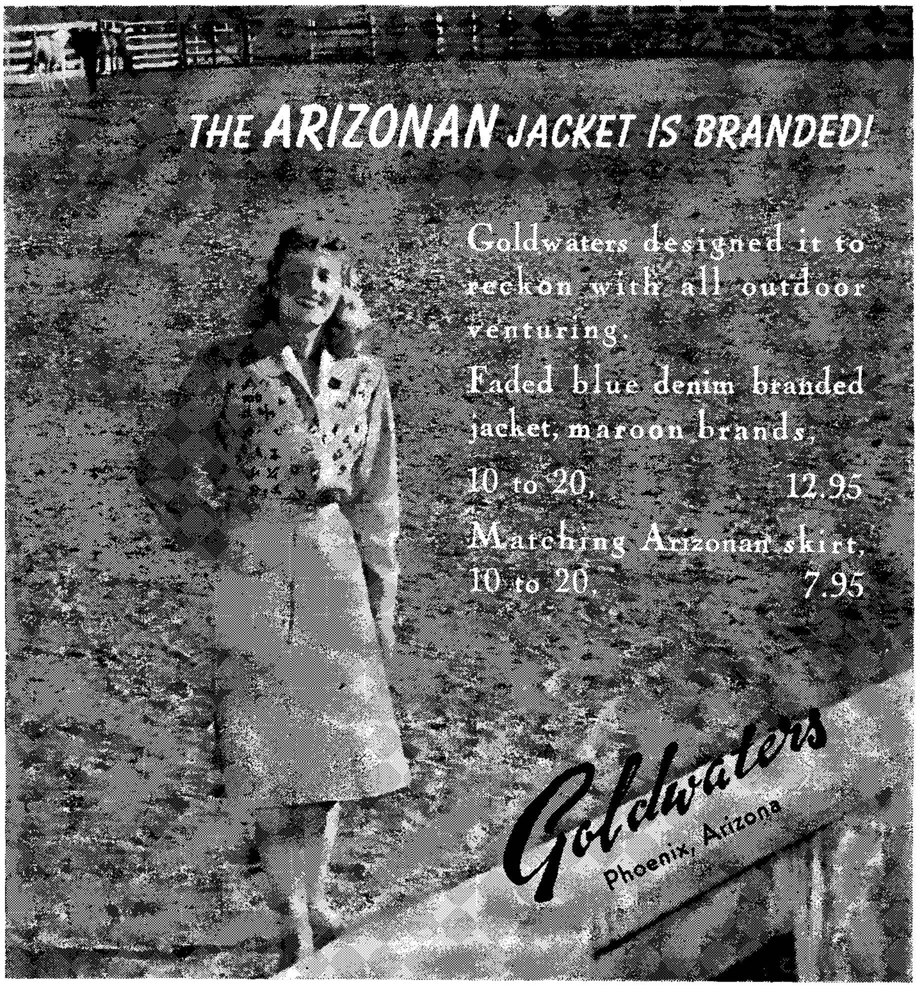
The Whitney and Other Groups



THE Whitney Museum's Annual of contemporary American painting, earlier this season, was a brilliant but slightly uneven show. It leaned too heavily toward the new and experimental—Surrealism, Expressionism, Abstractionism, and so on—to the detriment of the naturalistic and the conventional, and though this made for a lively exhibition, it robbed the collection of some of its authority as a survey of what is going on in American painting today. It was a show that you really looked at, however. As you have probably observed, there are some big group exhibitions that a person can skim through easily, with no effort beyond the mere muscular one of moving from place to place, and there are others that require real concentration, so that you end up with a fatigue that is more spiritual and mental than physical. The Whitney, despite its faults, was of the latter sort. Whether or not one approved of all the items, there was something about almost every one of them that demanded attention, and the resulting strain on the spectator, because of his unremitting contact with fresh impulses and new ideas, was considerable.

Now this showing's companion piece, the Whitney's Sculpture, Water-colors, and Drawings Annual, has been unveiled, and it must be said that it is as meaty, compact, and intellectually demanding as the first one. In addition, it has the advantage that it is a better integrated show, stylistically, than its predecessor. Modern techniques appear in all departments—in, for instance, among the sculptures, such pieces as David Hare's prickly-looking and Surrealist "The Red Knight," David Smith's solid, abstract "Euterpe and Terpsichore," and the beautifully concise "Orange Figure," by Alexander Archipenko, and, among the water colors and drawings, in Mark Rothko's "Entombment I" and Kurt Seligmann's "Study for 'Perseus.'" But the show isn't overweighted with modernism, for these works are balanced quite equitably by more traditional things, such as the conventional but magnificently posed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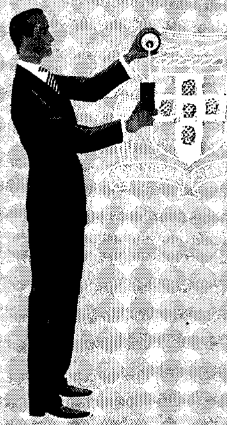

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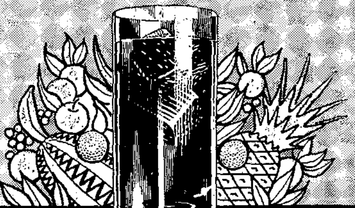

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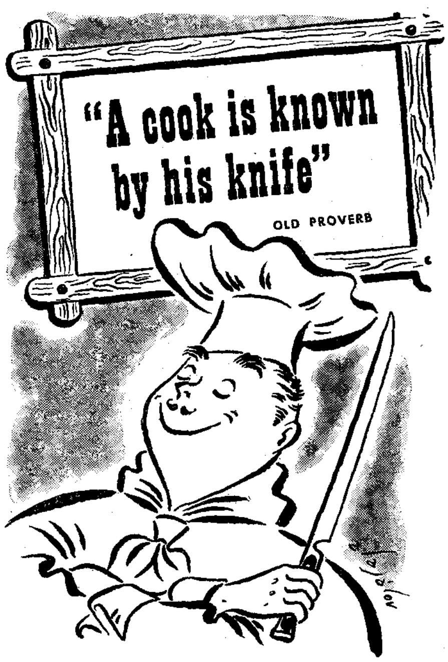
bronze figure of a girl, called "Joan," by Henry Rox, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi's big, dark, sweepingly handled ink-and-wash drawing "Pie in the Sky."

I liked, too, of the sculptures, Raoul Hague's really monumental "Figure in Black Walnut;" George Cerny's small, smoothly rounded "Reverie" in Siena marble; Minna Harkavy's subtly treated, very skillful study of two arguing men, called, wryly, "Communion;" and Hugo Robus's unbelievably willowy, witty bronze figure of a pursed-mouthed, self-consciously appealing little prima donna, called "Song." I found the other sections of the show just as effective, partly because of a healthy tendency of the relative unknowns to turn up with as many, or almost as many, notable performances as the more established artists. Among the latter, there are an incisively drawn Ben Shahn "Suzanna and the Elders" (with Suzanna in slacks and sun halter and the Elders in shirtsleeves and suspenders); an unusually vigorous "The Wave," by Milton Avery; a summer study of a sultry Southwestern town by Edward Hopper, called "El Palacio;" and an extremely strong landscape, "The Gully," by Harry Gottlieb; and, to match these, there are equally excellent pieces by newer artists, such as Bernard Perlin ("The Lovers"), Douglas Brown ("Arabesque"), John von Wicht ("The Pear"), and Corrado Cagli ("Composition"). It is perhaps too "polite" a show, in that almost nothing is said about social or other present-day problems, and it is certainly far too Eastern in character to be representative. (Of the hundred and seventy-three artists listed, less than twenty are from west of the Alleghenies.) But for all that, the show is an immensely interesting one.

THE Durlacher Galleries have a loan exhibition of German fifteenth-century paintings that is also well worth seeing. Italy in the fifteenth century was of course in the midst of the Renaissance, and the hundred years that produced Botticelli and Masaccio, Mantegna, Michelangelo, Titian, and Giorgione saw an advance in painting techniques—from the flat, stiffly formalized groups of the beginning of the century to the fluent, many-planed compositions of its close—that has probably never been equalled. The Flemish and, to a certain extent, the French were not far behind. But the Germans, locked away in their inland fastnesses, saw little of this development and were hardly touched by the great wave of



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humanistic feeling that swept over the other countries of Europe. There is a suggestion of the Flemish in a few of the pieces in the show, such as the small, highly glazed "Portrait of a Man" by an unknown artist of the Franconian School and the "St. Catherine" by Michael Pacher. But for the most part the paintings are largely Gothic, angular in design, and harshly realistic, and they have a stern, Northern mysticism that, especially in the religious subjects, contrasts sharply with the more familiar, Italianate treatment of the same themes. In this respect, I'd note particularly the "Christ Crowned with Thorns" and "The Mocking of Christ," both part of a series of four altar panels by a member of the Westphalian School; "The Fall of Man," by Conrad von Soest; and, from the Upper Rhenish School, the oddly impish, fantastic "Christ in Limbo."

AT the Jacques Seligmann, there is the first group showing of what the gallery hopes to make an annual affair—paintings and other works by artists under twenty-five. Thirty-four items are included, and though few artists are even approaching maturity at the age limit that has been set, the general level of the work is very high. Leonard E. Fisher's not wholly successful but very ambitious "The Illegal Entry," Vivian S. Steinberg's semi-abstract "Marbles," and Eleanor Bazner's pencil drawing called "Spilings" are, I think, the top items.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Q. Please differentiate between table d'hote and a la carte.

A. Frankincense is a fragrant resin from balsam trees burned as incense.

—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon-Journal.*

Next question.

•

SANTIAGO, CHILE, Feb. 15 (AP)—The newspaper Extra said today that discovery of a "rich deposit" of uranium in northern Chile had been reported to the Minister of Economy. The newspaper said "absolute secrecy" was being maintained by the Government.—*The Times.*

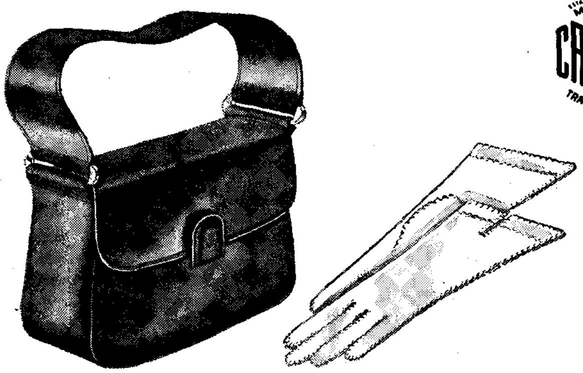
Well, naturally.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Providence Journal*]

Indians who worked in a recent motion picture filmed at Jackson Hole, Wyo., took their fancy costumes along with them but didn't get a chance to use them.



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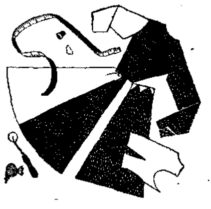
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



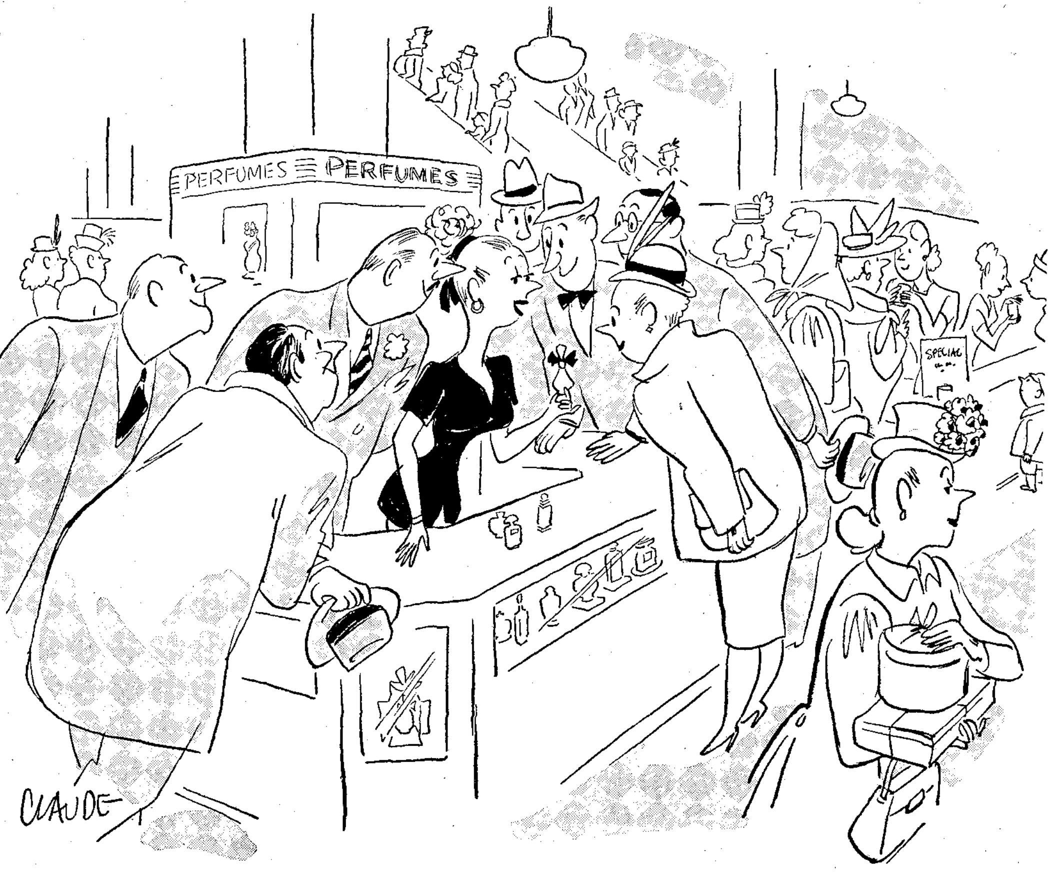
YOU might have expected the spring custom collections here and abroad to be tumultuous and turbulent, and you will hardly be astonished to discover that they are. In Paris, dozens of new couturiers are anxious to achieve the eminence that was Chanel's and Vionnet's after the first World War, and they are stopping at nothing, provided it will command attention. They are even going in for hobble skirts, doubtless in a reaction against the short, wide skirts that were indispensable for all that bicycling during the war. In New York, the lifting of the O.P.A.'s quite understandable pencil-silhouette regulations has our designers acting like canaries loosed from their cages, and they are busy turning out swirling circular or pleated skirts, tiers, drapes, fluttering panels, and many other contributions to movement that have so long been denied them. The first reports from both sides of the water were alarmingly loaded with intimations of freakishness, but a survey of what some of the best custom designers in New York have actually produced will allay your fears. Our designers, it seems, are relying far more on gracefulness and ease than on the shock approach.

Take the matter of hemlines. In simple daytime dresses, they range between nine and sixteen inches from the floor. (Naturally, all the clothes were presented on tallish models.) Sophie, at Saks Fifth Avenue, is keeping her skirts at sixteen inches; Hattie Carnegie varies them a bit. (She's probably waiting for *you* to make up her mind.) Actually, there wasn't one that couldn't have been shortened *without* spoiling the proportions. Fira Benenson, of Bonwit Teller, whose clients prefer mature charm to kneecap allure, has put hers at fourteen inches. We've been wearing skirts too short, the knee being the unlovely joint it is. On the other hand, narrow, nine-inch jobs are also unbecoming, the anklebone being the knob it is. The ballerina length, only three or four inches above the ankle strap (you won't catch a New York model wearing ballerina *slippers*, though), looks fine on the full, circular dresses, many of which, constructed for cocktail time, are of taffeta. Ankle-length net things for dinner are all over the place, and full-length evening clothes have not been neglected either, which is no surprise. Myself, I think that a skirt ending at the widest part of the calf is the best length.

Longer waistlines appear in all the collections, which is nice for those long-waisted women who for the past several seasons have been struggling to escape that sawed-in-half look. The fitted topcoats and suits that are provided with half belts have them noticeably far down the back; jackets are likely to come as far as the hips in front and a couple of inches lower than that in back, and the skirts that go with them are full. Bergdorf Goodman, the old radicals, go farthest of all in this reversal of form; in a few cases, their waistlines are reminiscent of the twenties. The jackets of some of Bergdorf's suits extend some four inches below the hips and have practically no indentation at the waist. A gray wool affair of this type has a slight peplum way down in back. A foulard dress with a pleated skirt has a leather belt that sags from the hipbone down over the stomach (that's from the twenties too, as you'll recall with a shiver) and there is a double-breasted black wool coat that, though it does have a belt across the back, doesn't bother at all about a waistline.

As for shoulders, Sophie, at Saks, and Muriel King, at Stein & Blaine, wouldn't think of doing without nice, broad lines; Bendel, even on suits tailored like men's, avoids padding but keeps the shoulders wide and straight; Hattie Carnegie's suits have natural shoulders and wide, deep collars across the back. Bergdorf, still being extreme, shows sloping, narrow shoulders, as in the jacket worn with a black shantung dress. This has a shawl collar that hugs the shoulders and is edged with a fringe that also appears near the hem of the skirt.

Drapery up one hip is rife again, but you have to be cautious about it, for

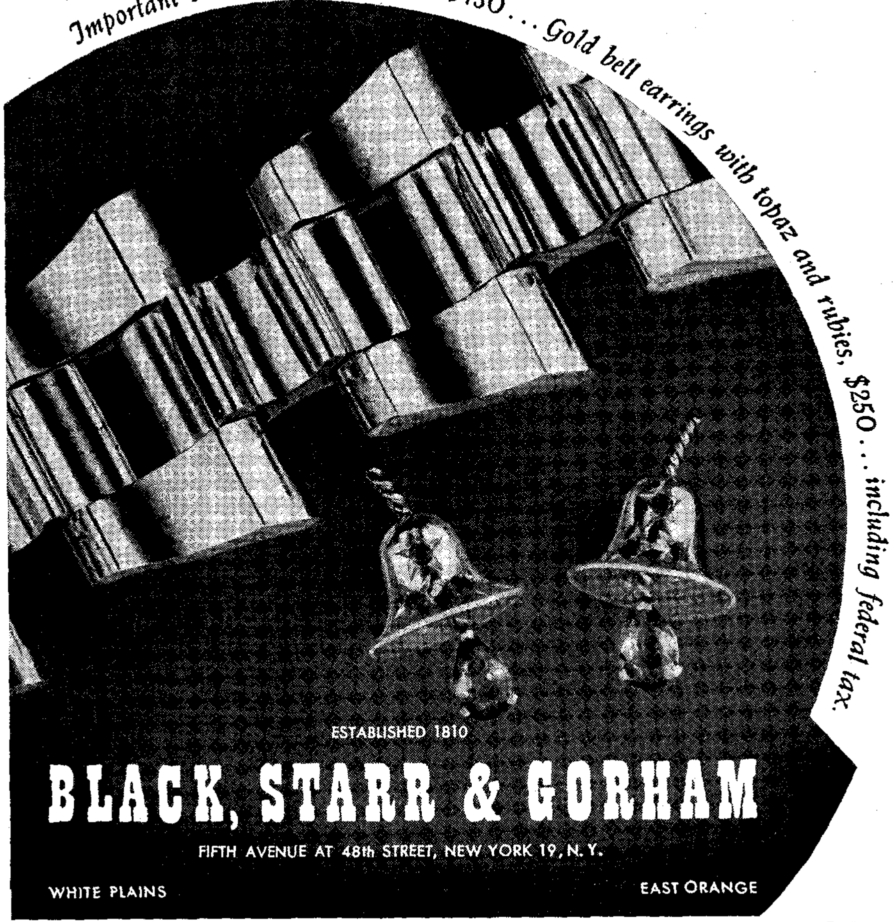


"I use it myself."

it's either perfect or terrible. It happens to be perfect in a round-necked, short-sleeved, beltless, navy wool Bendel dress that has a great white piqué bow on one hip. Bonwit comes through with a slim black wool jersey Benenson notion that wraps across the *back* and has a vast pouf of black taffeta, with trailing ends, astern of one hip. Bergdorf shows a dinner dress that embodies not only hip drapery but several other trends. It's made of a reddish calico print on silk. (Silk in cotton patterns—kitchen ginghams, plaids, and so on—is everybody's trend, for that matter.) It has a surplice bodice, and the skirt, a bit above ankle length in back, is draped up to one hip and so slashed in front that one leg is visible to the knee when you walk. (Nowadays, of course, you can always get a cab instead.) The dress is tight across the shoulders, and the accompanying scarf is designed to add to the huddled look.

Before I get to sound like a relative of some of these designers, I would like to add that there are several unfortunate tendencies about, too. Many of the clothes, even in the Best Houses, are appallingly sloppy. There is an epidemic of "ingénue" silk milkmaid dresses, for one. Why we should pay custom prices for such stuff is not easy to figure out, since static electricity makes the full silk skirts cling unbecomingly. After all, you just can't tailor thin silk. (If you must be ingénue, you can do it pleasantly in one of Hattie Carnegie's handkerchief-linen dinner dresses, with bateau necks, long bodices, and full skirts that drift to within six inches of the ankle.) Another misfortune is a frenzy for wide scarf stoles and triangular shawls. Nothing adds ten years to a woman's mannerisms more emphatically than a scarf for her to fuss with. Only a few females can handle them with any grace. Sophie and Muriel King attach their drapery to a shoulder strap, to trail off or be wrapped around as you like, an idea which I admit produces better results. To go on with this catalogue of complaints, many ballerina-length cocktail dresses have deep décolletages that are excavated way out to the tips of the shoulders, so the dresses look as if they were ready to fall off. This *Vie Parisienne* stunt will undoubtedly come to a hasty end when less adroit, $29.95 copies start turning up.

Now that I'm through carping, I'll say that I can't remember another season when a woman, in spite of all the pitfalls, had so great a choice of clothes to flatter her type and figure. Just be sure



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that the omnipresent fullness doesn't obscure your best points, that's all.

BENDEL has used all its celebrated blend of experience and cunning in its new collection. This is a house that knows how to make truly splendid formal evening clothes. There are slim, draped affairs, with the drapery going down the front of the skirt and curving around to swathe you just back of the knees, and dresses with beautiful appliquéd cutouts of printed patterns. One print is a long, narrow, navy crêpe dress with a daisy motif, and its corselet bodice, shoulder straps, and hem are ornamented with appliquéd white daisies snipped from the design. A print dress in yellow and Kelly green has a Kelly-green chiffon godet down the side front. The bouffant school is represented by a navy nylon net dress that goes to the floor in back and to just above the ankles in front. It's one of the few down-in-back hems that I've ever admired. A white organza dress with a blurry field-flower print has wide white shoulder straps and both an organdie and a white taffeta petticoat. A pale-pink nylon net dress, with folds that encase the bodice and go out to the tips of the shoulders, has a widely billowing skirt.

For daytime, Bendel has revived the all-print suit—a three-quarter-length coat and a dress with front drapery that turns under at the hem. Another nostalgic touch is a suit whose navy wool jacket is faced with polka-dot navy crêpe and whose pleated, polka-dot crêpe skirt has a navy wool panel in back. Lastly, there's a white piqué Directoire jacket with gold-metal buttons, which is waist-length in front and low in back, where it flares out over a trim black wool skirt.

THE mannequins showing the collection at Saks Fifth Avenue are among the most confident girls in town, for Sophie's assortment of clothes is easy to wear and to move around in, and her décolletages are so secure that a girl can shrug all she likes. There are plenty of youthful, trim, tailored things, among them a tailleur with a plain black wool jacket and a belted, black-and-white checked wool skirt with pleats down the front. Then, there are suits with linings and blouses that match. I especially liked a gray flannel one with a blouse and lining of gold shantung and another, of cerise wool, buttoned up the front and pinched at the waist, with a bit of stiffening to accent the hips. This has a flowered crêpe blouse and lining. The jackets are a bit longer than they used to be here, and the skirts, though not constraining, are mostly narrowish. A few are wide, as in the case of a beige wool crêpe suit. The jacket, waist-length in front and dipping in back, is trimmed with braid embroidery.

Sheer fabrics are also around here—fragile lace and tucked marquisette and other frailties that make blouses, to be worn under the most severe suits, or the tops of cocktail or evening dresses. A black crêpe cocktail dress has rows and rows of tiny net ruching galloping around the wide décolletage, trimming the short sleeves, and providing looped detail on the skirt. A tailored print silk suit, of a color that progresses from yellow to tortoise, has a blouse of pale-yellow marquisette under a snug jacket that descends below the hips.

Your eyes may well widen at the evening dresses here. Some of them are black and slinky, with skirts that have drapery low in back. One of this persuasion is topped by a black net boa sprinkled with bright sequins. A vivid print crêpe dress with low drapery at the front of the skirt is accompanied by a shirred boa that is a combination of bright-blue malines and a crêpe that matches the dress. Among a variety of slim, tailored evening clothes is a dress of red, green, and white striped shantung. This has a square neck, a slashed skirt, and a tight jacket trimmed with sequins. Filmy fare includes a black marquisette business that has a skimpy top and a swirling pleated skirt banded with black crêpe. Innocent-angel stuff: a full-skirted white organdie dress with delicate red embroidery around the hem and through the long bodice, and a gray-striped chambray affair with a long, Louisa May Alcott bodice and a full skirt trimmed with white rickrack.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, as I may have remarked, are fraught with enterprise and variety. One absolutely beautiful suit is a gray flannel whose slim jacket has a narrow roll collar and a two-button fastening at the waist; the slim, wrap-around skirt has just a touch of drapery at one hip. The whole thing is perfect, that's what it is. Bergdorf is an advocate of the long-in-back skirt, and not only of the draped, slashed type I was discussing a while ago. One, for dinner, has pink flowers printed on a pale-green crêpe background and appliquéd in a cluster below the waist in back, whence soft drapery cascades to the ankles. For evening, a white lace dress over a bouffant taffeta slip has tricky décor—black shirred net and delicate leaf patterns in sequins and jet edging the fichu shawl, and more leaf designs edging the skirt. Another evening event is a narrow, off-the-shoulder, wrap-around sheath of black lace that makes you think of the hobble skirt. Even the model showing it couldn't walk across the floor without teetering.

Bergdorf has a splendid way with topcoats (there's a very long and wonderful swashbuckling navy-blue wool cape again this year) and slim, assured street dresses. These and other old favorites are still on hand, but the eccentricities are more fun to talk about. And I've talked, too, haven't I?

Incidentally, for the longish draped prints of this house (and for Sophie's lacy-topped affairs as well), a big black sheer hat is about the only type that looks right.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's clothes for the daytime are trim yet impertinent, and I guess superb. A gray wool suit has slot seaming at the hipbones of the jacket to make you slightly hippier. It is equipped with the high, turnover collar and the button-down-the-front construction that are so admired this year. Jersey jackets with short peplums are worn over jersey dresses with full, circular skirts. There are two other suits that warrant your attention—one for day and the other for cocktails. The first is of gray wool, with a jacket that has a turnover collar, bone buttons, and three tab fastenings down the front; the second, on the same lines, is of black taffeta and has three rhinestone buttons. Black braid and silk tassels appear on the chest of a gray wool bolero jacket with a pleated black wool skirt. A navy wool cape suit has a sheer white linen blouse with Pierrot sleeves emerging below the elbows. Buttoned, waist-length print jackets are worn over draped dresses in matching silk print. Braid is used on the slick cocktail suits for which Carnegie is famous: black jacquard affairs or severe black satin ones that cry for black feather headdresses. You know

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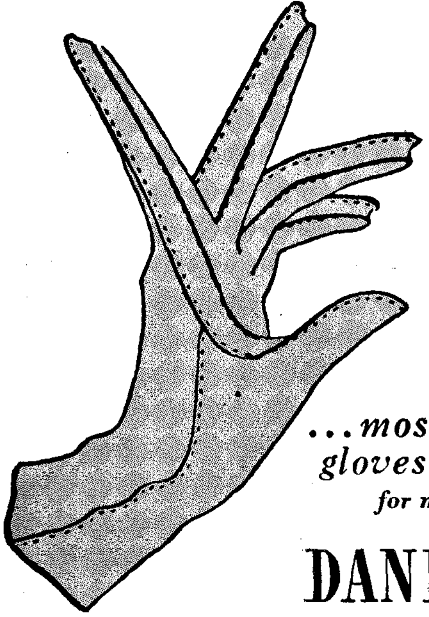

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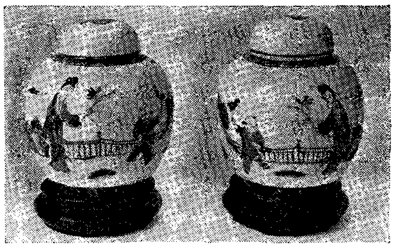
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the type. A cocktail-dinner combination is a white linen jacket, with only a sparkle of beads in front to enliven its tailored severity, plus a demure, high-necked, cap-sleeved black taffeta dress with a slightly flaring skirt. As for day coats, they range from faille redingotes with fat taffeta pockets to bright-blue wool topcoats that swing from two buttons at the throat.

BONWIT TELLER are all ready to help us keep on looking poised, sleek, worldly, and whatever else we're supposed to be. To this end, Benenson has done some of the best day dresses you'll see anywhere. A navy wool princesse dress has an abbreviated bolero and the whole costume is trimmed with navy taffeta rickrack. A black silk serge suit with a longish jacket is decorated with a leaf design (padded leaves, at that) to accentuate the hips. (Hips, as you can see, are coming into their own again.) Shirring, as always, is abundant, appearing on necklines of simple crêpe dresses, on jackets, and on the bodice and the circular swirl in back of the skirt of a dress printed in a narcissus pattern. This dress sports one of those tiny, short bolero jackets that every establishment is experimenting with; it's a bit less than waist length in back and grows scant indeed in front, where it has a one-hook fastening on the chest.

For evening, some handsome décolletages are to be found here. Many are deep and square and softened by drapery; one such belongs to a navy satin dress whose skirt has more drapery at the right hip. A white taffeta dress, with patches of lace appliquéd at intervals, has a skirt, padded at the hipbones, that can billow out over practically a city block. A black organza, sprinkled with self-covered buttons that look like candlewick tufts and outfitted with a low, round neckline and string straps, also has a vast, circular skirt. A mauve chiffon dress, on the other hand, has a slinky skirt that is all pressed shirring. Black spiderweb lace, picked out with tiny paillettes, makes a wonderful bouffant (what, that word again?) skirt. And another example of the very short bolero shows up in a clover print in two shades of green and red; the bolero is under-arm length in front and curves to the waist in back. The dress it goes with has a wrap-around back and a square neck.

MURIEL KING, of Stein & Blaine, is an artful hand at slot seaming and other detail on suit jackets and coats to make shoulders broad, waistlines easy,

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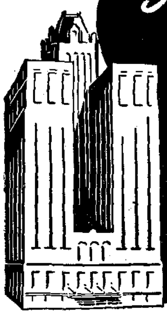
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and hips less conspicuous. (Hips, as you can see, are going to be neither seen nor heard from, or am I growing a little dizzy?) Her suit jackets this year reveal a Directoire influence. A black taffeta jacket with narrow, pleated edges is cut to give the effect of a jabot down the center front. This can be worn with either a street-length (she thinks fourteen inches is the proper distance from the ground) or an evening-length skirt that has a fold in back below a jutting peplum. Black satin discs are appliquéd on the neckline and hem of a black crêpe day dress, and they also edge an accompanying shawl. A schoolgirl collar of white faille tops a long, demure basque bodice of navy faille with a fullish skirt; a navy-and-white silk print dress has a pleated ruffle that starts in a chou at the right shoulder, goes around the back of the neck, cascades down one side, and ends up by circling the hemline. King loves tiered effects: a navy-blue crêpe with white lingerie filling in the deep oval neck has a three-tiered skirt, and there is a dress of a black, satin-backed crêpe so worked that you get alternating shiny and dull tiers of the stuff. The return of chiffon has made King a happy girl. A day dress of this material, with vertical tucks descending almost to the hem, makes a noble black summer costume when accompanied by a loose, hip-length jacket. A cerise chiffon print dress has a high, surplice front, pleated cape sleeves, and a skirt that swirls. You'll also find one of the nicest black lace evening dresses in town—a square-necked number, covered with swirls of tiny black net ruching and disclosing the pale-blue ribbons and bows on the slip beneath. And now, shall we rejoin the gentlemen? —L. L.

•

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[*Adv. in the Lone Indian Magazine*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Quaint, Quaint Brooklyn

IT is the firm conviction of Hollywood nowadays that any reference to Brooklyn is irresistibly droll. The denizens of the community are invariably represented in the movies as quixotic, warmhearted, and hilarious, and among the actors portraying them there are usually a few who speak an argot that sounds as outlandish as the chatter of Eskimos. It is as footless, I suppose, to argue with Hollywood's conventions about Brooklyn as it would be to argue about the authenticity of a description of Old Vienna in an operetta. But it's probably fair enough to point out that the populations of places as big as Brooklyn or Vienna are too diversified to fit snugly into a vaudeville routine.

What got me off on this tack is a picture called "It Happened in Brooklyn." In this one, Kings County is populated entirely by lovable folk, all of them almost unbearably kindly in their simple, rugged way and all of them just a trifle boring. Given to bursts of song and generosity, they hang about the New Utrecht High School, dreaming up ways to help their fellow-citizens. Most prominent among these noble people is Frank Sinatra, the Hoboken songbird, who renders everything, from a hymn to the Brooklyn Bridge to "Otchi Tchornyia," in the course of helping an English friend cast off his Old World shyness in favor of Brooklyn brashness. Mr. Sinatra, abetted by Kathryn Grayson, who plays a music teacher at New Utrecht, is also helpful in aiding a boy pianist to win a scholarship in music just when the lad seems doomed to spend his life behind a candy counter. Since the plot of "It Happened in Brooklyn" is as elastic as a balloon and no more substantial, almost everybody that turns up in it gets a chance to do a specialty, and at one point Miss Grayson, pining for a career as an opera singer, is permitted to escape from the tedium of New Utrecht into a dreamworld Metropolitan, where she promptly cuts loose with the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé," and right prettily, too. On hand to provide a change of pace from such classical activities is Jimmy Durante, who does as much as he can with the rather seedy dialogue that falls to him in his role as a comic janitor. Mr. Durante, I am happy to report, makes no concessions to any alleged Brooklyn accent in his speech; linguistically, he is still *sui generis.*

A LOT of people get murdered in "Dangerous Millions," but none of them got murdered soon enough to suit me. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

HOW TO SELECT A PEN

Whatever pen you buy, it is suggested that you follow this procedure in making your selection:

1. Ask the clerk to show you all the pens he has in the general price line you are planning to buy, and see which of these have the general size, color and writing point you prefer.
2. Unscrew the cap and, without taking it off, screw it back into place. Reject any pen on which the screw action does not come to a definite stop at the end of the thread.
3. Remove the cap and look inside it to see whether there is an inner cap. Then place the cap in writing position. It should fit firmly and easily, with no tendency to fall off.
4. Hold the barrel of the pen with one hand, and with the other, try to move the point and the section to see whether either is loose. There should be no motion of the point or the section.
5. Inspect the tip of the pen point closely from the inside. There should be a bit of iridium or other hard alloy soldered to the tip. A properly made point will last through a lifetime of wear; a point without a hard tip, even if it is made of gold, will soon wear, and the pen will begin to scratch.
6. Try to insert the edge of a thin paper between the point and the feed. If they are fitted properly, you should not be able to slide the paper in.
7. Without dipping the pen into ink, try "writing" with it on a piece of paper. There should be no scratching.
8. Dip the pen and wipe off excess ink, then give it a writing test. See first that it fits the hand easily; a pen which is too large and heavy adds to the effort of writing; too small a pen cramps the hand. Some persons prefer fairly flexible points, others like them firm; some like fine points, others prefer stubby ones; if you are buying the pen for someone else, you'll have to use your judgment, of course. In that case, however, it's a good idea to get assurance that the pen may be exchanged if the recipient finds the point unsatisfactory.
9. If the clerk will permit it, fill the pen with ink or with water, and then empty it, counting the drops.—*Consumer.*

Better yet, make the *clerk* count the drops; he's not doing anything.

•

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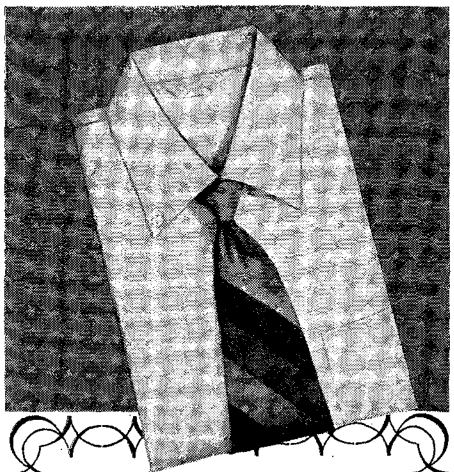

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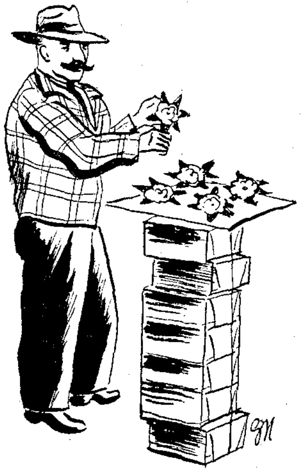
LETTER FROM BUDAPEST

MARCH 4

AUSTRIANS are forever reminding foreigners in as superior a tone as they can manage on their fairly empty stomachs that they were not defeated in the recent war but were liberated, and in making this distinction they have the backing of Allied opinion. Hungarians, on the other hand, seldom mention their part in the conflict, for the understandable reason that their nation has been classified as a conquered enemy, under the terms of a treaty with the Allies signed at Paris last month. It is perhaps just as well that the Austrians are so emphatic about their better position, for the casual visitor, given a chance to compare Vienna with Budapest, might otherwise easily conclude that Austria, not Hungary, was the loser.

Vienna today is a ruined city in which the ruins lie just about as they fell two or three years ago. Those of its shattered shops that have reopened have little to sell except a stock of flimsy ersatz goods that could be bought up for a few cartons of Chesterfields. The city is inhabited by pinched, sullen people who hardly have the gumption to indulge in the currently popular Teutonic game of playing one occupying power against another. Vienna is not yet even convalescent from the war. On the other hand, Budapest, which was quite as badly damaged and has been similarly an occupied capital, shows many surface symptoms of good health. "Oh, I tell you, Budapest is the place to be!" an Austrian said to me the other day in Vienna. "You can get anything you want there if you have the money."

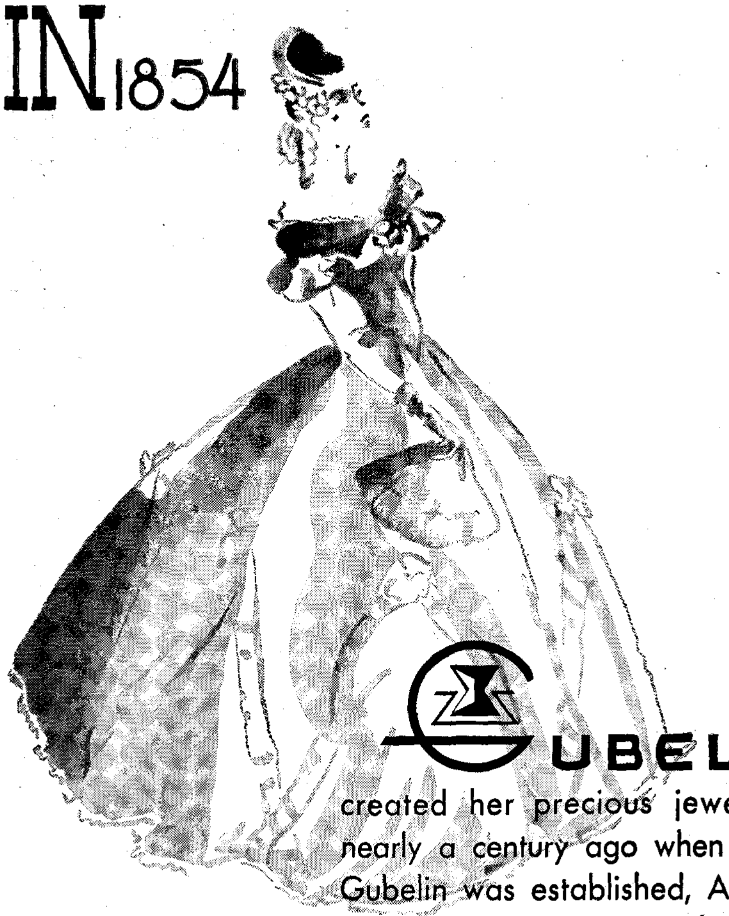


On entering a Russian-dominated country, such as Hungary, one should, of course, be prepared to shake off a number of preconceived notions. Even so, it is rather startling to discover that although Hungary is supposedly occupied by two hundred and fifty thousand Soviet troops and is certainly controlled by a local Communist regime, the traditional Hungarian disparity between the haves and the have-nots is just as extreme as it ever was in the days when Emperor Franz Josef, in his royal palace above the Danube, was setting the scene for all those operettas. (Though the inequality remains, the palace does not, having been almost completely bombed out during the war.) Along Andrassy-ut, in Budapest, right in the heart of destitute Europe, it is possible to buy silk underwear, mink coats, cashmere sweaters, Harris tweeds, and all the other luxuries that have been practically forgotten on the Continent since the Nazis began their vast looting operations eight years ago. In addition, one can observe now and then in Hungary that most extraordinary sight in all of Europe—a real, live fat man. Representatives of the ten foreign relief organizations now at work in Budapest estimate that there are almost as many hungry people in this city as there are in Vienna, but anyone with the far from inconsiderable price may dine here on scalloped oysters, lobster Newburg, red or black caviar, broiled mushrooms, *café au lait* with whipped cream, and other delicacies that to travellers from occupied Germany must seem a mirage.

This situation has been brought about by an international black market, which is so powerful in Budapest that for the most part it doesn't bother to go far underground, despite a law making the death sentence mandatory for anyone caught trading in it. The dubious champions of free enterprise who operate in this market constitute the haves in the present, Soviet-controlled Hungarian capitalism, supplanting the Hapsburg satellites of the old days. Among them are not only international gangsters but seemingly quite respectable shopkeepers and other bourgeoisie. As in Paris, the most successful operators are the young men who stand expressionless on street corners or in alleyways for hours at a time with their coat collars turned up, awaiting the arrival of the similar characters with whom they deal. These black-marketeers throng the Hungarian cafés and street fairs, their pockets full of surplus cash. Budapest is one city in which men can earn enough money to afford the good life before they are too old to enjoy it. On a weekend night, Mr. Molnar would not recognize the venerable, red-plush New York Café, on Erzsebet-körut, which is now filled not with moody artists and writers dissecting life over their *caffè espresso* but with well-heeled youngsters dancing jauntily to the current Budapest favorite, "The Dipsy Doodle."

THANKS pretty much to these precocious young people, rationing doesn't work at all in Budapest. Bootleggers grab commodities of every kind so speedily that the coupons the government hopefully issues are almost worthless. Living is therefore painfully expensive (good coffee has been as high as ten dollars a pound) and many Budapest citizens just don't have enough money to get by. Laborers are making only about seventy-five per cent of what they made before the war, and professional people are earning no more than a third of what they used to. Thus, there are downright hungry people in an agricultural nation that once provided food not only for itself but for most of Austria, a country whose food shortages are easier to excuse, since its natural resources consist of little more than scenery and tradition. Because there are so many foreign relief organizations operating in Hungary, however, the government probably feels that it can ignore the food problem for a while and concentrate instead on spreading the idea that, whatever the treaty may say, the United States is demanding of Hungary vast reparations for war damages and so is contributing to the difficulty of life here.

Under such conditions, it might seem that the people of Budapest must be a miserable, downtrodden race, limping along battered old streets with their heads bowed, afraid to raise their dull eyes in an effort to see what will happen next. On the contrary, the Hungarians appear to be one of the few national groups in Europe that are sitting up and taking notice of, and then doing something about, improving their surroundings. After the fifty-one-day siege of Budapest that ended with the surrender of the Germans to the Russians, everyone in the city who was able to was obliged to put in a few days' work a month helping to rebuild the community, and even now the universal cleaning up, the laying of brick into walls, and the pouring of cement give one the impression that the Hungarians are a people who believe in the future. Two of the bridges across the Danube have been rebuilt—not along their former, picturesque lines, to be sure, but still quite serviceably—and the smashed trees in the small parks that dot the city have been doctored up or hauled



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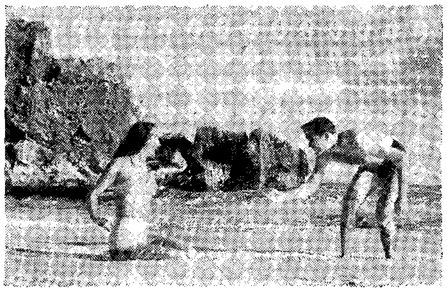

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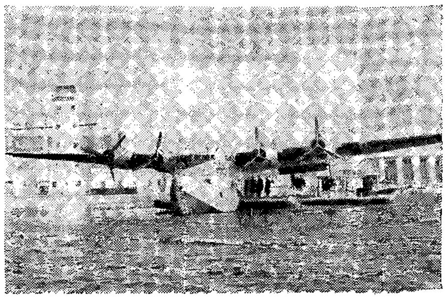

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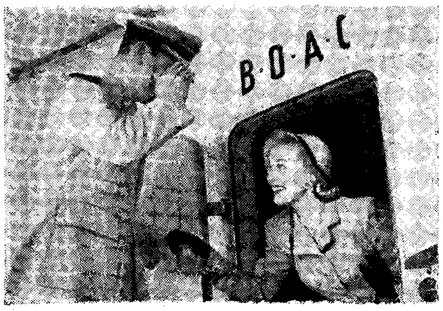

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away. Budapest is fortunate in having some of the prettiest girls in all Europe, and, although one explanation of the luxurious offerings in the shop windows is that they are there because no one can afford to buy them, most of the people you see on the streets are quite well dressed. Natives of neighboring European countries have been known to comment sourly that this is just another sign that most Hungarians would rather put on a good show than have a square meal.

THE government under which such paradoxes seem to multiply has a rather involved history and composition, but whatever its complexities, it is safe to say that it is not inimical to the interests of the major occupying power. (The United States, Britain, and Russia are represented on the Allied Control Commission that has supposedly ruled Hungary for the past two years, but the Russians have put up the bulk of the military force, and it isn't only money that talks in Central Europe these days.) The 1945 elections were won by the Smallholders, or moderate conservatives, who received sixty-two per cent of the vote, as against the seventeen per cent polled by the Communists. The Smallholders, however, could not set up their own government because they were bound by a preëlection agreement, to which all the major parties had subscribed, to establish a coalition regime. The Premier is a Smallholder, but his deputy and three of the Cabinet's seventeen Ministers are Communists. (One of the three, the Minister of the Interior, is a former Soviet citizen and another, the Minister of Economics, holds a Russian passport.)

This representation may not appear sufficient to have given the Communists tight control of the nation. It developed, though, that many of the prominent members of the Smallholders' party had a history, real or imagined, of Nazi collaboration, and they were therefore presently carted off to Moscow. In consequence, about the only really capable and effective men remaining in the government are Communists. These gentlemen seem to have matters well in hand and, inasmuch as they presumably have that quarter of a million Russian soldiers behind them, they will probably have little trouble keeping them that way. The Russian troops are supposed to withdraw, along with the British and American ones, ninety days after the treaty is ratified, but since the Soviet Union is reserving the right to leave

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behind an indefinite number of soldiers to guard her supply lines to her zone of occupation in Austria, the local Communists shouldn't have cause to complain of being lonely.

IF any of the men in the small military unit that has represented the United States in Budapest since April, 1945, ever thought that they were going to have as much of a part in directing Hungarian affairs as the Americans in the Allied Control Commission in Berlin have had in running Germany, they have long since got over the idea. The Russians have been so completely in charge in Budapest that frequently, I was told by an American officer a while ago, the British and American members of the Allied Control Commission here have received their first intimation of a new Commission ruling from a casual reference to it by some Hungarian in the course of conversation. The military Americans number only about twenty officers and eighty enlisted men. Since the Russians have been running things, our troops have had little to do. They have managed to keep busy by seeing that their PX is amply stocked, recording the progress of Graves Registration task forces, meeting the occasional American plane from Vienna that brings in mail from home (the plane has to land in a pasture on the outskirts of town, because the Russians have taken over the regular airport), and, in the words of the Army, "protecting American property," a job that in Budapest these days could hardly be called arduous.

The Americans have not been inclined to worry much about the seeming impotence of their position, for whatever spare moments they might have given to brooding have been occupied in keeping up with the rate of exchange. At one time, the dollar, which in 1939 sold for 3.38 pengö, was worth a hundred and forty-five pengö followed by twenty-seven zeros—or bedlam—and, as the G.I.s kept saying to each other with delighted incredulity, it was all perfectly legal. During that lush period, tales about the rich, full life enjoyed by American troops in Hungary became so widespread among their less fortunate fellow-soldiers elsewhere that the Budapest G.I.s grew self-conscious and took to deploring what they called the highly exaggerated stories about what bargains they could pick up, such as a first-class mink coat for two hundred dollars. (The figure, they insisted, was at least two hundred and fifty.) Of course, during the pengö's twenty-seven-zero

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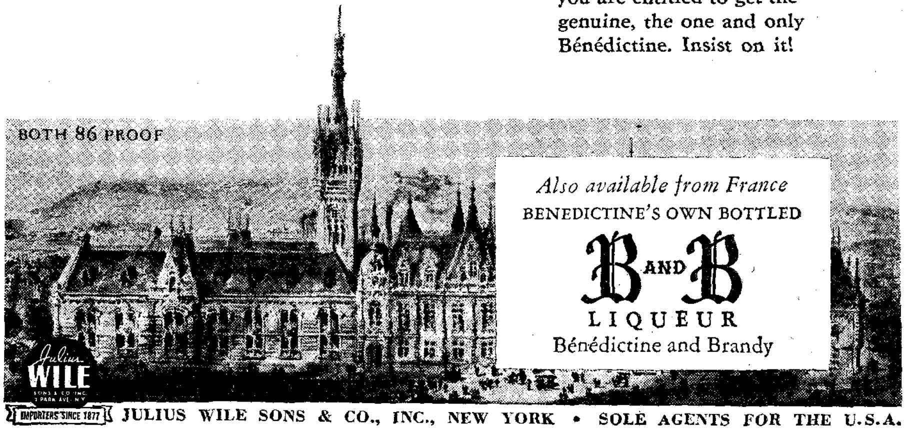

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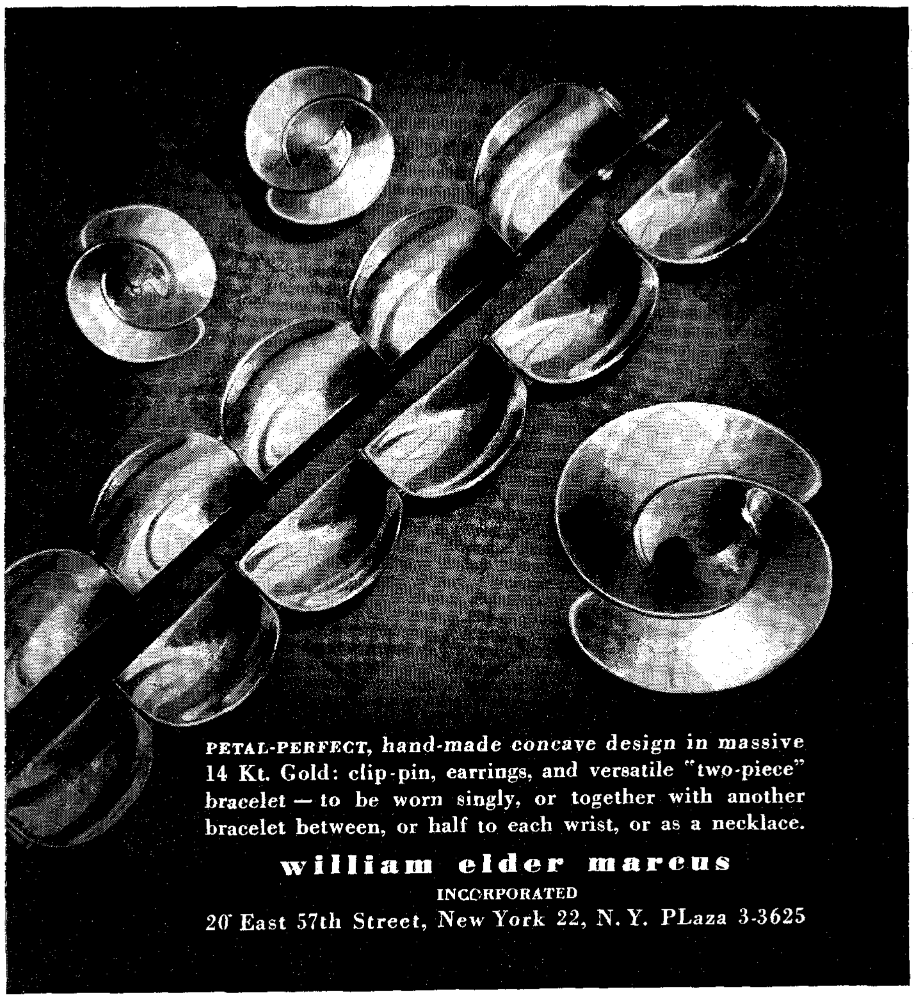

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era, prices rose accordingly (a haircut cost eight hundred trillion), but the dollar had twenty times its old buying power. The era of financial lopsidedness ended when, last August, the pengö was withdrawn in favor of the forint, a revived unit of currency, which has been held firmly at 11.62 to the dollar.

This revaluation of money came about only after three American diplomatic notes calling for some sort of stabilization had been sent to Moscow, where for a long time the authorities appeared quite content to let the inflation wear itself out, along with many Hungarian fortunes. When the Russians finally did decide to take action, they set the exchange rate of the forint so low that the free-spending G.I.s were reduced to having to walk, like everyone else; taxis, they cried pitifully, were suddenly too expensive for them. Since then our troops in Budapest have been mournfully fingering the grease spots on their sleeves (they claim they can no longer afford to have their uniforms cleaned) and asking plaintively if somebody can't get Congress to *do* something, but their whimperings haven't brought them much sympathy from other people here who recall what it was like in the inflated-pengö days and how little was said about getting Congress to do something then. Within a few weeks, both the good days and the bad will be only a memory for the G.I.s to gab about with the folks back home, who probably won't believe a word of it. How the veteran of Budapest will get along in his old environment is a problem. As one young sergeant said to me the other day, "It gives a man a queer feeling to have plunked down one dollar and got back a hundred followed by twenty-seven zeros' worth of anything. I'm not sure it's going to be very easy to forget when I get back to that garage in Dayton."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

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[*From the News*]

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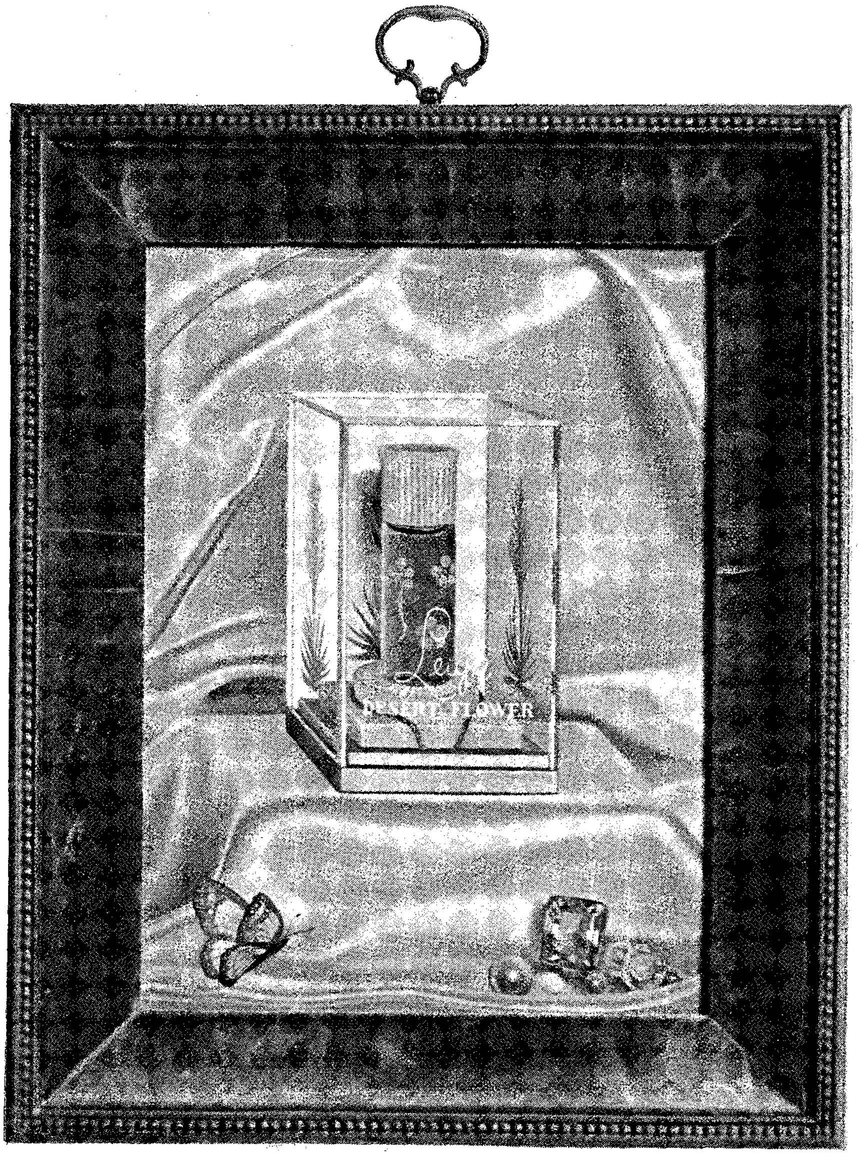

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MRS. MALLON AND THE OCTOPUS

Mrs. Mallon made a custom of taking her two-year-old son Jimmie for a walk in the afternoon, and sometimes they went to the beach to watch the waves, though never to swim. The current along the coast of southern California comes from far north. Most of the year it runs unpleasantly cold, and the surf between Newport and Balboa, where Mrs. Mallon lived, is too heavy for small children to bathe in. But the sand is full of the tiny shells of bean clams, pieces of worn bottle glass, and kelp. Jimmie liked to lick the kelp for the salt and pop it for the noise. There were other lures. Sometimes the seals came in close enough to be pointed out; often a pair of Great Danes galloped and gambolled in the surf. Their owner was a huge, bearded man with a strong aura of Hollywood. Mrs. Mallon, whose Navy husband was off at sea, suspected that the bearded man thought she was on the make. But she did not want her son to grow up unused to men or afraid of large animals, so she returned the bearded man's lofty civilities with the composure of a model wife and mother while Jimmie screamed with joy and terror at the bounding dogs.

On one particular bright, windy day, the Danes were not on the beach, and there were no seals in sight. The walk, however, must have its objective, and Mrs. Mallon thought of the merry-go-round. This was three blocks away, and when they reached it, it was motionless and silent, draped in brown canvas. Jimmie was getting bored and angry. His lower lip stuck out; he stamped his foot as they stood in indecision at a street crossing.

There remained the city pier, which Mrs. Mallon usually avoided. It ran a quarter of a mile out from the sidewalk, high across the surf and on over the deep, blue-green water, and even at full tide the drop from the concrete floor of the pier to the sea was more than she cared to think about. A very fat man could not have fallen through the railings, but they offered no safeguard for a child. Jimmie, an active little boy, was fond of holding the lower bar and peering under it to see the orange and purple starfish on the pilings. His mother could not help visualizing him falling into the sea, perhaps knocked unconscious, sinking as she struggled to find him among the mussel-encrusted posts.

"I'm going to hold your hand all the time," she said severely as they turned onto the pier, both sides of which were crowded with people fishing with hand lines and rods.

The mackerel seemed to be running, mostly small; gulls hovered and wheeled in the fresh breeze, and lit on the railings. On the horizon, the mountain outline of Santa Catalina lay clear and dark against the sky. It was a glorious day. Jimmie stopped several times as they went along, to investigate bits of debris that littered the pier and to stare at the fish that people had caught. A middle-sized girl persuaded him to poke a mackerel with his finger, but it jumped and he backed away. Mrs. Mallon stood aside, smiling uncertainly. Someday, she knew, he would meet a child near enough his size to induce him to pick up a live fish; meanwhile, it was her own fault he wouldn't. If she could have calmly handed one to him, he would have taken it. To touch a wiggling, cold-blooded creature was beyond her, and she did not intend that he should find that out.

As they came to the end of the pier, a heavy man in a leather jacket pulled in a small octopus and dropped it on the concrete so that he could free his hooks. A little crowd gathered to watch.

"Isn't it hideous!" a woman cried. "Kill it, Pete!"

The man worked one hook out and then the other. "Nasty-looking, all right," he said.

"It's pretty," Mrs. Mallon whispered to Jimmie. "See how pretty." All the same, she remained at a little distance, holding Jimmie up for a moment, so he could look at its brown and sand-colored markings, the pale suction cups along its arms, the moving, snakelike tentacles, all in a wet sheen on the pavement.

"Isn't he ugly?" said the girl who had shown Jimmie her mackerel. "They kill fish," she added righteously.

The man who had hooked the octopus tried to pick it up, but the arms he pulled loose fastened around his hand and then slid off it to clamp down again on the pier. He wiped his fingers on the seat of his pants. "Supposed to be good

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to eat, if anyone wants it," he said, and went back to his fishing.

NOBODY wanted the octopus. It lay writhing slowly on the concrete. The movement was not snakelike at all, really; the arms expanded and contracted in a viscous flow, like nothing Mrs. Mallon had ever seen.

"Horrible," said a woman's voice behind her, "and they *do* kill fish." Another said, "Ugh! I bet I dream about it."

Mrs. Mallon felt herself flush with annoyance. Jimmie knew the word "horrible," and he must sense what the rest meant. Who had more right to kill fish than this sea animal, anyhow? She stared at it angrily. It was very small. It could not have weighed two pounds. And here in front of her child stood a crowd of adults, gabbling in disgust and fear, disgracing their silly species.

The man who had hooked it came back and tried to kick it toward the edge of the pier. It moved a little, exuding water; a few suction cups turned up and oozed over again onto the pavement. The man shrugged and quit.

Jimmie's father wouldn't have done that. Mrs. Mallon felt like making a speech to these people, to tell them what they should have learned when they were children: What you don't want for food, you don't kill. What you kill, you kill quickly. You don't leave things to die in the sun.

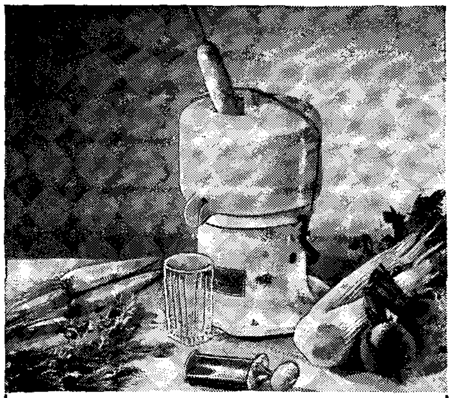
She took Jimmie in her arms and stood indecisively a moment. Then she stepped forward. She tried to wedge the toe of her shoe under the monster's head. Its tentacles gripped the pavement; her foot slid off. She kicked and shoved in one movement. The octopus seemed to give a little, but when she withdrew her foot, the creature was still in the same place. She didn't know how much damage she might do it, but on the pier it would certainly die. She kicked again, harder.

The little boy's weight made her topheavy; she was afraid she would fall with him. She set him down. "Will someone please watch my child?" she said haughtily. A soldier took Jimmie's hand. She kicked at the octopus again. It slid over her foot; even through leather the slow, sticky movement felt revolting. This time she dislodged enough of the tentacles to move the octopus a little.

"You'll ruin your shoes," said a woman's voice.

Mrs. Mallon did not look up from her work. "They're all right," she replied grimly.

The creature had tremendous



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strength; each blow moved it only a fraction of an inch. She didn't know how long the job would take, but she could not worry about that. She kicked and kicked; the octopus budged a little, and as she forced it out of its original puddle and onto dry concrete, the suction cups took a less effective grip. The nearer she got it to the edge the more each blow accomplished.

At the railing at last, she lifted her foot and, with a final, desperate contortion, managed to pry the thing loose and shake it from her shoe. It turned over once in the air before it hit the water. The splash wasn't much; then there was a burst of brown ink in the clear blue-green of the sea, and out of this cloud the octopus emerged and swam rapidly toward the bottom. As she watched, its trail faded and disappeared.

Mrs. Mallon thanked the soldier rather brusquely, picked Jimmie up, and bore him away. She could still feel the thing clinging and sliding on her foot as she trudged back up the pier. She did not set the child down till she reached the street; then, suddenly, she realized that she no longer felt angry, or right, but only tired. Her knees were wobbly. She was out of breath. She wanted to go over to the warm sand and sit down, but she kept walking. She hoped she would never bump into any of those people again; they must have thought she was crazy.

She felt a little pull at her hand and looked vaguely at Jimmie. He had spied a greasy brown rag on the sidewalk just ahead. "Kick the fish! Kick the fish!" he shouted gleefully, and attacked it.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Mallon wailed, pulling him away. She knelt down so that her face was level with the little boy's, and made him look at her. "Jimmie, that was the only way I could get him into the water. He likes it in the water. That's where he lives; he doesn't like air." She paused, groping for the exact moral, the appropriate words. "So we put him back in the water, because we try to help everybody."

For a second, the child looked annoyed. Then he smiled. "He likes it in the water," he repeated, and tugged her forward toward the greasy rag, a speculative expression on his face.

—Frances Weismiller

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From an Associated Press dispatch received in a newspaper office*]

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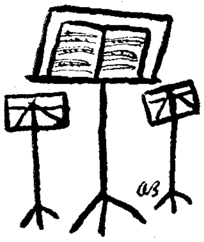
MUSICAL EVENTS

Carnegie Debs



LAST week at Carnegie Hall was a sort of experimental week, in which three orchestras provided premières. The Philharmonic-Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski, introduced a "Hymne pour Grand Orchestre," by Olivier Messiaen, a current French composer whose music hasn't had much circulation hereabouts. The Messiaen method of composition, it appears, involves "non-retrogradable rhythms" and "modes of limited transposition," but one doesn't have to be an initiate in such matters to enjoy his work. The short "Hymne" proved to be atmospherically impressive and glowingly scored, and the chances are that we'll be hearing more of the Messiaen output presently. Vincent d'Indy's "Symphony for Orchestra and Piano on a French Mountain Song," a relatively uncommon item, was included in this program. It is extremely likable, and it was played ingratiatingly by the orchestra and Robert Casadesus, the evening's soloist. Mr. Casadesus also furnished some superb piano work in Franck's "Symphonic Variations." For good measure, the Philharmonic offered Ravel's "La Valse" and two of Mr. Stokowski's adroit orchestral transcriptions—one of an Albeniz piano suite and the other of Debussy's "Soirée dans Grenade." Mr. Stokowski conducted everything masterfully.

THE Boston Symphony's novelty was "The Song of Songs," a solo cantata for soprano and orchestra, composed by the versatile young musician Lukas Foss. Mr. Foss has used a text from "The Song of Solomon," sometimes as a point of departure for musical developments and sometimes as poetry to be sung. Although there are places where the words become secondary in importance to the music, the work has distinction and resourcefulness, and the third movement, which is a recitative, is compellingly dramatic. The soloist was Ellabelle Davis, whose singing was one of the finest achievements of the season, and Serge Koussevitzky's conducting made the most of the orchestral patterns. Mr. Foss was also in evidence as one of

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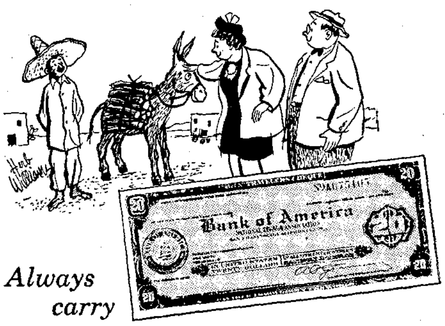

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the pianists (the other was Bernard Zighera) in Bohuslav Martinu's skillful and attractive "Concerto Grosso for Chamber Orchestra." Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony occupied half of the program; Mr. Koussevitzky's treatment of it was sensitive and forceful, but as an entity, this symphony still doesn't seem to be as persuasive as many of its parts.

THE entire program of the excellently played and conducted concert by the Juilliard Orchestra, under the direction of Thor Johnson, who recently has been appointed conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, was devoted to twentieth-century music. Only one of the six works—Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler"—has been played with any frequency in our auditoriums. Debussy's "Six Epigraphes Antiques," best known until now as a suite for two pianos, was presented, for the first time, in an orchestral arrangement by Ernest Ansermet, who was a pupil of the composer and whose scoring sounded quite like his preceptor's in style. The basic music is characteristic (though not especially vital) Debussy, and the orchestral edition is a pleasant addendum to the catalogue. Aaron Copland's "Letter from Home," originally written for Paul Whiteman's orchestra, had its Carnegie Hall début in a version for a full symphony, prepared by Mr. Copland. It was friendly, agreeable music, and if it seemed a trifle wordy in spots, so are a good many other letters from home. Bernard Rogers' overture "Amphitryon" considers Amphitryon (according to Mr. Rogers' statement in the program notes) in his character as a host and reflects the

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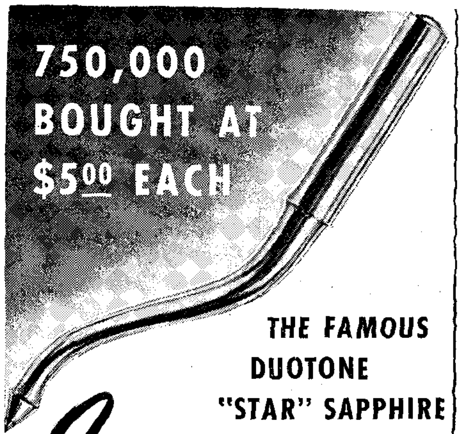
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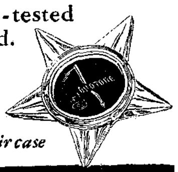

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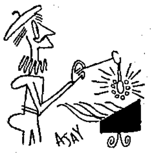

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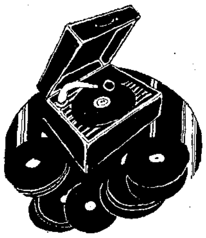
moods of a man with guests. This host, again according to the composer, "is buoyant, meditative, and narrative in turn," and the overture relays the hospitable fellow's psychology clearly, with many interesting orchestral devices. He must have been a generous host, too, because the overture begins and ends with sounds that suggest the popping of a cork. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Oratorio and Ballet



TAKING into account the time spent waiting for your machine to let one record fall dully upon another, you should allow yourself three hours to listen to Columbia's two-volume, boxed set of Handel's "Messiah" (No. 666). The thing runs to thirty-eight sides and is Columbia's most prolonged utterance to date, beating out its thirty-six-side set of the same work, made several years ago but no longer available. Even this new edition is not complete, for Parts 34 through 36 and 49 through 52 have been omitted.

The "Messiah" includes the familiar "Hallelujah Chorus," in addition to more than a dozen other choruses and numerous recitatives and airs for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass. It is, as you are undoubtedly aware, a sweetly passionate and devout masterpiece. The present recording was made last July and August in the town hall of Huddersfield, England, by four professional singers and a hundred and fifty members of the Huddersfield Choral Society, conducted by Malcolm Sargent. The Society is an amateur group, founded in 1836. Since the singers work weekdays in Huddersfield shops and factories, the recordings could be made only on Saturdays and Sundays. The Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra (consisting, by the way, entirely of musicians from Liverpool and its environs) was imported for the occasion, and its members were put up in local pubs and boarding houses, or in private houses, for several weekends. In all, a hundred and fifty-three records were made, of which the best thirty-eight are offered in Columbia's set.

The soloists—Isobel Baillie, soprano; Gladys Ripley, contralto; James Johnston, tenor; and Norman Walker, bass—are all old hands at the oratorio business. Miss Baillie's voice is the most unusual; it is as pure and clear and emo-

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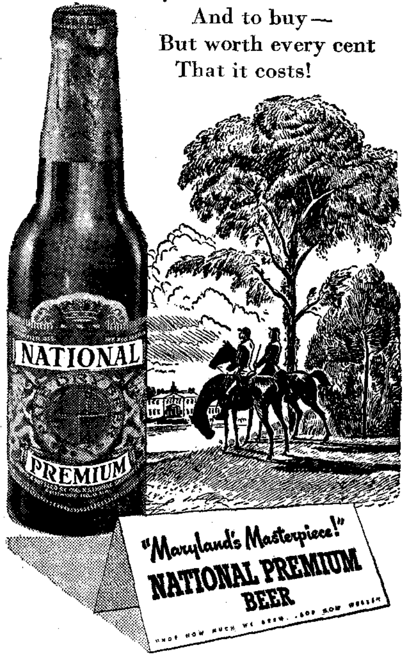

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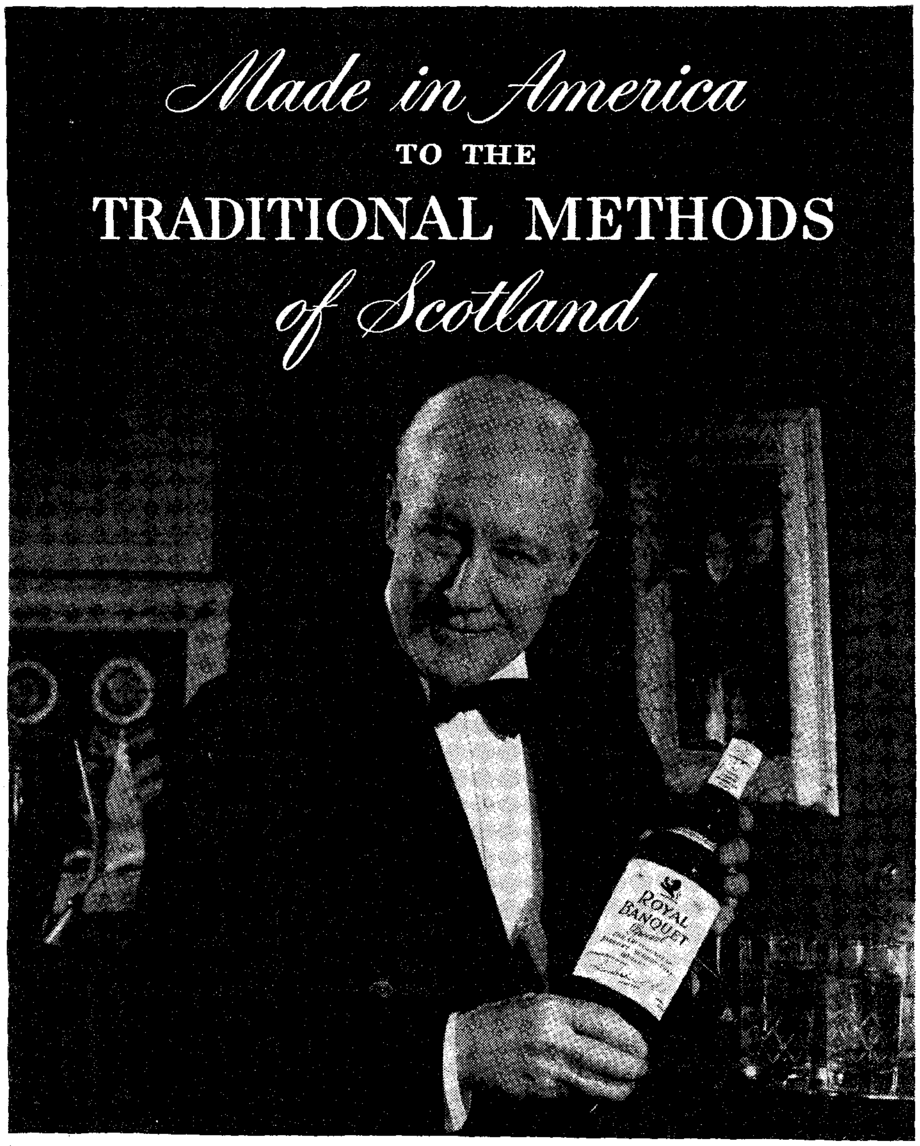
tionless as a choirboy's and admirably suited to this work. The others are expert, too, in their slightly less angelic fashions, and the chorus and orchestra perform extremely well. The "Messiah," because of its length, may be more than you care to take on, but there are few musical performances as wholehearted and satisfactory as this one.

THE simultaneous publication of new recordings of "Le Sacre du Printemps," the ballet suite Stravinsky composed in 1913, and "Gayne," a ballet suite written in 1942 by the Armenian-Soviet composer Aram Khachaturian, provides an interesting comparison. Stravinsky's aggressively advanced and abstract score, whatever its other values, has probably been responsible for more excesses and clichés in modern music than any other work. There is a brutal, sadistic tone in its relentless rhythms and straining discords, for example, that has been frequently reiterated in various compositions by Khachaturian. In the music of the latter, this cold fury often appears to be turned on purely to provide a snappy contrast to a lyrical passage; in "Le Sacre du Printemps," it has a real logic.

Stravinsky's hair-raiser is brilliantly played in Victor album 1052 by the San Francisco Symphony, under the direction of Pierre Monteux, who conducted the world première for the Diaghilev Russian Ballet in Paris in 1913 and who doubtless recalls every flutter of approbation and disapproval Stravinsky made at the time. The recording of "Gayne" (Columbia album 664), named for its composer's wife, may have been prompted by the growing vogue for Khachaturian, which has lately been increased by two striking recordings of his 1939 piano concerto. Despite its debt to Stravinsky, the music of this ballet suite—dashing back and forth between reedy romantic tunes of an Oriental turn and violent outbursts in the rhythm section—often sounds to me like a quarrelsome union of Rimski-Korsakov and John Philip Sousa, a pair of names I would just as soon not associate with each other. According to the notes accompanying the album, the ballet is supposed to tell the story of a girl who is married to one hell of a fellow, who lives on a collective farm. This gentleman does something to cheat his community and is promptly snitched on by the little lady, who is stabbed in return but eventually winds up with the commander of a Red Army border patrol in a rip-roaring wedding ceremony. The New York Philharmonic-Sym-



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phony, led by Efrem Kurtz, plays "Gayne" as if it were the answer to everything.

ANOTHER, and much better, ballet score is de Falla's "El Amor Brujo." It was recently recorded in an abbreviated version by Decca (album DA-390), and this month it comes up twice in complete performances—one by Leopold Stokowski and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony (Victor 1089) and the other by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia 633). "El Amor Brujo," which has the popular "Ritual Fire Dance" in its middle, includes a few simulated gypsy songs and consequently calls for the services of a singer. Stokowski uses Nan Merriman, a mezzo-soprano, and the Reiner version has Carol Brice, a contralto. I found the deeper colors of Miss Brice's singing more suitable than Miss Merriman's brighter tones, but in both cases the young ladies' well-trained voices seemed to me less satisfactory than the coarse singing, finger snapping, and heel stamping of the late Argentinita in the Decca set. I thought the orchestral performances persuasive. The one conducted by Stokowski benefits from a slightly better recording job.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN has recorded Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor with the N.B.C. Symphony, William Steinberg conducting (Victor album 1012). This is early Chopin, less interesting than some of his later stuff, but it has a nice central section and is well played. The same composer's Berceuse in D flat fills one side of the last record in the set. —D. W.

•

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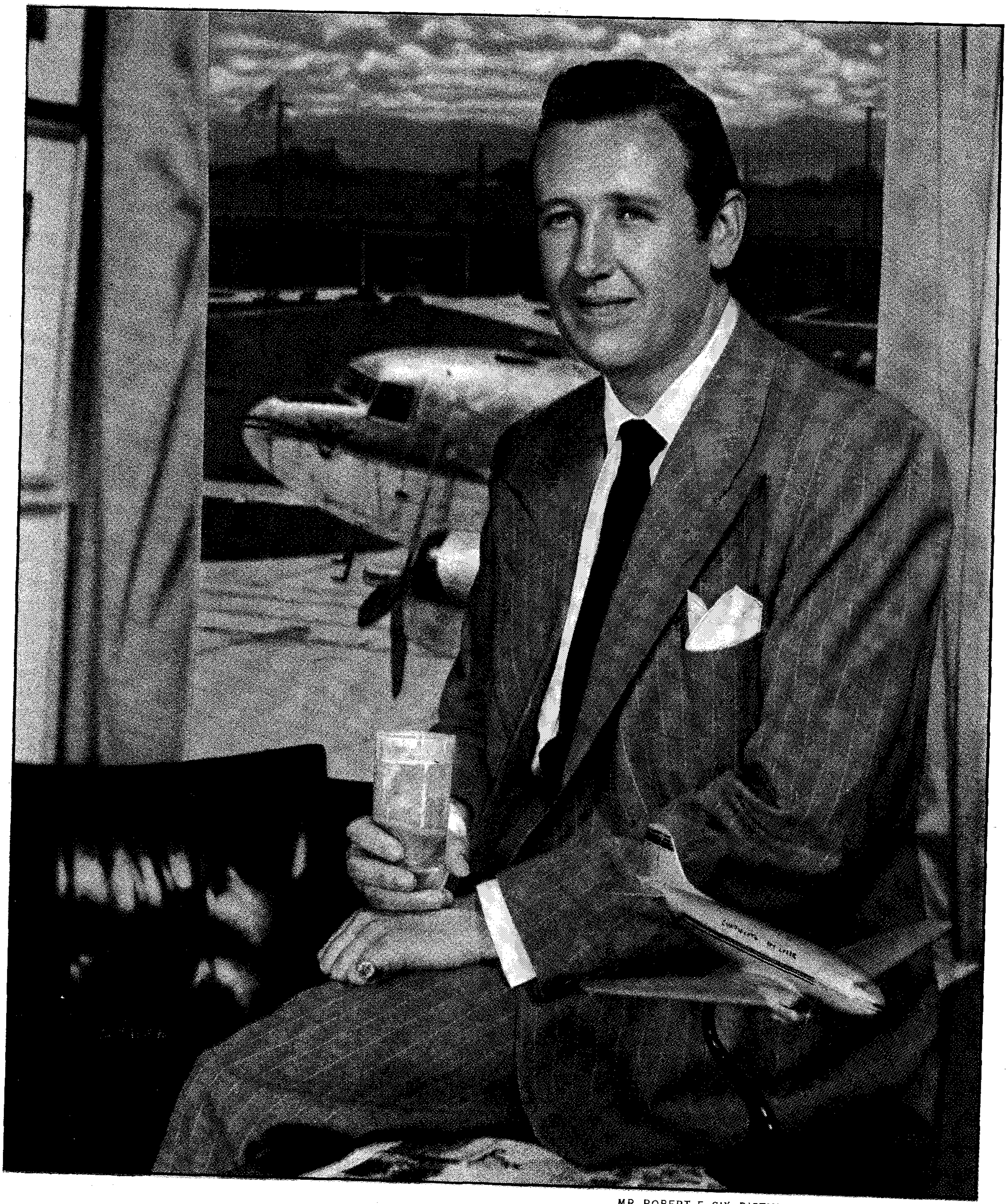
[*From an article in Modern Screen*]

Incidentally, I want to say a word about what I consider the greatest twentieth century invention (yes, I, too, have heard about the atom bomb). I'm speaking about the cleansing tissue. Try to imagine life without it. Pretty dreary.



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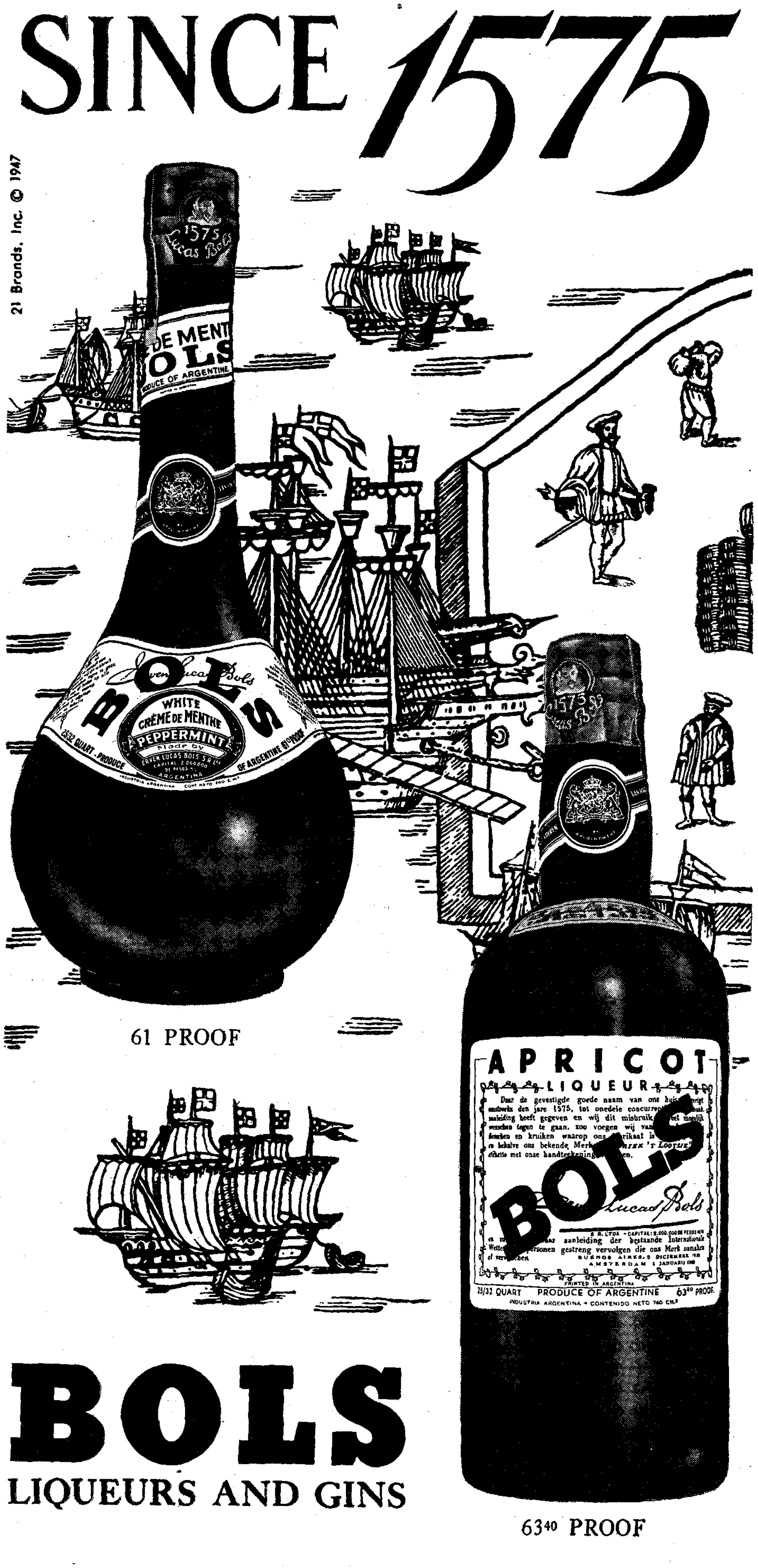
THE RACE TRACK

Fitz at Aqueduct

WITH the approach of spring, this department gets fidgety if it can't get out in the open air and look at a horse. So the other morning it went out to Aqueduct to inspect the racers Jim Fitzsimmons is getting ready for the coming season. He has around forty-five in training for the Belair Stud, the Wheatley Stable, and Ogden Phipps. He thinks that the colts and fillies he wintered here (he always takes a division of second-raters to Miami) are as good-looking a lot as he's had in years. It's an old-fashioned notion of Fitzsimmons' that a thoroughbred needs a cold-weather holiday. He hasn't done too badly with his snowbirds at early-season meetings in the past, either, in races against stock that has been seasoned at the southern tracks; for a while, the animals he saddled for the Paumonok Handicap, on the opening day at Jamaica, won the event with such regularity that it practically became known as his race. The horses he has kept here ought to be ready to run. Since the middle of January, they have jogged six or eight miles a day around an indoor track in their barns. It's fifteen circuits to the mile, and the stable foreman uses a clicker to keep count. The exercise boys get a bit dizzy, but this ring-around-a-rosy does put muscle on the animals. The morning I saw them, they were out on the track for the first time—and loving it, too. Pretty soon, I daresay, they'll be doing half-mile time trials. Then the wear and tear will begin.

Fitzsimmons has a big bunch of two-year-olds again this season—thirty-one of them. Almost everyone around the stable thinks that the handsomest of the collection is Belair Stud's Vibrator, a half brother to Bossuet, who was as gallant a racer for his modest amount of inches as I ever saw. If Vibrator is half as good, he'll do. Another promising number is the Wheatley Stable's prize package, Grey Flight—the filly by Mahmoud that Mrs. H. C. Phipps gave thirty-five thousand dollars for at the Saratoga yearling sales last August. Grey Flight, by the way, is already bigger than Mrs. Phipps' three-year-old Keynote. Keynote's knees are a bit crooked, her conformation is all wrong,



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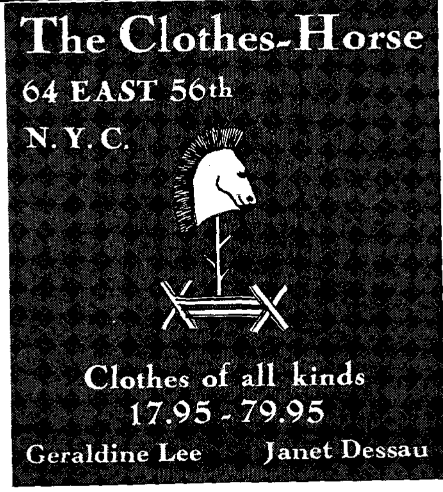

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and when she gallops, she looks as though she's running downhill, but she's such a game little thing that you can't help wishing her lots of luck. The colt that caught my eye and fancy was Whirling Fox, the first child of Whirlaway I've seen. (It seems like only yesterday that Whirlaway was running, but three years have gone by since he was retired.) Whirling Fox, who belongs to Belair Stud, has a good head, and his general make and shape suggest ruggedness and ability; also, if it means anything now, he made the best time in the stable's yearling trials last fall. As you probably know, Belair Stud is the property of William Woodward, who likes to work "Fox" into the names of his racers. He's had a Gallant Fox, a Fighting Fox, a Wise Fox, a Sun Fox, a Dusky Fox, and ever so many others. I don't suppose he'd ever name one Twentieth Century-Fox.

If you're interested in the three-year-olds, I can report that Fitzsimmons is giving a lot of attention to Solater these days. In looks, this fellow reminds me of Fenelon, but my guess at the moment is that he hasn't the temperament to become the runner Fenelon was. However, if Solater trains well, you'll see him in the Experimental Free Handicap, early in the Jamaica meeting, and you can judge for yourself. Hyblaze, who is a much bigger colt, is more my type, but he's going to shape up slowly. When it comes to picking the fillies, I prefer to spend the time playing double solitaire.

HORSEMEN at Belmont and Jamaica have done nothing but complain about how the weather has retarded training (Aqueduct was actually snowbound for several days), but a few sunny mornings will straighten things out. And, by the way, one of the early arrivals expected at Jamaica is Stymie, who wintered in Virginia and posed for a sculptor down there.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

MAZZINI, GIUSEPPE. . . . During infancy and childhood his health was extremely delicate; but he soon began to devour books of all kinds . . ."—*From the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

That put the roses in his cheeks.

•

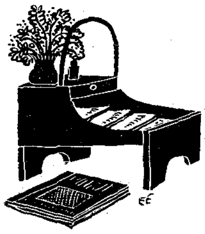
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Miami Herald*]

The play will be worth seeing, but if you can't go, you may want to help someone less fortunate to be present.

BOOKS

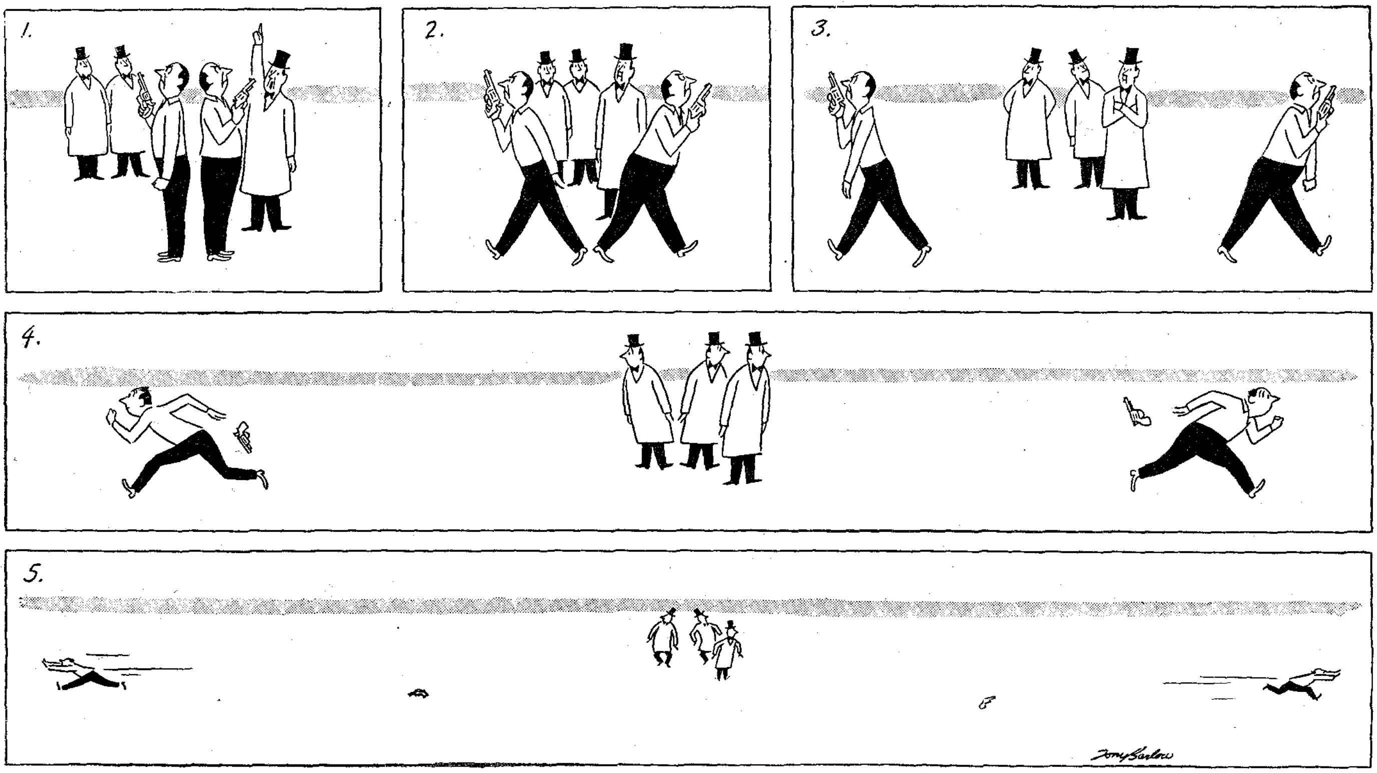
The Memoirs of Mary Colum



THERE is perhaps no kind of writing which can turn out to be more disappointing than the memoirs of people who have known celebrities. Many such books are a mere "spending" of names, and the only striking thing about them is that it should be possible for persons of what seems often a fair degree of intelligence to come in contact with exceptional people and to bring away nothing but echoes of their conventional reputations. One would not, of course, have expected quite this sort of thing from Mary Colum, for her writing is rarely conventional, but one might not have been surprised to get another volume of Dublin gossip, after the model of George Moore and Dr. Oliver Gogarty. Mrs. Colum is the wife of Padraic Colum, the well-known Irish poet and dramatist, who played a role in the great Irish literary movement of the early years of the century, and anyone who has ever seen anything of the writers connected with this movement knows how much of their conversation is likely to be taken up with amusing and mischievous anecdotes intended to put their distinguished associates in the most ridiculous possible light. George Moore's "Hail and Farewell"—a much overrated book, it has always seemed to me—is the chief literary monument of this malice; and even Yeats, in the retaliatory chapter about Moore which he added to his autobiography, having withheld it till after Moore's death, perhaps yielded to this vice a little.

Well, Mrs. Colum, a Dubliner of that prickly generation, has given us something of a quite different kind: a story with a great deal of humor but with not a trace of ill-nature, and a document on her period in Ireland which will, I believe, take its place among the classics of that period's literary history, and which, though it comes belatedly, really belongs to the "creative" output of that literature itself. I have read "Life and the Dream" (Doubleday) with fascination and something like wonder. It is not great literature like the memoirs of Yeats, nor is Mrs. Colum so accomplished, as she is not so professional, a writer as George Moore in "Hail and Farewell." Her writing is sometimes careless: her sentences are not always well handled, and she seems to betray haste by a habit, incongruous in a book which is otherwise so compact, of repeating the same statement in almost the same words in the space of a few pages—as when she twice prints a quotation from a letter of the Abbé Dimnet and twice explains, in the chapter on Hawaii, what the garment called a *holoku* is. But she has got into "Life and the Dream," as George Moore was unable or did not want to do, the nobility and the fire of the movement, and her pictures of its personalities have more both of humanity and of dignity.

Having seen something of Mrs. Colum in America, I knew that she had a passion for literature and that she admired those "wasteful" heroic virtues which, as Yeats says, alone "earn the sun;" I was prepared to find in her book that "electric psychic life" which she ascribes to Maud Gonne and which she certainly possesses herself. What I was not quite prepared to find was a portraiture so solid and alive, an insight into people and societies at once so sympathetic and so shrewd, and so humane and reflective an outlook on so large a slice of the world. I have had the unusual experience of reading a book that deals partly, in the American chapters—for the Colums have lived mainly in the United States since 1914—with people I have known pretty well, and elsewhere with writers, like Yeats and Joyce, whose work I have read attentively, and of not only recognizing, in nearly every case, the truth of what the author says, but of getting new revelations of unsuspected aspects of these subjects, as when she points out the psychological pattern of Elinor Wylie's life or tells us that when one heard Joyce sing, "his voice would be so charged with emotion, so full of



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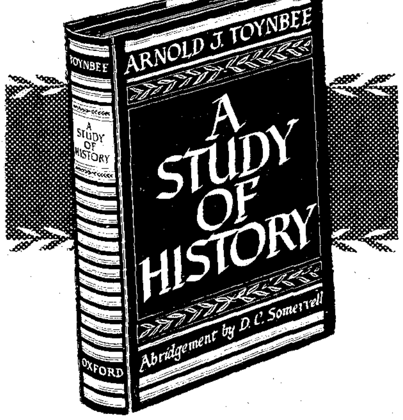

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overtones of yearning for a life he could never have, a life he never told of in his books, that one saw there were whole regions of his mind that could only be expressed in music." Her description of Hart Crane, as well as her opinion of his poetry, check with my own impressions and seem to me much more reliable than the legend that has been built up about them. And in the case of certain minor figures—such as Harriet Monroe and John Quinn—whom I have read about in other such books without ever seeing them clearly, she gives swift, animated glimpses that reveal the human beings behind the names. What is admirable in all this is the direct feminine approach to people, which always gets a vivid personal reaction, combined with an intellectual faculty, not necessarily feminine, for grasping what they are up to and what they mean. There is no pose and no pretentiousness—which is unusual in books by women when they are writing about their own careers: Mrs. Colum goes straight to her subjects and treats them in good faith, without talking about herself too much or caring much to make an impression on us.

With social milieux, as with individual personalities, she has a knack of getting under the surface. The picture of Nationalist Ireland, in which devotion to the patriotic cause so stimulated and exalted the literary movement and in which so many kinds of people worked in unity for no pay, is balanced by a later picture of the hateful disunited Ireland that followed the treaty with England, in which people who had lost their lifework could only vent their frustrations on each other. She is excellent on Europe just before the last war, and she is far more satisfactory on Hawaii than most American travellers have been, for her experience as a member of an alien-governed race has given her a special sympathy with the Hawaiian point of view toward the white. Her feelings and ideas about the United States make a long and interesting story. She has the suggestion that the American household in which the wife and not the husband dominates, reversing the situation in Europe, may be due to the tendency of American men to marry wives not much younger than themselves almost immediately after they leave their mothers, with no intervening experience of women.

The book begins with an account of the country life, full of horses and seedy squires, in which she grew up in Ireland, of her schooling in Catholic convents, and of her later intoxication,

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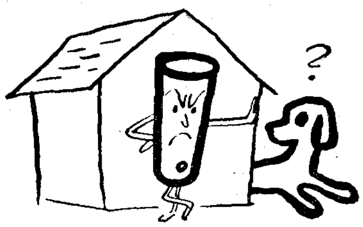

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as a university student in Dublin, with the enthusiasm of the new movement; and her story is really that of the failure of a woman trained in such a way to find her place or her work in the modern world, of which the bureaucracy, the censorship, the grim concentration on industrial problems of de Valera's Ireland are as much a characteristic part as the mechanized apartment-celled New York and commuter-inhabited Connecticut in which she afterward tried to live.

In an effective chapter at the end of the book, she measures the distance she has come from old Ireland to New Deal America by describing a visit to the White House with a delegation from the P.E.N. Club—an occasion on which she was struck both by the perfunctory character of the Roosevelts' interest in literature and by what seemed to her on the President's part a lack of the "power of feeling for people as individuals." "Something about him," she writes, "changed suddenly in me the old, nebulous, idealistic notions of democracy that had been the legacy from the fighting poets and teachers I had known in my youth. The face was totally different from a European face, different not only because European faces so often show an emotional fire, or the ashes of what had been emotional fire, but because of the amazing smile that was a combination of so many kinds of smile, and none of them evoked by any of the people he was addressing. All the smiles were a habiliment of state, a public decoration like orders on an ambassador or a star on a statesman. I had an uneasy conviction that I looked into the eyes of a dictator, different from other dictators the world has known, because no emotional lapses, no human passions, would divert him from his goal. And yet he was similar to the European dictators of this century in that he hardly regarded men as individuals no matter how much he was for the collective masses."

The book thus becomes an epitaph, not only on an Irish generation, but also, to some degree, on a recent American one. Our artistic and political revival of 1900-1930 had something in common with the "Irish Renaissance," and it was this that made it possible for Mrs. Colum to enter into it and appreciate it as she did. But many of the liberal and Socialist insurgents of the period when the intellectuals were battling Big Business have been transformed like the Irish Nationalists: they are today part of the Washington bureaucracy or agents of the Moscow one. And our literary

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movement, too, has run its course and lost its élan. Mrs. Colum awakens regrets for the day when one first was left gasping by the last curtain of "The Playboy of the Western World," and then found oneself trying to write plays for the tiny stage of the Provincetown Players. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRIAL OF SÖREN QVIST, by Janet Lewis (Doubleday). A harmonious retelling of a seventeenth-century legend concerning a saintly pastor, his cherished daughter, and the villain who betrayed them. Miss Lewis's artfully simple prose achieves the effect of an ancient, lovingly illuminated missal, with the result that the story, despite its melodramatic incidents, remains no more than a legend—shapely, beautiful, but remote.

PARENTHESIS, by Jacques Lemarchand, translated by Louise Varèse (Knopf). An effervescent, observant young Frenchman returns to his home town for a three-day visit after ten years in Paris. He has a brief encounter with a provincial daughter of joy, makes his brother and sister-in-law acutely uncomfortable during a family lunch party, meets again the girl he jilted ten years before, and takes the train back to Paris. M. Lemarchand makes it clear that he has very little interest in his hero, but, having decided to report on these three days, he does so in an adroitly satiric style, which is only occasionally marred by a breath of archness. The book can't be called a novel; it gives the impression of being no more than a clever exercise M. Lemarchand has done to show how supple his fingers are. They're very supple.

EXPERIMENT IN SPRINGTIME, by Margaret Millar (Random House). A well-told and readable story of a none too sympathetic young wife, her neurotic husband, and a rather unstable but quite diverting returned soldier who was once the young woman's lover. There is nothing to tax the brain in all this, but Mrs. Millar has intelligence and a cheerful humor and she uses them to the best advantage.

THE CHILDREN, by Howard Fast (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A stern tract about a group of slum children made brutal by the inhumanity of their environment. Mr. Fast's indictment of a society that neglects its children would be more effective if

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he had a subtler feeling for the style and form of his narrative. In spite of sprawling construction and overwriting, however, the bitter story has a considerable wallop.

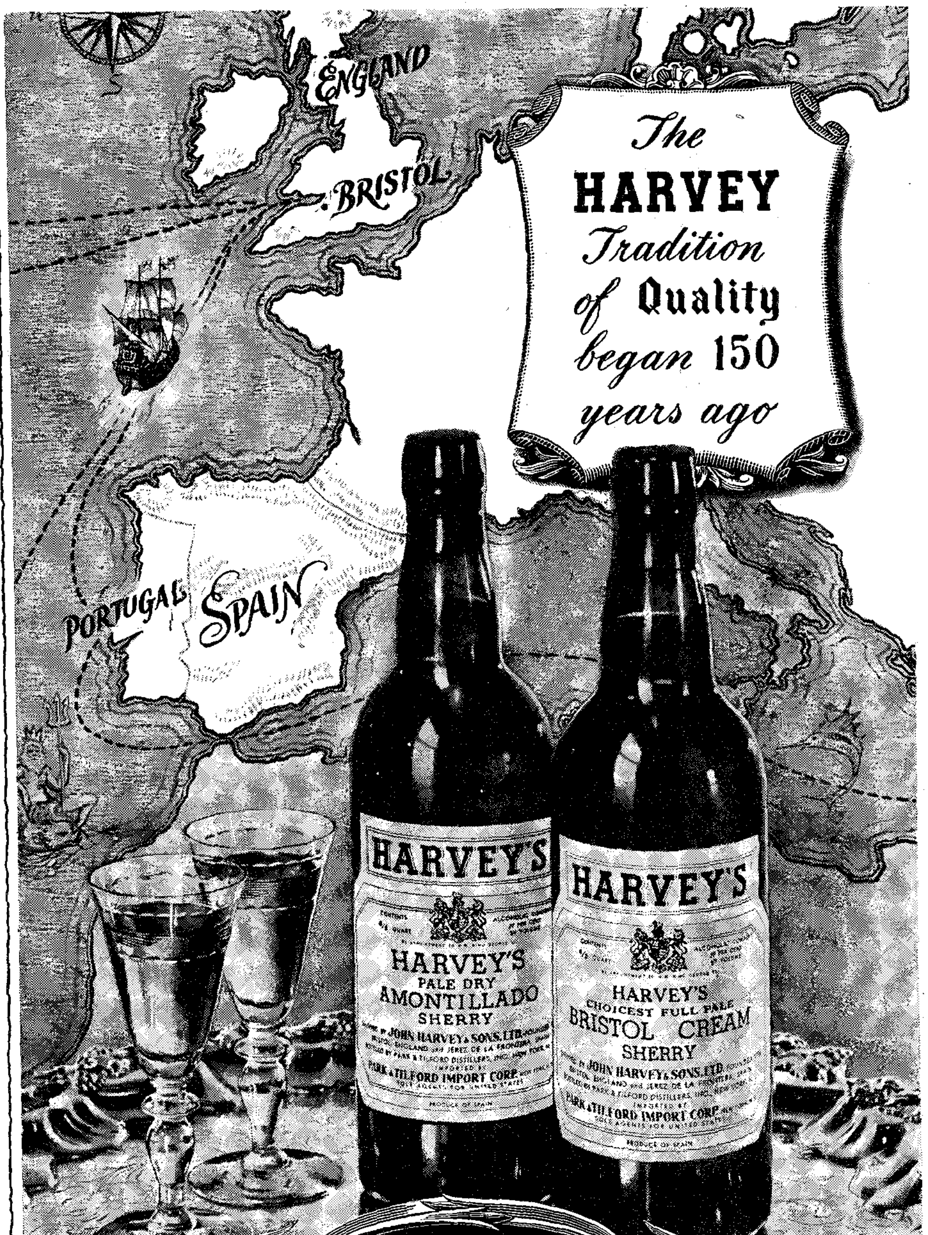
In a Yellow Wood, by Gore Vidal (Dutton). Mr. Vidal, who has sharp eyes and knows how to write, takes the long, hard way to tell a very simple tale of a conventional, somewhat commonplace young man who must choose between the security of his promising Wall Street job and a romantic marriage with a cultivated young Italian woman. A wearisome and unquestionably exact account of what goes on in a brokerage office (this takes up half the book), an acid picture of a fashionable cocktail party, and an amusing view of some frail young men in a Greenwich Village night club do not add up to more than a moderately interesting novel.

Note: "The Museum of Cheats," a collection of short stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner about life in England during and after the war, has been published by Viking. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Mahan on Sea Power, by William E. Livezey (University of Oklahoma Press). An evaluation of Admiral Mahan's theories on sea power and its effect on history. Mahan made many converts among his fellow-Americans and his writings had a decisive influence on the naval philosophies of the late Kaiser and the Japanese expansionists; because of his influence on Mackinder and Haushofer, he has been called the father of geopolitics. He was a forthright imperialist who believed and taught that war is a generator of good and that "force has been the instrument by which ideas have lifted the European world to the plane on which it now is." (He should see it today.) The author of this study disagrees with Mahan's theories at times, but he is more often pretty respectful.

When the Cathedrals Were White, by Le Corbusier (Reynal & Hitchcock). The subtitle of this batch of peppery opinions about America is "A Journey to the Country of Timid People." Parts of the book were published about ten years ago, after the French architect had first visited New York and delivered his celebrated comment that "the skyscrapers are too small." He has now made an-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other trip and brought the book up to date without recanting any of what he thinks are his heresies about our civilization. He discusses our frenzied city life, our energetic lack of sense in city planning, our suburbs, and so forth. When he does approve of something, such as the George Washington Bridge, he grows ecstatic, and he never tries to measure America by European standards. He merely believes that we could do better with our country, and he has some suggestions.

DOSTOEVSKY, by Janko Lavrin (Macmillan). A critical interpretation of Dostoevsky's novels, prefaced by an admirable biographical sketch. Professor Lavrin, who wrote a similar study of Tolstoy last year, shows how Dostoevsky infused his fiction with his own inner turbulence and how, after a painful study of himself, he broke new ground in his exploration of the unconscious and set things up for Freud and the modern psychological novelists.

THE PORTABLE THOREAU, edited by Carl Bode (Viking). A very satisfactory distillation of Thoreau's writings, containing all of "Walden," a sheaf of poems, letters, a portion of the "Journal," and essays, including "Civil Disobedience." There is a short, good introduction by the editor.

HERBS FOR THE KITCHEN, by Irma Goodrich Mazza (Little, Brown). A revised edition of an excellent culinary guide by a lady who speaks with particular authority and wisdom about the basic principles of Italian cooking.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ROPE FOR AN APE, by Dana Chambers (Dial). Nile Boyd, a newspaperman, finds the household of his prosperous friends the Lomaxes, up near Tuxedo, in a state of alarm when he pays them a visit. A murderer—or possibly an ape—seems to be heaving things out of trees at the help and the house guests, and Boyd himself is nearly exterminated a couple of times when he tries to find out why. Fast and tough, but rather shaky in motivation.

•

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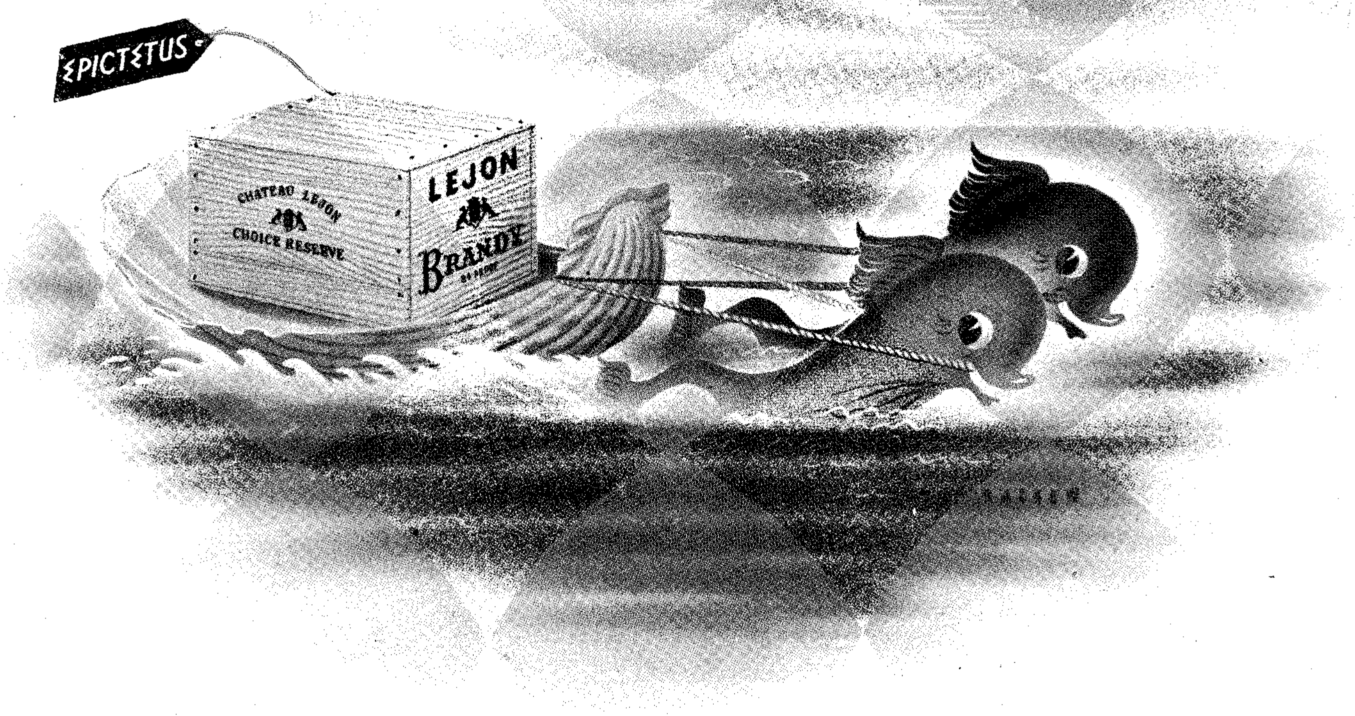

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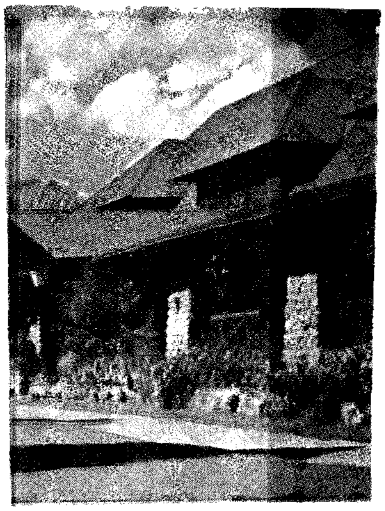

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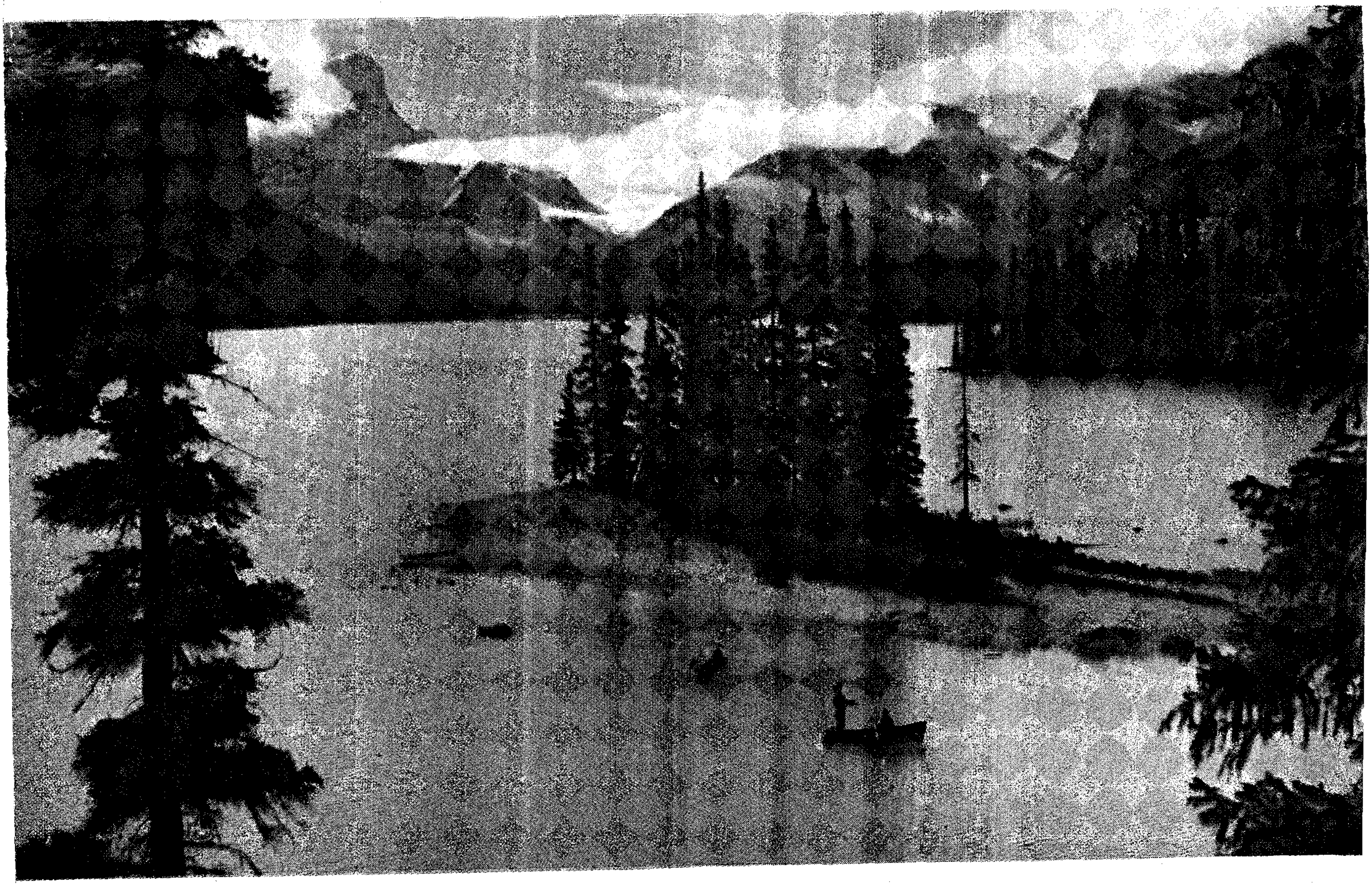

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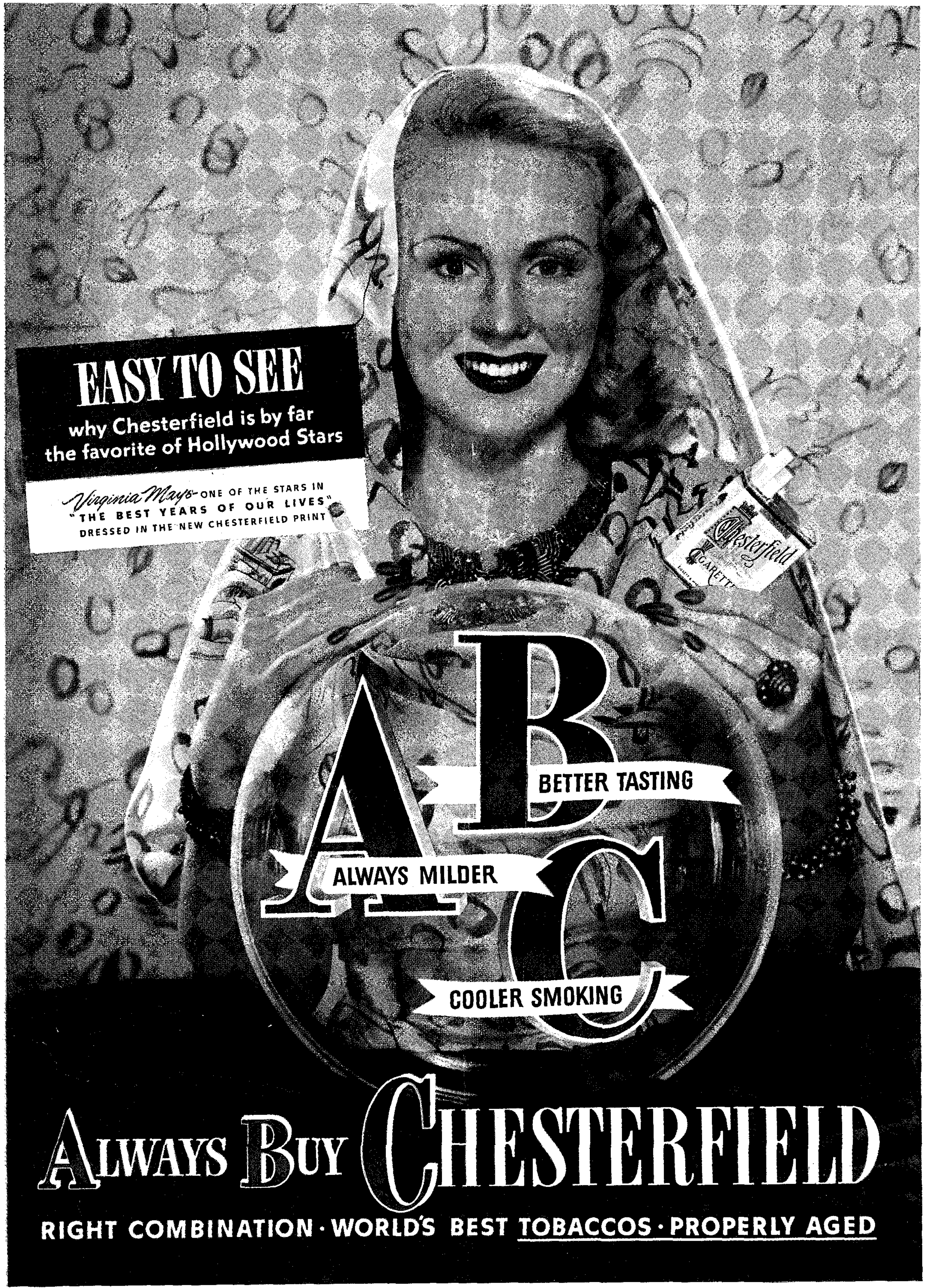

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